

The Chatelaine

A Magazine for Canadian Women

July, 1931
H. N. MOORE



Should Husbands and Wives Holiday Apart? Cash Prizes for Letters from Readers

Is it **SUNSHINE** for your baby, today, Mother?

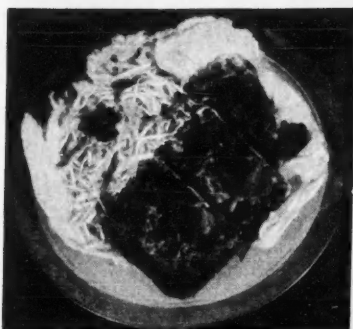
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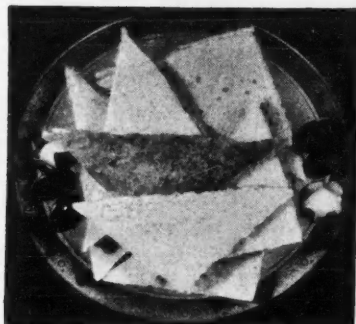
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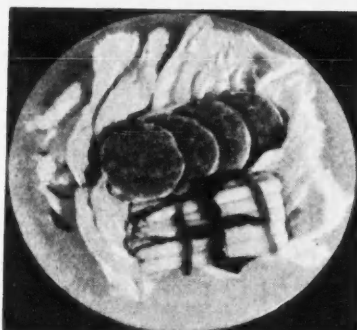
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Serve on lettuce with cold slaw topped with strips of pimento and parsley—it's delicious!



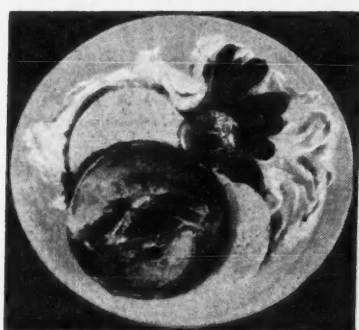
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DINNER DANCE

by EVELYN MURRAY CAMPBELL

Illustrated by
W. V. CHAMBERS

*Are men such dear,
dumb creatures, as
women like to imagine
them?*

ELINOR opened her purse and looked at the ten dollar bill. It was new and crackly and folded into a square like a postage stamp. Very small, tucked in beside her return ticket and some small silver but enormously important when balanced against new pumps or even a little end-of-the-season knitted suit. Or a warm bathrobe which she would need next winter though this was early July. She needed all or any of these things that ten dollars would buy and she was planning to throw it away in tips and fun for the week-end at Aunt Georgie's.

She needed the week-end too. Now and then her nerves jangled and strangers hurt like rough edges. There was the longing for what was behind her and for her own people, though they forgot her cheerfully except at Christmastime. Now and then came an invitation like this, and though Aunt Georgie never dreamed hers carried a tag, Elinor knew better. Her people were the large-handed sort who lived easily and money danced as motes in a sunbeam where they were. Ten dollars would not be too much to pay for the happiness of the ocean and the sands and the band playing on the plaza, and Aunt Georgie would feel kind and beneficent whenever she thought of the holiday she had given a poor relation.

She was very tired. She let her body go with the rocking chug-chug of the train. But her mind wouldn't rest; it was full of the problems of a girl who liked nice things and had to live on a little less than was necessary.

It was a long time since she had been able to look forward with a gay, careless heart. There was always the question: What if she lost her job? Jobs were scarce and she wasn't very good at hers. She wouldn't starve, but the prospect of living with relations was no pleasanter than it had been four years before.

"I'm a failure," Elinor sighed, "I'm afraid of everything—just no good! I won't take a chance and luck freezes to my fingers." She smiled at her own slangy fancy but inside she was sad because she had to cram enough happiness into two days to last for a long dull grind. "I know perfectly well that I oughtn't to spend ten dollars but I am going to do it—just throw it away on something silly and desperate."

Bella Mar was a surprise. Handsome motors parked around a pink frosted cake that was a railway station; summer people looking as summer people should look, brown and sleek and no frills. Nice men and dozens of

pretty girls. Young—young! Everybody so young and free, not caring about money or runs in stockings. She knew that her uncle had made money on the bear market but she had not expected anything like this. This was opulence and more; it was the sort of opulence that is easy about itself and needs to make no effort.

Elinor gave a look and began to wish she hadn't come; for a cowardly moment she shrank into herself and her place and wanted to ride on to the next station and send a telegram she couldn't come. She had brought the old yellow

ders was the same; that look of seeing far-off things was just the same. He should have been on the deck of a ship dressed in oilskins but he was selling stocks and bonds and doing extremely well at it, so Aunt Georgie said as they took their places in the car.

"You knew him once, didn't you, Elinor?"

"Oh, ages ago! My last year at college. People forget—"

"He is such a popular young man," Aunt Georgie sighed. "I see him in Bella Mar almost every week-end and it is always the same. The girls are mad about him. Your little

*Then she got her surprise.
He kissed her suddenly and
she thought her heart had
stopped beating for good,
but it began again like a
hammer, and then she was
afraid he would hear it.*



evening dress and she knew instantly what sort of clothes these girls would wear when they changed from their linens and jerseys.

But there was Aunt Georgie steaming across the platform on the lookout for a stray niece. Dear Aunt Georgie, how kind she was, if a little vague about values, sending embroidered table linen at Christmas to a girl who needed a warm sweater!

She was enveloped in a hearty embrace. "My dear child, I didn't expect to see you looking so well. They say it is terribly hot in town. How do you endure it? And you look quite smart." Evidently Aunt Georgie didn't expect that, either. She didn't know that a business girl had to look smart to hold her job. Aunt Georgie herself was highly prosperous. She rustled affluence.

"Where are your bags, dear child? What, only that little one?"

Elinor blushed for her bag. Very shabby as a bag would be after years of experiences, but she followed her aunt meekly, surrendering her belongings to the Colbert chauffeur. The little station was like a flower garden of gay summer faces and people were pushing this way and that—all friendly and on the best of terms. Aunt Georgie spoke to a half dozen friends and Elinor lingered, looking about, and it was thus that she saw Hal Austin again. He was looking straight at her and he didn't remember her.

She was saved from speaking just in time by the blankness of his eyes which met hers with that look-through-you-gaze that people wear like clothes, without thinking of it. He was the centre of a group of girls who chattered shoulder-high like a covey of wrens. All the prettiest girls were around him as had always been the way, and the less pretty stood wistfully on the outskirts, prey to hopeless temptation. He had not changed. He did not look any older. His sleek, blonde head with the curl brushed savagely out; high head set on broad, lean shoulders

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They lay there side by side, motionless, unconscious that their half bare bodies were almost touching. The heat shimmered above their brown flesh seeping into the bones. The girl said:

"Have you ever been in love, Hal?"

He rolled over and looked defiantly at the open sky for five seconds before the sun blinded him.

"Twice—no, only once. There was a girl—"

"You don't remember her name," jeered his companion.

"I see in your face that you don't."

"Perhaps not," he admitted, "but do you have to remember names and faces when you are in love?"

She denied furiously, "You didn't!" She lifted her pretty face and made a mouth at him. "How could you love somebody without an identity—just a shadow that you can't remember? For if you are in doubt, you didn't love her!"

"Every third dance" said Hal Austin. "Remember."
"It will be you who won't remember," she reproached.
"There'll be so many new girls at the dance tonight,
and you know what new girls do to old dates."



V.V. DUMBERS

He surveyed her for a moment with sun-blinded eyes and then reached with a lazy hand and tousled her mop of hair much as a large dog worries a little one.

"You know too much, young one."

"But I mean it. Love is just a habit with you, and when you get very old you are going to be sentimental. What a horrid old person you will be!" She gurgled this from behind her hair and then, with no warning, they were up on their feet racing for the water. Then they were two specks dotting the dark-blue rollers. They were gone.

Elinor walked slowly back along the path between the flaming geraniums. She felt tired as if she was carrying four years of work and worry in a pack upon her shoulders. She could remember when she had a line as daring and carefree as that girl out yonder in the water, but the spring had gone out of her. Hal Austin had kept his, though. He had used almost those very words to her: "I could never forget a date with you!"

They had had a date but he hadn't kept it. That night, long ago, at the Mowbray's dance when the band played *I Love You*, as it had played at every dance that summer, he had come for her as he always did at that number and they had danced in a glorified way to an unforgettable, heartbreaking strain, and he had said, "Some day I'm coming for you, Elinor." But he had never come!

That dark little girl was wiser than she, because she knew that he was in love with love and not any woman. "How silly I am," Elinor challenged herself. "Why can't I be wise, too, as wise as these youngsters? It's because I never thought of him all this time as just a man!"

"I've been wondering what became of you," said Aunt Georgie vaguely. "Having a good time? Tennis?"

Elinor shook her head and took a tall, frosted glass decorated with a slice of orange from a tray. She felt better.

"Would the children like to go to Victory Beach for an hour?" she asked boldly.

Victory Beach was a common little place devoted to pitching booths and up-in-the-air railways, beloved of lovers and the very young. A silly nostalgia for childhood had directed Elinor's thoughts to this place but Aunt Georgie's uplifted eyebrows quickly squashed the idea.

"My dear, do you think that sort of thing amusing? Sometimes the young people run over there for half an hour but I don't think you could persuade Rosamond—"

Elinor realized the absurdity of that, and having made her gesture went to her room and lay down on her bed letting the ineffably sweet, salt-scented air brush her eyelids down. She wondered if they would mind if she stayed where she

AUNT GEORGIE came in and asked if she wanted anything to help with her toilette but there was not much chance of her own things helping out. Elinor could have mentioned that she wanted a Cinderella frock and gold slippers but she shook her head and gently refused first aid. A string of blue beads was vaguely mentioned and from there the conversation drifted to Ed Calvert who hated what he called "society doings" and wanted to be left alone with his dreams of a bullish market.

"Men are so queer," said his wife, sighing. "There isn't the least need of your uncle worrying so. Nothing could possibly happen before Monday morning; the market isn't even open. But I can't get him to see it that way. He's in the habit of worrying and can't eat his dinner without it. He positively enjoys worrying over money. If we had millions he'd worry just the same. It is part of his life. All men are like that—creatures of habit."

Elinor murmured that she supposed they were—hung their hats on the same peg, as it were.

"Yes," went on the older lady, revelling in a safe listener, "there wouldn't be nearly so many marriages if men didn't get in the habit of a girl—just habit, that's all. Seeing her in the same place, doing the same things—What are you going to wear, Elinor? Let me see your frock."

"It isn't a frock," said Elinor meekly, "just a dress." But after her aunt had looked the yellow rag over, she pursed her lips and said just as Elinor had known she would, "Pooh, nobody will notice."

It had really been a pretty dress once, but among the ample skirts of today it looked tired and timid.

"Never mind, you won't be dancing much," consoled Aunt Georgie. "There are literally dozens of girls and all so young and pretty and belonging to sororities, though I don't approve of that. The men are spoiled beyond reason, and if you sit everything out nobody will notice what you have on."

There may be an exquisite pain in misery and Elinor found it so, following the Calverts to a table where her fore-shortened knees could skulk in obscurity and inaction.

There was another man in their party, but he was elderly and pettish about the dinner which was not too good and afterward was absorbed in talk about "rails." The tables were close enough for Aunt Georgie to carry on a shoulder conversation with an acquaintance of her own, and very soon Elinor was happily forgotten by one and all.

She was very glad of this. If anyone had been interested enough to notice they would have seen a sweet, thin face too rapt and serious for a dinner dance; big dark eyes and cloudy dark hair; a pretty girl lost in an avalanche of girls who had something more than mere prettiness.

Elinor herself saw this. The roomful of girls were different. They depended on nothing, not beauty, nor clothes nor any quality that dazzles. She saw a girl with copper-brown hair and legs that matched wearing a white linen frock and string sandals and having a marvellous time defying possible public opinion. She saw other girls snatching the men they wanted and galloping off with no self-consciousness whatever. She caught that word slipping through her mind and it was revealed as the answer to her silent question. These girls did not care; they took what they wanted with gay impudence. They had exalted self until it became selflessness and before their enormous egotism her physical independence shrivelled and became nothing. There was not one of them who would have cried in a pillow for any man that walked.

"Why, they don't wait to be forgotten!"

She very nearly said that aloud but was saved by the sight of Hal Austin piloting a scrap of [Continued on page 42]

was until the Sunday evening train. The thought of the dance to come filled her with aversion. What did people do at a dinner dance when they knew nobody and had to wear a frock three years old? But there was nothing she could do about it. Aunt Georgie would brush away any objection of hers with, "Pooh, who will notice?"

The tang of the sea may have been at the bottom of Elinor's mood. It made her feel gay and reckless while all the time there was a nasty little pain digging at her heart. He had forgotten her so completely. His eyes, sweeping her face, were the impartial eyes of one who sees a past like a dozen other pasts, and it is not pleasant to feel like a past.

It was so easy to remember when those eyes had looked at her with thrilling promise. They had both been terribly young and silly but they had known some moments! She sat up in bed and thumped a pillow that had been ice cool to her burning cheek. She laughed and she cried a little. She was being perfectly ridiculous, spoiling her cherished week-end because a man had forgotten her face.

And he had said, "You dance like a butterfly's wing, and remember no matter where or when I see you, we've a date to dance the next one!" He had said dear and charming things like that, but there had been no "next time" until now!

"I am a fool," said Elinor, thumping. "a blankety-blank little fool; first, to come to this place where I don't belong, and then to care about a man like that! I'm not an innocent any longer. I know the world. That is just a line he gives to everyone and it's grown to be a habit. I'll bet that girl in the blue bathing suit has listened to it until it sings her to sleep every night." This was all very well, but cold comfort, because a sophisticated heart can hurt as much as any heart once it begins.

cousin, Rosamond—would you believe it?" And she smiled. "But Rosamond is a baby," Elinor felt that her lips were stiff.

"Baby? So you think. But wait until you see her. There's no such thing as a baby any more."

WHEN Elinor saw the young Calverts she knew what her aunt meant, and the fancy she had indulged of taking her cousins on merry-go-round trips was dissipated. Rosamond was a bored young thing of fourteen who had "read everything," and young Cecil called his mother "George" and got away with it. They were a supercilious pair, surprised at nothing; not even annoyed by the presence of a half-forgotten relative whose clothes were not quite good enough. Elinor saw at once that she was too unimportant to trouble this household. Her aunt's husband welcomed her vaguely but kindly between snatches of telephone talk to some unknown confrère, but he would have been as kind to a strayed stenographer.

"You must have a good time while you are with us," he said, and passed the responsibility over to his daughter. "Rosamond, see that this little cousin has a good time."

Rosamond's lifted eyebrows said for her, "What on earth would I do with a cousin as old as Methuselah?"

Elinor blushed as she had blushed for her suitcase. "Oh, I'll amuse myself."

"I have made plans for Elinor," said Aunt Georgie, grandly. "The dinner dance at the club tonight. She will be sure to enjoy that when she hasn't been anywhere for so long. Mrs. Somers was very sweet about it—when there are so many girls."

Elinor remembered the age of the yellow frock. "Oh, please, Aunt Georgie! I'd rather stay here in the porch swing and look at the stars and—just breathe the ocean—" They were all staring at her and after a moment of silence there was an audible giggle.

"Rosamond!" said her father sternly.

Aunt Georgie settled the matter at once. "Nonsense! You'll enjoy it after—after—" She was not quite sure of the experiences Elinor must have had in the pursuit of making her own living but dinner dances at the Bella Mar Club could not have been among them. "I could never understand your father, my dear, or what was his idea in educating you to the right class of people and then leaving you without a penny to live among those you couldn't possibly—er—tolerate—"

"Now, now, Georgie," her husband remonstrated, "anything can happen; you know that. Rich today, poor tomorrow, that sort of thing."

Elinor made herself a little laugh, "Oh, I know plenty of people who have lost their money," she said, trying to be facetious. But it was no good. She wanted to cry more than ever, not only because she was poor but because she had come among people who had forgotten her and whom she should have forgotten, too, if she had enough pride.

She had been given a lovely room. It was small and had a dormer window peering from the eaves, but it was a window that looked over the water and she could watch the horsemen of the sea wearing their white caps in the race for land. It was a windy day and the sharp cracking of a rip tide broke the air into needles of sound; at other moments the electric blue hung suspended in a stillness that quivered with motion. Even the sun danced. Beautiful world!

Holiday! Elinor knew that she ought to be up, flying around, enjoying every moment of its preciousness, but there was a contradictory unwillingness of spirit that made her want to hide all day in her small room. What was it that turned this little vacation so longed-for into the dreariest day she had known since her daddy went away? But even while she asked herself the question the honest part of her heart answered it with uncompromising truth. Because Hal Austin had forgotten her, the lovely day was spoiled, and because she knew now that the small secret dreams she had cherished were small secret dreams and nothing more.

She cried a little and then, being valiant Elinor, she sat up and laughed in her bravest way—the same laugh with which she went from one job to another. Hal Austin! Who was he but a boy she had danced with that last summer before her world crashed in? They had been silly young things then and the difference between them now was that she had grown up and looked back tenderly and wistfully upon youth, while he was still a silly young thing, playing at the same silly games and forgetting yesterday as children do.

This ruthless analysis brought her to the mirror where she looked herself over carefully before she admitted that there was no hope there. Thousands of girls were as pretty as she was and a great deal prettier. She was just the type with soft brown hair that takes a wave nicely; a fair complexion and a pair of efficient brown eyes that were a little anxious even when they smiled. She saw herself like that and made an ugly little face. On Monday morning an army of such faces would be bending over typewriters, deciphering

notes to which they were sublimely indifferent. "Of course he wouldn't remember," she said sadly, and thought of girls—girls—girls who came in between.

Elinor in a meek blue linen went downstairs and was immediately lost among the shifting currents of life that flowed through the Calvert's big sprawling cottage. She found a wicker chair with dull red cushions and from this vantage discovered just how far behind she was in the times of her young cousins. It was funny now to remember that she had planned to spend ten dollars on their amusement. The gorgeous Rosamond could not be content with anything less than a corps of very young college men who tackled one another at her bidding, and young Wilfred had a speed boat of his own. There were numbers of young people dropping in to a casual luncheon. Elinor felt like a brown wren among a flock of cockatoos, but the time for that hurt was past and she fell to wondering just how much money her uncle had made selling stocks he didn't own. After luncheon when everybody was wandering off, Aunt Georgie remembered that she was being kind to a poor relation.

"My dear, you must try to look a little happier or I shall think you are not having a good time," she sighed, conscious of the ice pudding to which she had foolishly yielded. "You look as serious as a judge, really. I have always said how it aged a girl to go out in the world and work. Do get it off your mind. You remind me of your uncle; he brings his office home with him every

Elinor saw the back of a head she would have known anywhere, and all the resolutions she had made an hour ago dribbled out of her mind and she sat down hastily in the shade of a lifeboat to listen shamelessly.

They were talking in an aimless fashion about nothing at all and she could see that the girl was about nineteen, tanned to a warm blushing apricot with lithe young limbs that had never done anything but dance and play in the sun. Her hair was a dark cloud, rather long and hiding the face that must be lovely to match the rest of her.

"Every third dance," said Hal Austin, twisting a strand of hair around his finger, "Remember."

"It will be you who won't remember," she reproached.



She sat down hastily in the shade of a lifeboat to listen shamelessly. They were talking in an aimless fashion about nothing at all, and she could see that the girl was about nineteen. Her hair was a dark cloud, hiding a face that must be lovely to match the rest of her.

night and by Sunday is simply itching to get back to it. No rest; no repose. But men are merely creatures of habit and you can't expect anything else from them." She moaned a little and closed her eyes to ten minutes of forbidden sleep.

ELINOR knew none of the people who were playing tennis and they did not seem to see her, so she wandered along a white path bordered with fiery red geraniums and came finally to the brilliant blue ocean that moved like quicksilver except where two excited waves came together with a brittle crash that sent a wave of lacy foam into the sun. An airplane droned lazily in the deep blue. Two white boats raced in a half circle far out to sea leaving comet tails of foam behind them. The floor of the beach swarmed with striped umbrellas and prostrate forms browning in the sun.

"There'll be so many new girls at the dance tonight and you know what new girls do to old dates."

He laughed in the old way, but wasn't there something a little bit tired about that laughter? And then he said that same thing he had said four years ago and had been saying ever since. "I could never forget a dance date with you."

Elinor wanted to put her head around the corner of the lifeboat and say with withering scorn or maybe wistful reproach, "You forgot one with me—you even forgot me!" But of course she did nothing of the sort. She simply curled her feet under her and listened harder.

"You're a terrible flirt," said Dark-hair, slowly.

"How can you say that? I have never flirted with you." She said nothing. Perhaps she was wondering if he was really in earnest—at last.

WHAT OF HIS DEPENDENTS?

When the state jails a man, it leaves his family utterly destitute

by
H. V. FERGUSON

MRS. METRO KUSZAK deserves well of the wives and mothers of Canada. Mrs. Kuzsak lives on a Manitoba farm near Fork River, and of late things have not been going any too well for her and her twelve children. To make matters worse, Metro Kuzsak, head of this extensive household, according to press dispatches, showed sufficient disregard for the excise law to land him in jail at Dauphin under a seven-months sentence.

This brought things to a climax and Mrs. Kuzsak did some deep and quick thinking. The French are credited with a faculty for driving straight to the heart of any difficulty and then taking direct action. Evidently it is the same with Mrs. Kuzsak. She was not greatly concerned about her husband's offense; the point was that he had been taken from her and that she was left without any means of support. Direct action followed.

Blessed, perhaps, with a keen sense of the dramatic, Mrs. Kuzsak gathered up nine of her twelve children, proceeded to Dauphin and took possession of the jail doorsteps. There, she declared, she and her offspring would remain until her husband was released. "My other children," she explained, "stayed at home on the farm, but they have little to eat."

THUS a situation was created and an age-old question brought to a head. Even the hardiest of families cannot spend seven months on a jail doorstep, and something had to be done. Mrs. Kuzsak had taken her stand, and the next move was up to the officials. Of course this queer group was cared for by the municipal authorities, and an appeal made to the Attorney-General for release of the husband.

All very well; but the point raised by Mrs. Kuzsak is that there is no law in the land obliging anyone to do anything for a woman in such a plight. It is improbable that the husband will be set free, as this would establish a precedent that would crowd the doorsteps of every jail in the country. Crime must be punished, but in this and countless other instances the innocent are made to suffer with the guilty.

In this problem there is nothing new, but the jail doorsteps at Dauphin, Manitoba, have had it presented in concrete form. The little drama was well staged, appealed to public sympathy, and there is no mistaking its significance. This is the meaning of the play: There should be provided in penal law some authorized means of assisting poverty-stricken families rendered wholly destitute by the State, and forced to suffer hardships that the criminal himself escapes. Had he, through injury or mental affliction, become totally incapacitated as a wage-earner, Mrs. Kuzsak would be entitled to assistance. If he had deserted her, and she could find no trace of him, then, after a certain period of time, she would be eligible for help from the Mothers' Allowance. This board, designed primarily to look after all cases where a mother is left widowed, deserted, or handicapped through the illness or incarceration of her husband, is working in the great majority of the provinces with varying powers.

However, Mrs. Kuzsak is not entitled to anything but the sympathy aroused by her unfortunate circumstances. In none of the provinces is recognition taken of the plight of a

criminal's family. Nothing in Mothers' Allowance enactments entitles them to consideration, and the police have too many tragic records of the sufferings the prisoners' families endure.

For generations, legislators and social workers have given considerable thought to the problem as to what is to be done with, and for, the families of imprisoned men. Plans to have them receive wages earned by prisoners at some occupation while in jail do not work out satisfactorily, and have drawn protests from labor and other organizations because of "cheap convict labor." And the business end of industry does not welcome what it regards as unfair competition. Consequently, it has come to be recognized that those confined to penal institutions work at the manufacture of such articles as only the institution or the government can use. In the smaller jails of the country there is little work to be done beyond keeping the place in repair; at all events nothing of a remunerative nature. Hence that potential source of revenue may be eliminated.

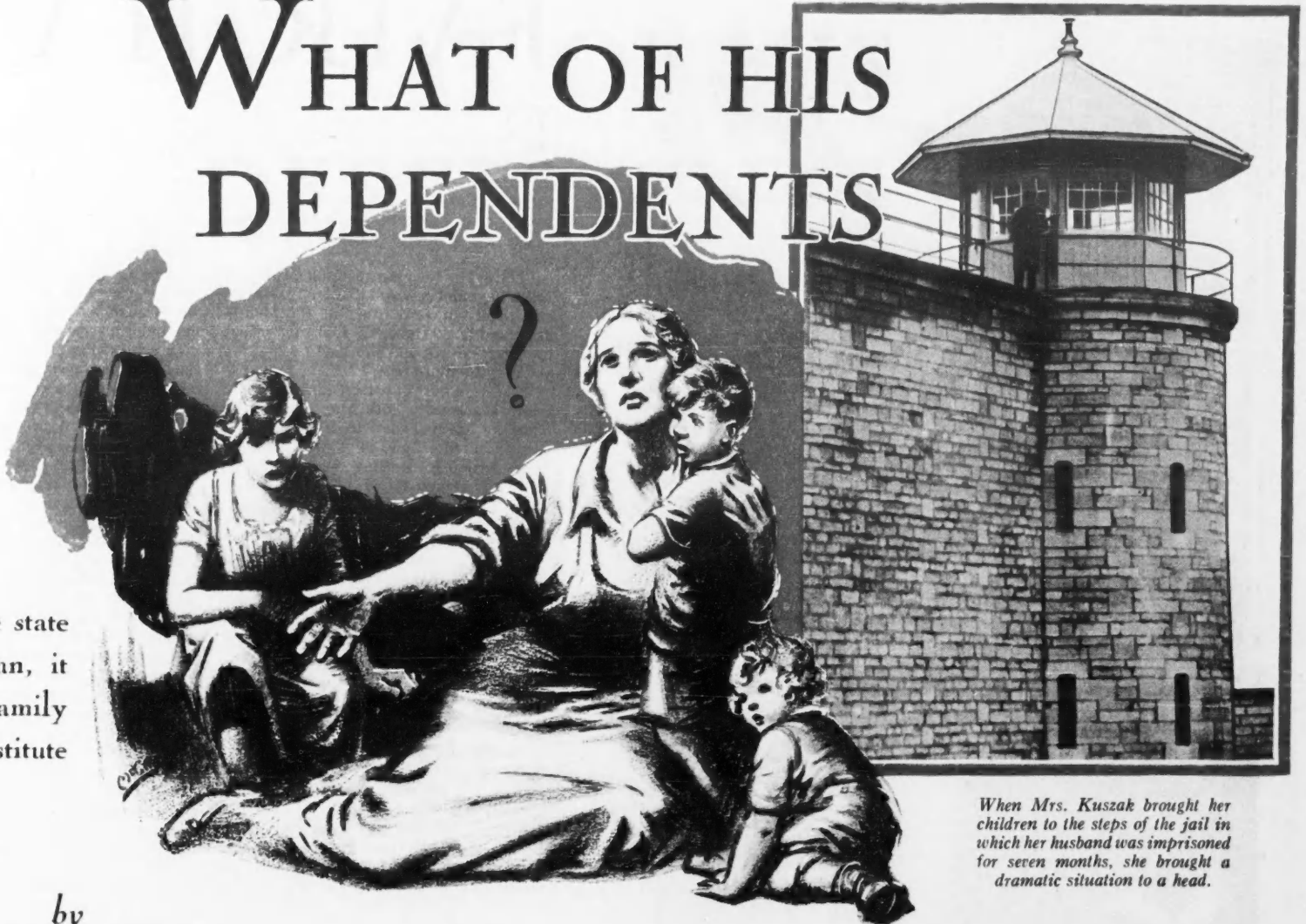
But Mrs. Metro Kuzsak has made it evident that something must be done. In her destitute state she was inspired

to bring vividly before the country the situation in which she and countless other mothers find themselves when the law reaches into the home and removes the provider. He may have been a poor provider, but somehow they got along.

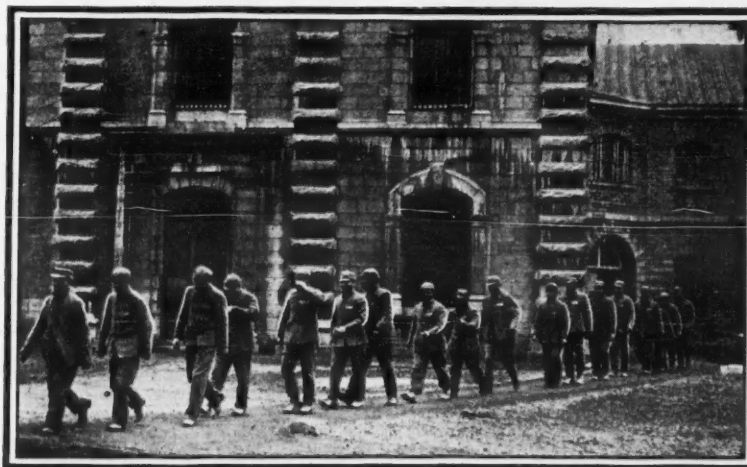
THIS is an age of tremendous, even startling, progress in social work. But this great problem still remains unsolved: What is to be done for the innocent victims of a law enforcement that leaves penniless and helpless the dependents of our jail-birds?

Time was—and not so long ago—when men were imprisoned for debt. Slowly, the utter futility of this procedure dawned on courts and parliaments; and now the debtor is ordered to pay in reasonable installments. Disobeying this order incurs imprisonment for contempt of court—quite a different matter. Similarly the rank injustice of compelling the innocent mother and children to suffer in order that the law may deal with the criminal husband and father, is becoming more widely recognized.

It may be said [Continued on page 67]



When Mrs. Kuzsak brought her children to the steps of the jail in which her husband was imprisoned for seven months, she brought a dramatic situation to a head.



Plans to have the dependents receive wages earned by prisoners do not work out satisfactorily, and there have been many protests against "cheap convict labor."



*What is your viewpoint?
—read the announcement
about prize letters from
readers on page 53*

Should Husbands and Wives HOLIDAY APART?

by ELIZABETH HOPE

WELL, what do you think about it yourself?"

Should a man and his wife, because they have undertaken to live together for life, never have a holiday from each other? Or can the friendship and companionship, which is the basis for married happiness, only be attained when a man and his wife learn to play together, as well as work together for the establishment of a successful home?

Let's look at the people on your street. They represent married folk everywhere. We're watching them every day. We know every detail of their weekly wash. We know whether they can keep up the payments on their radio. And we know how they holiday.

The young Tompkins in number twelve go motoring every year with their two children. They take tents, bedding, cooking utensils, canned vegetables, books, bathing suits, and a medicine box. Before they get everything packed on the car, the two children have reached that state of high nervous tension which lasts them through the whole holiday.

The Tompkins spend two weeks putting up tents and taking them down, drying rain-dampened clothes, making and unmaking beds, swatting flies and mosquitoes. And you know the rest. They are together incessantly. They become irritable, tired, snappy. They grind to a stop outside the house on their last day with aching muscles and taut dispositions.

Mrs. Tompkins watches Mr. Tompkins leave for the office next morning with an enigmatic smile. Is she not thinking how blissful it will be to have him away all day? But we never find out, for when we lean across the verandah and say, "Was it very wonderful?" she rallies bravely and manages a "Oh very! Such a rest!" before she disappears into the heavenly coolness of her home.

A FEW doors down the street in number sixteen live John and Mary. Every year John removes Mary from housekeeping in her compact, pretty, convenient city house to a rough little cottage with an archaic stove that would try the patience of a saint, and water that must be fetched from the bottom of the cliff.

Mary is there for a month, and John spends his spare time dining down town at the club, golfing with the boys, or dozing in the hammock, after a day spent in a shaded office, before an electric fan. He will smile wistfully with a love-

lorn-bachelor pathos, and tell you that Mary is having a wonderful time in the country. "Such a change for her," so he says. "I motor up for the week-ends. Generally take a bunch up with me. From the office, you know. Does us all good. But it's wonderful for Mary!"

Yet Mary has only had her job changed from a convenient location to an inconvenient one. She has the added fear of the children falling into the lake or out of the swing. She is doing exactly the same work; putting the same children to bed—a little harder to wash—and preparing the same meals, with appalling work at the week-end when the "boys" drive up from the hot and stuffy town.

Is that, I wonder, an ideal holiday for Mary? Yet there are thousands upon thousands of women who are doing just that—every year of their life.

THE middle-aged couple in number twenty-six have gone to the same hotel for five years; and quite a number of their bridge club go up with them, so that they are always sure of congenial company. For fourteen days they face each other across breakfast, luncheon and dinner table. They plod round the golf course; they play bridge; they relax pleasantly and amiably.

Peter, the husband, has for years had a secret longing to go up into the northern wilds and fish. But Susie, his wife, is terrified of water.

Just because Peter and Susie have transferred their life from number twenty-six to "Kum-in Lodge," just because Peter leaves after breakfast for golf instead of the office—does that make it, I wonder, a successful holiday?

Wouldn't both Peter and Susie be far more exhilarated if Peter went up to his fishing grounds alone, and for two weeks got entirely away from his ordinary life. If he could feel homesick a little, all the better. If he could feel lonely for Susie, he would only realize afresh what a mighty nice wife she was, after all. I bet you would hear Peter telling the boys of his wife's virtues on a confidential evening. Whereas, sitting sadly across the bridge table from her at "Kum-in Lodge," he wonders vaguely if she isn't getting very, very stout.

And supposing Susie's idea of bliss is a breakfast in bed, luncheon after a long, slow toilette, bridge all afternoon and bridge all evening. What of it? It may sound crazy to Peter, but it's her idea of a holiday and she should be able to enjoy it without hearing Peter balking daily at the routine and longing to get back to the excitement of an office day.

But, unhappily, neither Susie nor Peter has the courage of their convictions. Susie would feel that if Peter went off

alone with some of his horrid men friends, it might be the beginning of a divorce suit.

JACK and Jill across the street in number thirty-one take their holidays apart. Jack goes hunting in the fall, and Jill goes anywhere she likes—and can afford—every year. We were probably scandalized until Jill, stirred to anger, said something like this.

"Jack and I feel that husbands and wives get too used to each other. We know that a happy marriage doesn't just happen. We both realize one has to be dedicated daily to the job of making the home happy. Jack does heaps of things just because I like him to, and so do I for him.

"We believe in a holiday from each other. Jack is crazy over hunting. I hate it. But we have proved, during the ten years we have tried it, that two weeks apart from each other—it really means a month out of the twelve, make us understand and appreciate one another so much more!"

Jack and Jill are one of the happiest couples on the street. Jill believes that there is even an added spice and joy in being able to spend her bit of holiday money exactly as she wants to. "It's rather difficult for a man and wife who have had to budget carefully, to go out together and go on a binge, however small, without the one feeling afraid the other will think it too extravagant. If I want to spend my money on one big splash, then I love to be able to do it," she says.

Jack and Jill believe the new contacts, the new friends, the new ideas, the new viewpoints they gain, bring pleasure during the whole year.

"The best way," Jack says, "to keep down the divorce rate, is to allow a man and his wife a chance to get away from each other. If there's no break in the association they often get on each other's nerves, and the irritation is rubbed and rubbed by tiny, daily incidents, so that serious troubles result. Get away from your husband for two weeks. Do the things you wanted to do all year, just when and where you want to, and see how much more you understand him when you get back!"

NOW that sounds very sensible and logical until you tell the Browns next door about it. Jim Brown will scout the very idea. He will tell you emphatically that there's nobody in the world he enjoys holidaying with as much as Esther, his wife. He and she both earn the money; he in the city, and she by saving and managing the family budget, so why should they not have the fun of spending it together?

"Many men and women," says [Continued on page 53]

by MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

The story of a very charming young lady who always took what she wanted, and of another who gave everything

into which she curled her slim body. She was rather like a cat—a purring, yawning white Persian with inscrutable eyes. And try as I would, I could not help being amused by the purring, yawning cleverness with which she was managing life. People did what she wanted and felt that she was granting them a favor. But she never tried any of her tricks on me. I think that she knew that I had seen through them all long ago—seen through the shining, ardent stunt to the mean little white Persian soul beneath it.

Edith met Robin Cross for the first time at our house. He was some sort of cousin and one of the best-looking young men I have ever seen, besides having a very pleasant income and the prospects of a title. It did just pass through my mind that he seemed to like Edith. She was the kind of girl he admired, for Robin was terribly earnest, too. He hated girls who made up in public and screamed across rooms and got drunk. And Edith was looking really pretty that day. It was winter and very cold. She had just come in from a matinée; her hair was fluffed out under a tiny black hat; above the squirrel scarf her cheeks were firm and glowing. You noticed for the first time how good her hazel eyes were. I saw Robin staring at her gravely like some large, deliberate dog, a crumpet in one huge paw and a fragile cup and saucer balanced absurdly in the other.

The next thing we heard was the announcement of their engagement. Edith came to show me her ring; a limpid sapphire that looked strange on her red hand. As usual, she was pathetic and tiresome about the whole thing. I found myself alternately irritated and touched as I watched her eyes go moist and her nostrils redden and quiver. Heavily yearning, you know. Painfully in earnest. "Robin's far too good for me," and "I don't know what I've done to deserve it." "Nonsense!" I said, brusquely. "No one deserves happiness more than you do. Here! Take my powder and don't make yourself look a sight."

She cheered up then and grew solemnly radiant and had two helpings of chocolate soufflé.

The engagement came to an end while I was in Egypt with the Verekers. As I looked up from the letter I thought grimly: "Marian!" and flung it to the other end of the room in a crumpled ball. When I got home Edith told me the whole story, or her version of it; it did not need a great deal of shrewdness to see what had really happened.

"You mustn't blame Marian, Anne. She tried harder than anyone to prevent it."

I could not resist a bitter "I'm sure she did," and Edith cried, indignantly:

"I knew you'd take that line!"

Well, it seemed that she had asked Robin home for a week-end to the Gloucestershire vicarage, and what more could she need for complete happiness but the presence of the beloved Marian? "I did so want them to like each other," Edith explained, seriously. They did more than that. They fell in love. Edith stressed the love part; she was irritatingly earnest and almost beatific as she explained that no one was to blame except, possibly, herself. She had realized that when she saw how different the Real Thing was to Just Affection—

"What you really mean," I said, sharply, "is that Marian walked off with Robin under your very nose and you didn't lift a finger to stop her."

"But you don't understand, Anne. If you had seen them—"

"Thank heaven I didn't!"

Edith said gently, yearningly:

"I wish that you didn't misjudge Marian, Anne. She's so fine, really."

I lifted my hands in a helpless gesture of despair and she went on with the story. Looking at it through Edith's mind was like looking at something through a faulty lens; everything a little out of focus; the colors just off the true and blurred by an oozing fog of sentiment. Robin and Marian had been so "fine" about it. Robin had struggled—the picture came true there. I could see Robin struggling, dumb and bewildered, terribly in earnest—And Marian had struggled. How Marian had struggled to put this sudden, overwhelming love out of her life! (It struck me that in a ghoulish sort of way Edith was rather enjoying herself.) And then, after meeting again in London, they decided that the only thing to do was to be perfectly frank.

It sounded pretty enough if I had not guessed already at the ugly truth. I was quite certain what had happened. Marian had deliberately taken Robin from Edith. Perhaps the physical desirability of Robin as a man came into it a little; he was over six feet high and his features had the stupid regularity of a Greek marble. But still stronger, if I knew my Marian, would be his desirability as a brilliant catch—I had noticed her looking thoughtfully at the sapphire on Edith's raw schoolgirl hand. And, strongest of all, the lure of taking something from someone else! That warped little white Persian soul of Marian's under the shining armor!

I COULD see her getting to work on Robin, sweetly and insidiously; looking at him through her thick lashes as they walked in the garden; letting her slim fingers rest in his for a moment and then drawing them away, startled. She would wear white, always white. I could see her, a slim ghost curled up in the shadows while Edith plodded through a Chopin waltz. And Robin watching, nice and troubled. And Edith disturbing them, bursting in on that enchanted moment looking lumpishly plain and badly in need of powder. Hers must have been a losing game from the start.

Robin and Marian were married in the early summer, a tremendously smart wedding with Edith as one of the bridesmaids. She seemed unaware that there was any irony in the situation. I always suspected Marian of deliberately choosing that particular shade of blue for the bridesmaids' dresses. It made Edith's skin look muddy and killed her eyes stone dead. Robin must have noticed as he turned from her to Marian, cool and exquisite in the bower of her tulle and lilies.

I was standing next to Edith in the bride's procession. Her wreath of cornflowers had slipped over one eye; her nose (poor Edith!) had gone greasy as it always did in an emotional crisis. But her face was ecstatic. I think that she was crying quietly and sentimentally. She was watching Marian marry her man as she had watched Marian take her prize. I would have murmured angrily, as I had murmured then, "You ought to have got him, Edith." If I had not been so sure that the answer would be the same: "Oh, no! Marian is so wonderful!" And Marian did look wonderful. I conceded unwillingly, as she came down the aisle. Saint Joan and a Botticelli nymph and the most untouched, virginal of Madonnas all rolled into one, ineffably sweet and trusting with her hand in Robin's. Beside me Edith choked convulsively. [Continued on page 55]



Edith had moments when she looked pretty and vivacious. It was only when Marian was there that she effaced herself and became lumpishly plain once more.

FAIR HAIR

PEOPLE were amazed and even a little horrified when that long friendship ended, although to me it came as no surprise. But to their particular set it was something of a nine days' wonder. Women would say to me at lunches and bridge teas:

"Is it really true that Marian Cross and Edith Seymour have quarrelled? Someone saw them cut each other at the Delroy girl's wedding. Imagine! Cut each other, my dear! Edith and Marian!"

"Yes, it's quite true."

"But—" a note of personal injury would creep aggrievedly into the questioner's voice, for one had come to depend on that friendship, somehow, as something solid in a perilously shifting world—"but I can't understand it! Edith and Marian were so—Why, I always felt that nothing—"

"Well, something did, obviously."

"What happened, do you know?" Three pairs of eyes, nakedly greedy under ridiculously similar *Agnes* berets, and three expensively covered, pearl-laden bosoms would sway closer round the little baize table.

"I haven't the least idea."

And with a sigh of disappointment the indignant babel would break loose once more.

"Edith and Marian! Simply couldn't believe it, my dear. Edith simply adored . . . Marian so devoted . . . Edith and Marian . . ."

When they asked me "What happened?" I always returned the same answer, for the truth, even if I had felt like telling it, was almost too fantastic to be believed. It would have disappointed them. There was nothing sensational about it. It was undignified; it was even funny. And it amused me to imagine how Edith and Marian were secretly trembling in their shoes in case I told what I knew, and their quarrel became not a nine days' wonder but a nine days' joke. I did not tell because I was fond of them both in different ways, of Edith as a person and of Marian as a work of art.

Edith and Marian and I had been at school together. Marian was beautiful even as a child; that indescribable grace of hers survived the uncomfortable hobbledehoy period of blue serge and chilblains and large wrists. I remember watching her with a kind of fascination; at thirteen I was just waking up to beauty and had serious thoughts of becoming a poet. Marian's grey eyes between their silky black lashes, her small mouth, and the wonderful breadth and clarity of her forehead under the sweep of shining black hair roused in me a devotion which I mistook for the real thing for at least two terms. She had a sweet, insidious way with her; a way of getting what she wanted out of mistresses and girls alike with the minimum of pain to the victim. At first I admired her for it. Later, some slowly developing instinct of self-preservation warned me that it was highly dangerous. In my last term someone lent me the horrific tale of *Dracula*, and I determined that Marian was very like the beautiful ladies who punctured their unsuspecting friends in the neck and gently, relentlessly, sucked the life out of them.

Edith was furious at this macabre and rather unkind suggestion.

"How can you say such wicked, beastly things, Anne!"

"Well, Marian is vampireish. Look at the way she sucks you for all she's worth—"

Edith flushed a heavy, unlovely red and said with dignity, "I suppose you're jealous, Anne Grieves." She did not speak to me for a week.

Poor Edith! I think that if Marian had not been there for her to worship she

would have had to find someone else. She was like that. Always clammily enthusiastic about something or somebody; given to moist-eyed passions for new mistresses and visiting curates; submissive, like a good dog ready to fetch and carry. She wanted earnestly to be "good." I remember her taking what seemed an endless time over her prayers, kneeling in the draughty cubicle done up to the neck in a hideous cambric nightgown, with her hair scragged back from her plain, serious face, and her eyes tightly shut as though she were frightened of seeing God pop through the chintz curtains.

Poor Edith! A graceless girl with heavy features, a greasy skin that somehow never looked clean, and good, uninspiring, hazel eyes. She made a contrast to Marian, all movement and sparkle. But she had pretty fair hair that would fluff out hopefully when she did not yank it back with a broad black ribbon. Edith seemed to have a rooted objection to making herself attractive. Perhaps she got the thrill of femininity second-hand out of fussing after Marian and tidying the litter of silk underthings, surreptitious cream jars and perfumes with which that young woman would strew her cubicle. I can see Edith now, clumsily folding up some sheer, rosy thing of chiffon and lace, shining devotionally . . .

And it was "Edith, you might help me over this," and "You're so clever at maths, Edith; be a dear and do this paper for me." Marian's eyes were so clear; her forehead was so broad and candid. She was the pet of Olympus, the girl who was always chosen to give a bouquet to any famous people who came to visit the school on Speech Day. She gave an impression of something swift and ardent and shining, and she was a liar and a cheat and a colossal, remorseless mass of egotism. She used Edith unmercifully and then told lies about her behind her back. In our last term she carried off the Marshall History Prize on the strength of Edith's notes and coaching; the prize for being the most popular and highest principled girl in the school was also unanimously awarded to her. She looked lovely going up to the platform to get them; venerable old gentlemen woke up suddenly and leaned forward. And there was Edith at the back of the hall clapping her hands sore, her nose and her stupid, sentimental eyes shining as she saw Marian taking—oh, so beautifully—the fruits of her own dogged labors. When I said angrily, "You ought to have got it, Edith," she just said, "Oh, no! Marian is so wonderful!" and groped for a handkerchief in the pocket of her "sensible" best dress.

WELL, I kept in touch with them both after leaving school. Marian and I lived in London. Edith was the daughter of a vicar in a small Gloucestershire village. I asked her to stay with the family once or twice, and it struck me that she had improved. The muddy skin had cleared, and she was much slimmer. While she was in town she had her hair shingled. Now that she could not burden it with pins it curled and glinted surprisingly, and I was pleased to discover that she had a well-shaped head set beautifully on a strong, rounded throat. She was still the same old Edith, given to unbecoming flushes and moist, earnest championing of the adored Marian, but she had moments when she looked pretty and almost vivacious. It was only when Marian was there that she effaced herself and became lumpishly plain once more.

For Marian was a beauty. Try as I would, I could not help admiring the classic serenity of that sleek little head, her thick white skin, the lovely, fluid poses



Marian was beautiful. She had a sweet, insidious way with her; a way of getting what she wanted out of people with the minimum of pain to the victim.

The gracious lines women have always loved are found again in this Molyneux hat, fashioned of brown straw and brown satin.

by
Mary Wyndham
*The Chatelaine's Canadian
Correspondent in Paris*

All the big couturières over here lay particular stress on them. In fact, so important are they in the silhouette that Maggy Rouff, Schiaparelli and Redfern—just to mention three authorities—slot the neck of the blouse or jacket or frock so that the scarf is pulled through in a definite fashion. In other words, they are not leaving the draping of it to clumsy, uninspired fingers.

This season, the scarf, to be really smart, must be draped round the neckline; not just worn any old way, choker fashion or yanked over one shoulder. That explains the slots or invisible loops. More-over they [Continued on page 48]



A draped Bertha effect and broad shirring at the hips characterizes this charming model by Lucile Paray.



Jenny has introduced a new garment for evening wear—a shawl cape which ties in front. This is fashioned in green crêpe de Chine with appliqué flowers of the same material.



Worth suggests this ensemble for travel—a white silk frock, navy blue sleeveless jacket, and navy blue coat with leather belt. The blue felt hat is by Suzy.

The Paris Letter

IT'S nearly holiday time, so let's just talk of holiday clothes and no others.

If you are really serious about keeping the cost of your holiday wardrobe down as much as possible, then my advice is to build it up on two colors—navy blue and creamy white or navy blue and beige. Not only can either of the two combinations go down to the sea to watch the ships or board them, or up where tall trees climb to the summer sky, but when you land back in town again they will still be absolutely in the picture.

You will be wise indeed to regard all the other smart colors as simply complemental and employ them in the matter of accessories only. I am referring to the three yellows, straw, lemon and orange; the two reds, tomato and geranium, and finally to chestnut brown. Think of them in terms of berets, hat bands, scarves, cravats, necklaces or bracelets. Think of them as belts or bags; as skimpy, collarless, sleeveless jackets or bunt boleros that barely touch the top of a belt.

In the above list the scarf is of first and paramount importance. You simply cannot have too many repetitions of it. And that really is cheerful news, especially when one's pocketbook looks as if someone bulky had sat down heavily on it.

A sophisticated ensemble by Worth, of black crêpe de Chine and leopard. Notice the clever cutting of the cape collar and sleeves.

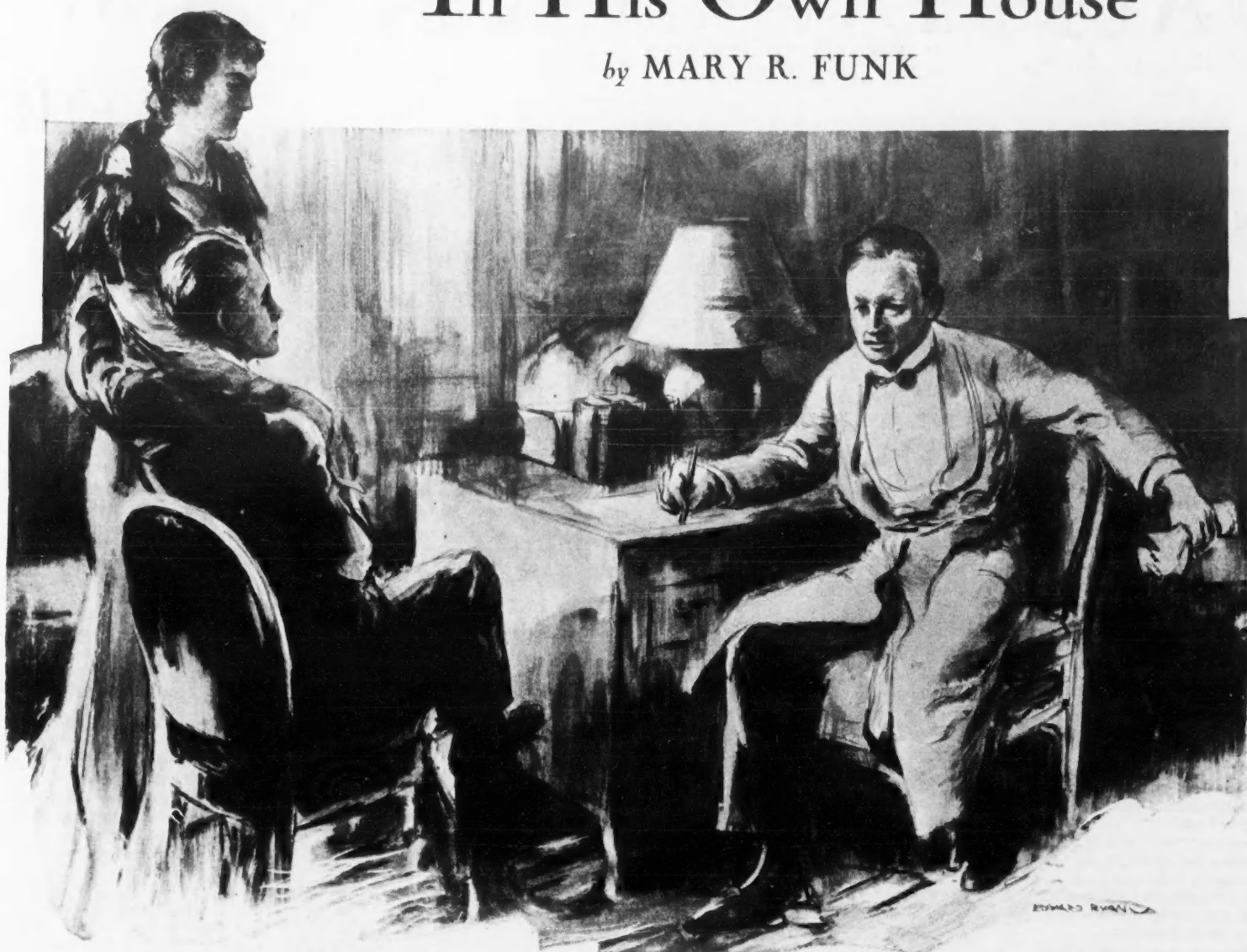
Dark green feathers on this pale green hat by Molyneux, droop becomingly to the shoulder.

The sleeves fall amply about the wrists of this black and white model by Lucile Paray.



In His Own House

by MARY R. FUNK



High time he took the reins and became master in his own house again. He was tired of being treated as if he were mentally incompetent.

HOWARD BROMLEY gazed steadily at the portrait of himself above the mantel. Three years ago he had paid Henri Chappelle a thousand dollars to paint it and he considered it well worth the money. Chappelle was an artist of the old school. His works were "speaking likenesses"—none of your newfangled arty stuff.

The picture showed a big, handsome, genteelly opulent-looking man. The slightly generous curves of middle age had been levelled a bit by convenient shadows, with the skill and tact which had enabled Henri Chappelle to name his own price.

Thank goodness he had the portrait! He used it as other men use a mirror. He had looked at his reflection but once since his illness and he still shrank at the memory of his horrified recoil from the yellow, shrivelled thing he had become. Even yet he was afraid to look in a glass although he knew he was better. The pain had left him and the doctor and nurse had been dismissed.

It was ridiculous that Margaret and young Howard still considered him unable to manage his own affairs. Margaret, who during the twenty years of their married life had never intruded farther into his business than to ask, "Is this where you want me to sign, dear?" had somehow during the two years of his illness usurped complete control.

It had been necessary to give her a certain amount of authority while he was too desperately ill to be bothered. Of course, she had no more understanding of business than a kitten and acted only upon the advice of Jim Hoskin, his attorney. He had supposed that she would be glad to be relieved of the burden, but no. Not once since he was up and about had she consulted him, and when he questioned her she evaded or ignored him. Only from a chance remark to young Howard had he learned that she had disposed of the Downing Street property.

"See here, Margaret," he had shouted at her, "I don't want any more of these high-handed tactics. From now on I'll manage my own business. We'll have Hoskin out here tomorrow and get this straightened out. I don't understand it at all. I won't have it—"

Then he saw that she was crying and he softened. After

A short, short story of a man who tried to come back

all, she was probably doing her best and trying to spare him. Perhaps—he hadn't thought of that—perhaps she felt that she had to sell the Downing Street property. Two years flat on his back, with specialists and nurses and what-not, had taken a lot of money and there may have been reverses that he had not been told about.

High time he took the reins and became master in his own house again. He was tired of being treated as though he were mentally incompetent . . .

Was that it? Was he a mental as well as a physical wreck? He had never understood the exact nature of his ailment. Doctors and nurses had been soothing and evasive as Margaret and young Howard were now. But it couldn't be that! His mind seemed as clear as a bell. Yet did not lunatics always believe themselves sane?

YOUNG HOWARD entered the room, an attractive young cub of eighteen. Bromley had always felt shy with his son. He had never known how to bridge the gulf of years between them. Now, however, he felt that he would be more likely to get the truth from him than from Margaret.

"Howard," he said, "come here. I want to talk to you."

The boy crossed the room, seated himself upon the arm of his father's chair and lit a cigarette. The unexpected intimate gesture touched Bromley deeply. He felt tears stinging his eyelids. Perhaps he and his son need not always be strangers. He needed the lad. He was lonely, lonely. But this new fear—He must know.

"See here, Howard, I want the truth. When I was sick, was it a stroke?"

Young Howard jumped to his feet, threw his cigarette into the fire and left the room. So that was what they thought! Well, it wasn't so. He wasn't crazy. He was almost sure he wasn't!

Presently Margaret came in and sat on the other side of

the fire. It would do no good to ask her. She would not tell him. She had been acting so strangely toward him recently. During his illness she had been devotion itself, but of late there had been something terrifying in her attitude toward him. She who had grown to be a part of himself, no more mysterious and exciting than his right hand, had suddenly become remote and inexplicable. A widening chasm . . .

If he were insane, that would explain it, but he was as yet unable to accept that idea. Sometimes the suspicion of another man had crept into his mind. Margaret still possessed a blurred and softened prettiness. Yet the idea was as absurd as his own insanity. It was impossible seriously to connect Margaret with an illicit love affair; a sweet, domestic, passionless woman, more mother than wife.

He himself had made occasional short excursions along the primrose path. Always he had returned to Margaret full of secret remorse and laden with gifts. She had never suspected—or had she? Could this account for her recent strangeness? Ridiculous. The last time was over three years ago and it had been nothing at all.

A wave of devastating loneliness swept over him. A shadow in his own house—

"Margaret, Margaret!"

She did not move or speak. He felt as though he were beating against an impenetrable wall. Flinging himself across the space between them he buried his face in her lap and sobbed in utter desolation.

Young Howard entered the room and switched on the light. He came over and patted Margaret's shoulder awkwardly.

"Now, mother, sitting here in the dark crying again?"

Margaret caught the boy's hand and held it against her wet cheek.

"Don't scold me, dear," she said. "I like to come in here when it's dark and quiet. Sometimes I have the strangest feeling, since your father died, that he is right beside me."



Mrs. Holcroft and Mrs. Hayle snapped outside their "movable apartment."

GYPHYING— WITH A CARAVAN

How two women turned a motor truck into a modern covered wagon

by Mary Agnes Pease

THE word "caravan" suggests something "rich and strange;" camels and tinkling bells in the desert, black-bearded merchants with strange cargoes, teakwood boxes full of treasure, Eastern bazaars, Arabian nights. But "the world do move," and the picturesque, uncomfortable and hazardous caravan of other days has largely given place even in Eastern lands to the motor caravan. How surprised the old traders and pilgrims of the East must have been to see a modern caravan which, although not so romantic a spectacle as the camel-drawn vehicle, is nevertheless a much more remarkable conveyance, for its movements are not dependent on a nervous, complaining beast in need of water, food and rest. Its main requirement is gasoline.

A motor caravan would seem to be the ideal answer to the needs of wanderers who have the gypsy instinct "for to admire and for to see, for to behold the world so wide." At least it has been considered so by two Canadian women—Mrs. Holcroft and her daughter, Mrs. Hayle, of Oakville, Ontario, who, during the past few years, have done most of their travelling by this means. They turned a one-and-a-half ton motor truck into a modern covered wagon (which is really a movable apartment well suited to fit all the needs of human life); and in it they were able to travel thousands of miles independent of trains, boats or hotels; to regulate speed by inclination, to get up or go to bed when so disposed, to follow the beaten track or to wander in highways and byways, to live en route in as great comfort as if at home, and to be untrammelled by time or place or people.

A good deal of ingenuity went into the preparation of this caravan for the long journeys undertaken by these two travellers in the past five years. It is interesting to note that the majority of these conveniences were made personally by Mrs. Holcroft, who showed a good deal of architectural sense and a deftness with tools in arranging for cupboards and other clever fittings suggestive of the cabin of a ship. These made it possible by a few quick pulls or pushes to change the caravan from a living room to a dining room and from a dining room to a bedroom. The illustrations show the caravan in its day dress and in its night dress, in each of which state it is perfectly equipped. To quote Mrs. Holcroft "the word 'Pullman' becomes a literal phrase when changes are necessary either for dining or sleeping purposes."

THE beds and bedding were specially made to suit the conditions and to ensure comfort on the long trips. Two of the beds fold up, and the third becomes a sofa by day. The bedding cannot

become dislodged at the foot because it is made on the sleeping-bag principle. Three people can sleep comfortably in the caravan, and in a pinch, four can be accommodated.

The walls of the caravan are full of surprises. There is not an inch of waste space. At a touch, an innocent-looking panel will slide down or back and disclose toilet articles fitted comfortably in place. Another touch brings down a hinged shelf behind which may be cutlery or dishes. Each cup, saucer, plate and glass has its own abiding place in which it is firmly entranced. Lower in the scale are capacious and specially fitted compartments for linen, for pots and pans, and for other paraphernalia. So well thought out

have been all the arrangements for the *lares and penates* of the caravan that it would be quite impossible for an accident to occur similar to that described by Elizabeth in *The Caravaners*, when the horse broke into a sudden gallop and dishes and food were jolted from their flimsy moorings and "the cups clapped their handles in spiteful pleasure at getting broken."

The two driving seats of the caravan are movable, and with a folding chair, a wicker chair and the bed sofa, provide sufficient seating accommodation for quite a large party. The tables are, of course, all of the folding variety, and are easily carried out of doors for the occasional *al fresco* meal.

All the china, linen and bedding belong exclusively to the car. King's blue is the key color in the interior decoration, and this is reflected in the dishes and the oilcloth table covers as well as in the curtains and the coverings for the beds. The small suit-case which figures in the picture, houses a radio set that brings to the travellers the happenings afar.

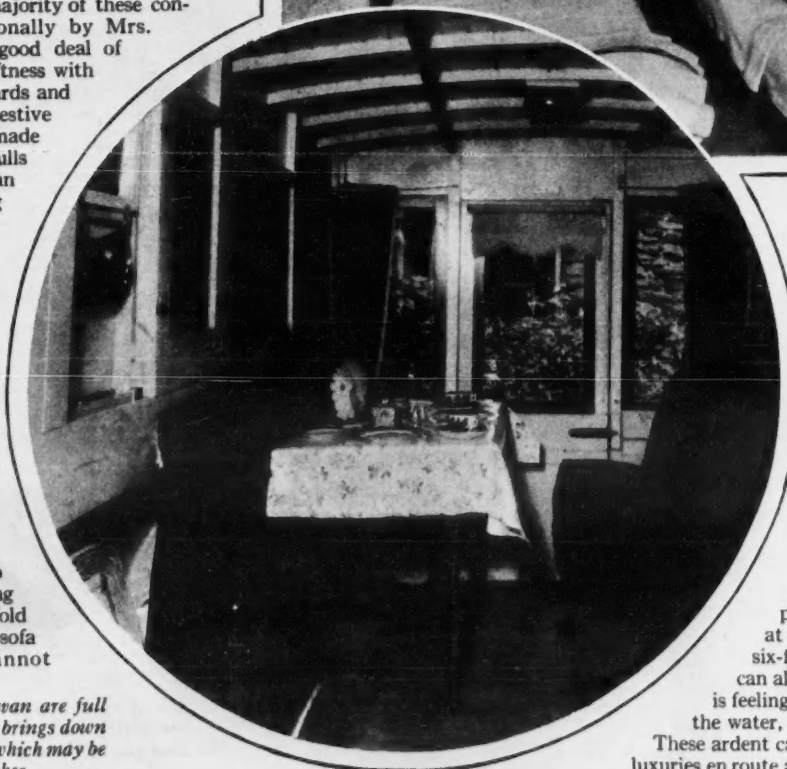
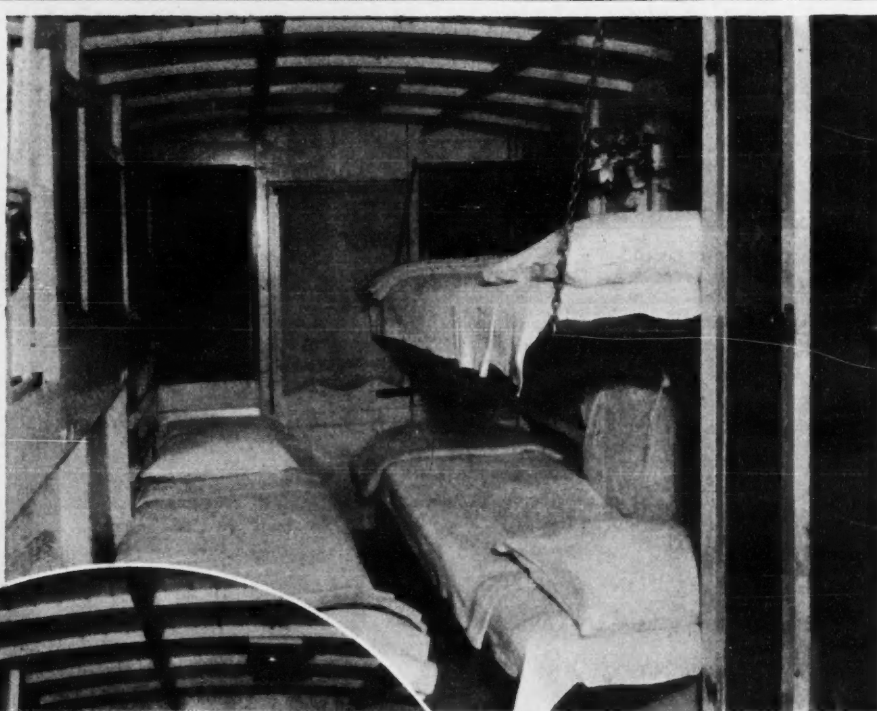
Close to the driver's seat is a five-gallon jar for holding water for cooking, for the car and for toilet use. It is only in the long reaches across the prairies where filling stations are found at rare intervals that water has to be carefully conserved; in which case the engine's need for a drink is always the first consideration.

The interior is easily converted into a comfortable bedroom by night.

In the bedroom scene is shown the spacious clothes cupboard which simplifies the matter of dress and enables the caravaners to carry a complete wardrobe.

Even the floor of the caravan reveals secrets when its innocent-looking blue and tan rug is pushed aside. Here again are hinged compartments which house such important accessories as a cook-stove and a refrigerator. The stove is of the oil type which is most speedy and satisfactory for cooking and has a folding oven. The refrigerator holds thirty pounds of ice and is so placed that the ice can be supplied to it from the rear of the car. Other compartments provide space for groceries, vegetables and the like. Jam, mayonnaise, and general staples are stocked when the journey begins, and perishable foods are purchased at the different towns en route. There is a rolled awning at the back of the car with folding tent poles which can be turned into a six-foot square kitchen or a bath house when necessary. Hot showers can always be obtained at the tourist camps en route, or at a hotel if one is feeling plutocratic. Occasionally, a swim in a lake or river is possible when the water, the weather and the inclination synchronize.

These ardent caravaners claim that they enjoy the same comforts and most of the luxuries en route as they would at any hotel, with the advance— [Continued on page 53]



The walls of the caravan are full of surprises. A touch brings down a hinged shelf behind which may be cutlery or dishes.



by

John W.S. McCullough,
M.D., D.P.H.

There has been so much ignorance about the question of dieting, and so many ills have resulted from harmful methods, that this article written from the doctor's viewpoint will be of widespread benefit.

AMONG Canadian women, and indeed among most of the civilized races, excessive weight is looked upon with concern. The Juno-like figure rather than the well-turned curve is the more appreciated. Most women dislike excessive fat, and every known device is employed in its prevention or cure yet there is no secret to normal weight.

There is no established standard of normal weight such as, for example, the fashion in dress. Normal weight is the one that corresponds with that symmetry of the body so universally admired.

Physical condition in men and women demands that there be sufficient fat to fill the muscular interspaces, to smooth out the depressions and remove irregularities. Fat forms a padding underneath the skin and around the bony prominences of the body frame; it provides evenness of surface of the skin and a graceful contour to the surfaces of the body. In reasonable amount, fat is essential to health and beauty. It is a sign of good nutrition, a protection against cold, and in moderate amount is essential to that splendid physical condition which engenders optimism, enthusiasm, vigor and energy.

If fat is excessive, one's activities are limited. Indolence and disinclination for exercise, the characteristics of obesity, in an evil chain serve to perpetuate and increase this undesirable condition. A little exercise causes fatigue; a greater activity exhaustion. Fat persons become short-winded; they are uncomfortable in hot weather. In the common parlance, "they are a burden to themselves."

The fat person suffers personal discomfort because of his condition. Worse than this, excessive weight is frequently a sign of physical disorder, particularly at and after middle life. The overweight person is a poor insurance risk; his expectation of life is but half that of the man of normal weight. He is subject to heart disease, kidney disease, diabetes and other organic ills which accompany in many persons excessive accumulation of fat.

Causes of Overweight

THE most common causes of overweight are overeating and lack of exercise. All people are inclined to eat more food than they can burn up. If to this habit be added the disinclination for exercise, the pathway to excessive weight is open. Women are more subject to overweight than men. Men who have any occupation are bound to have some exercise. Many women take no exercise at all and increase in weight lessens the desire for exercise. Moreover, modern habits of life tend to promote the condition. The trolley car, the bus and the motor are so convenient that even the younger generation is losing the art of walking. It has become a trial to go round the block on foot.

Every morsel of food one takes must be used. If not

A noted doctor tells you the truth about dieting, and describes the safest and surest way to gain or lose weight

required for the growth of the body, for physical and mental energy, it is stored up and not wasted. There is a wide range between the food intake and the food requirements of most people. It is not exactly the ordinary foods, those upon which our forefathers subsisted and pioneered the land, that make people fat. It is the "extras," the sweets, the ice creams and the pastries that contribute largely to the adipose tissue disfiguring the bodies of so many men and women.

The first sign of fatness is the time of prevention. The earliest signs are discovered in the mirror and by the use of the scales. Life insurance companies and health departments publish tables showing the average weights of healthy men and women of different heights and ages. Study of such tables and use of the scales will prove effectual guides to the proper weight of the individual.

Methods of Reducing

REDUCTION of weight must be gradual. Attempts to cut down weight by ten to fifteen pounds a month are too drastic. Alluring promises of rapid reduction by fake remedies are common and should be avoided. No drugs of any sort should be taken for the purpose of reducing weight except on advice of a competent physician. Those who earnestly desire to reduce their weight must approach the task with courage and patience. In the reduction of overweight, violent exercise is unnecessary. It is bad policy suddenly to begin too active exercise following a lazy life. Nor is it necessary to perspire freely in order to reduce weight. Water lost through free perspiration is quickly restored by the drinking of water. Two things are essential in the steady reduction of fatness; eating a little less than the day's requirements for energy, and increasing the expenditure of energy through exercise. The exercise should not be over strenuous, but it should reach the point of fatigue. It must not be so vigorous as to induce effects on one's heart.

The average adult in sedentary employment requires about 2,400 to 2,700 calories of energy a day. The use of less than this amount will make a demand on the fat deposited in the tissues: 1,200 to 1,500 calories well chosen will fairly satisfy the appetite.

The following foods must not be eaten:

Rich salad dressing, as mayonnaise, Russian, etc., sugar, custards, candies, rich cakes, rich pies, rich gravies, fat fish such as salmon, shad, herring, butterfish and mackerel, nuts, cream soups and gravies. Foods which are too rich in fat and starch must be avoided. The intake of bread, butter

and potatoes should also be cut in two.

Foods useful in reducing include:

Skim milk and cottage cheese; eggs, except fried, cod, flounder, haddock, clam and lobster.

Apples, apricots, blueberries, grapefruit, peaches, pears, oranges, raspberries, strawberries, cantaloupe, grapes and watermelons.

Lean beef, boiled, roasted or broiled; chicken, turkey, lamb, hamburger steak, lean ham, lean bacon.

Brussels sprouts, beet greens, lettuce, spinach, squash, radishes, sauerkraut, tomatoes, onions, turnips, potatoes (sparingly), watercress and string beans.

Suggestions for Meals

Breakfasts

Orange, poached egg, two slices of lean, crisp bacon, one slice toast, coffee or tea with milk or dash of cream, no sugar; or

Stewed prunes without sugar, small dish of oatmeal with skim milk, one slice toast, coffee or tea with milk or dash of cream, no sugar; or

Grapefruit, plain omelet, two slices of crisp, lean bacon, coffee or tea with milk or dash of cream.

Luncheons

Vegetable soup, two soda crackers, lettuce and tomato salad with French dressing containing but a small amount of oil, or salt, pepper and vinegar, one roll with butter (one cube once a day only), buttermilk; or

Chicken soup, two soda crackers, lettuce and cottage cheese salad, one muffin, buttermilk or skim milk; or Fruit salad, one roll, skim milk.

Dinners

One lamb chop, small baked potato, Brussels sprouts, celery and cabbage slaw, one roll, skim milk, grapefruit; or

Small steak with onions, small quantity mashed potatoes, string beans, lettuce salad, one roll, baked apple, or

Broiled halibut with lemon, mashed potatoes (small quantity) spinach with hard-boiled egg, tomato salad, one roll, fruit jelly.

The foregoing menus will doubtless appear rather scanty to one accustomed to overeating. Something of this nature must be the weighty person's diet if he or she sincerely wishes to reduce. There is nothing mysterious about the process. It is simply one of cause and effect. If the fat person desires to lessen weight, less [Continued on page 38]

AUNT LAVINIA'S CROWNING GLORY

by
JEAN L. HINDS

Here's a gay comedy of a small-town Enoch Arden who returned to change the lives of four people

ACCORDING to Lavinia Abernethy there were three classes of people in the world: highest, those who were born Abernethys; next, those who married Abernethys; negligible, the rest of the world with the possible exception of Queen Mary and the leader of the Conservative Party.

With this conviction firmly in mind, Lavinia had brought up her orphan niece, Isabel, as if she were a pre-war princess, and as if almost all the other children in town had perpetual smallpox.

There was no use trying to tell Lavinia she wasn't being fair to the child. There was no use trying to tell Lavinia anything contrary to her own opinions.

Just for instance, there was her serene conviction that nobody could suspect that the four false curls she insisted on wearing pinned on the back of her hair were not her own. In fact I don't believe she ever quite forgave me for having to sleep with her on the crowded occasions of our family reunions, and seeing her put those curls in the top drawer of her bureau for the night. And as for Johnny Riley—but that comes later—for Johnny is very important.

Of course everyone knew the curls were false. Lavinia's own hair was losing its youthful redness, but her artificial locks remained fiery, defying time. There was the way she pinned them on, too. Whenever she was the least bit rushed or overworked or excited, I was mortally afraid they were going to slip from their moorings. But Lavinia stoutly refused to believe that anyone knew the truth and none of us dared to enlighten her.

Perhaps it was rather pathetic, too. Years ago when Lavinia and second cousin Alexander Abernethy had been "going together" he had admired her hair, called it her "crowning glory." Now, though we hadn't seen Alexander since he'd left town twenty-two years before to roam around the globe, Lavinia still clung to her crown.

Nor would she let Isabel have her hair cut. Fortunately, long hair suited Isabel. With its dark, loose waves parted in the middle and drawn over her ears to a knot in her neck, and with her wide, child's eyes, she looked like some gentle little novice walking in the sleepy sunshine of an old world convent garden. And she acted as if she lived in the Middle Ages, as if she had never heard that no right-minded girl of today does exactly as her maiden aunt tells her! For the first nineteen years of her life she was so sweetly submissive I wanted to shake her.

She played with the one or two dull children Lavinia selected; she refused invitations to mixed parties which had not been mixed enough to include a squad of vigilant chaperones; she walked home from Monday Young People's Meeting with Mr. Johnston, the "young person" of whom Lavinia approved, a middle-aged widower with a bald spot, asthma, and four children.

Then at nineteen she fell head over heels in love with Johnny Riley! Johnny Riley! One of the tatter-y Rileys!

To be sure there was nothing tathery about the broad-shouldered young man who insisted on raising his hat at least six inches above his head every time he met Lavinia on the street, while she swept past him as if he were less than the dust. But the same devilment that had danced in the eyes of the young imp of a Johnny Riley of long ago still lived in the eyes of the up-and-coming young hardware merchant Johnny had become.

Most people thought he had done very well. His father and mother had lived in a shack on the outskirts of town, next to old Peterson's—or Old Red Flannels', as the



"Then maybe Isabel and I could take some of the baskets and dishes back in the car," suggested Johnny unabashed.

irreverent young folks of town called it. Old Peterson was a bachelor who owned two suits of red flannel underwear and wore them alternate months, winter and summer. This fact was well known because one of them always hung shamelessly on the clothesline which was stretched in front of his house—an eyesore to the town, so most people declared. But the Rileys had lived next the red flannels for years and never objected to their presence.

Mrs. Riley was one of those weary, discouraged creatures who will persist in being faithful to a husband who comes home drunk more frequently than he comes home sober. It's a wonder Johnny amounted to anything at all. But when both parents died of 'flu when he was about fifteen, the way he took hold of things and got himself odd jobs and kept his younger brother at school, would have been a credit to a boy with an Abernethy upbringing! Now, at twenty-two, he owned our town's hardware store and was putting his brother through college.

But I have no doubt Lavinia always pictured him as he had been on that day, eleven or twelve years before—a ragged young limb of Old Nick who had snatched off one of her false curls!

She and I had been clearing up in the church hall after the Women's Missionary Society's Annual Supper. There were a couple of cakes left and I told a youngster if he saw one of the Rileys, to send him over to the hall and we'd give him the cakes.

Whenever there was anything like cake to be given away, the Rileys seemed to smell it from afar. Within two minutes young

Johnny came tearing in, a ragged figure in a faded blue shirt made down from his father's, obviously with as little effort as possible. His trousers were a pair Lavinia had considered so shabby that they might hurt the feelings of the heathens in Africa. "Say, one of the kids told me you was goin' to give us some cake," he shouted.

Lavinia eyed him and informed him that little boys usually took off their hats in the presence of ladies. Then she bent over to pick up the lid of the cake box which had fallen on the floor.

The lid had been pushed back under the table. As she remained bent over several long seconds reaching for it, a plump red corkscrew tapped Johnny's grimy palm tantalizingly, then sprang coyly back.

It was too much for any small boy. Apparently without volition Johnny's fist closed around the corkscrew. He gave it a jerk—just a little jerk. But that was enough. Lavinia captured the lid and stood up—minus one of her curls!

For a moment she didn't notice. For a moment also Johnny stood staring at the lock with the same amazed horror that he might have shown had Lavinia's ear lain in his hand. Then Lavinia saw what he had done. Her hands flew momentarily to the back of her head. Then she reached for Johnny—but too late. Instinctively he had ducked and bolted for the door like a scared streak of lightning—with the Abernethy curl clutched in his fist!

"Oh!" shrieked Lavinia. "The—the—the—" she sputtered helplessly. I was afraid she'd have a stroke or burst a blood vessel or something.

Finally I got her home and she was sitting in the kitchen, apoplectic and powerless, when there was a knock on the back door. I went and let Mrs. Riley into the kitchen.

Mrs. Riley explained wearily that she had brought back Miss Abernethy's false hair. Johnny was a bad boy, she said, but Miss Abernethy needn't feel bad. False hair was nothing to be ashamed of. She didn't blame any single girl for wearing it; men always admired a good head of hair. She used to wear rats herself before she was married, but it hadn't seemed worth the trouble after the first night Mr. Riley had seen her take them off. Miss Abernethy needn't worry. Mrs. Riley wouldn't ever tell that her hair was false. And could she have them cakes?

I took the curl and gave her the cakes and hustled her out. [Continued on page 45]



Presented in The Chatelaine for July, 1931.

"Sleepy-Head"

By S. Gulbransen.

CROSS CURRENTS

by
Joan
Sutherland

*The conclusion
of this powerful
novel sweeps to a
dramatic finish*

TANIA ARDWYN has been ensnared into a secret marriage with Rodney Blakiston when she was too young to realize his duplicity. However, she leaves him immediately after the ceremony. She meets Larry Cardross and falls deeply in love with him, but before she can tell him of her marriage he hears it from Blakiston, who is insisting that it be made public. In a fury he marries Mae, a selfish, pleasure-loving girl interested only in his money.

Blakiston, in order to threaten Tania and compel her to acknowledge the marriage, makes love to Tania's sister Judy.

Tania's parents, Emily and Ross, who have been separated for two years, but who are trying to bring their home together again, suspect that something is wrong, but feel helpless to do anything, and blame themselves for the chaos in their children's lives.

Larry begs Tania to run away with him, but she refuses. He determines to get a divorce, and insist on Blakiston allowing a divorce from Tania, but Mae tells him she is going to become a mother, and he realizes that he must stay with her.

However, Mae refuses to take the proper care of herself and both she and her baby die.

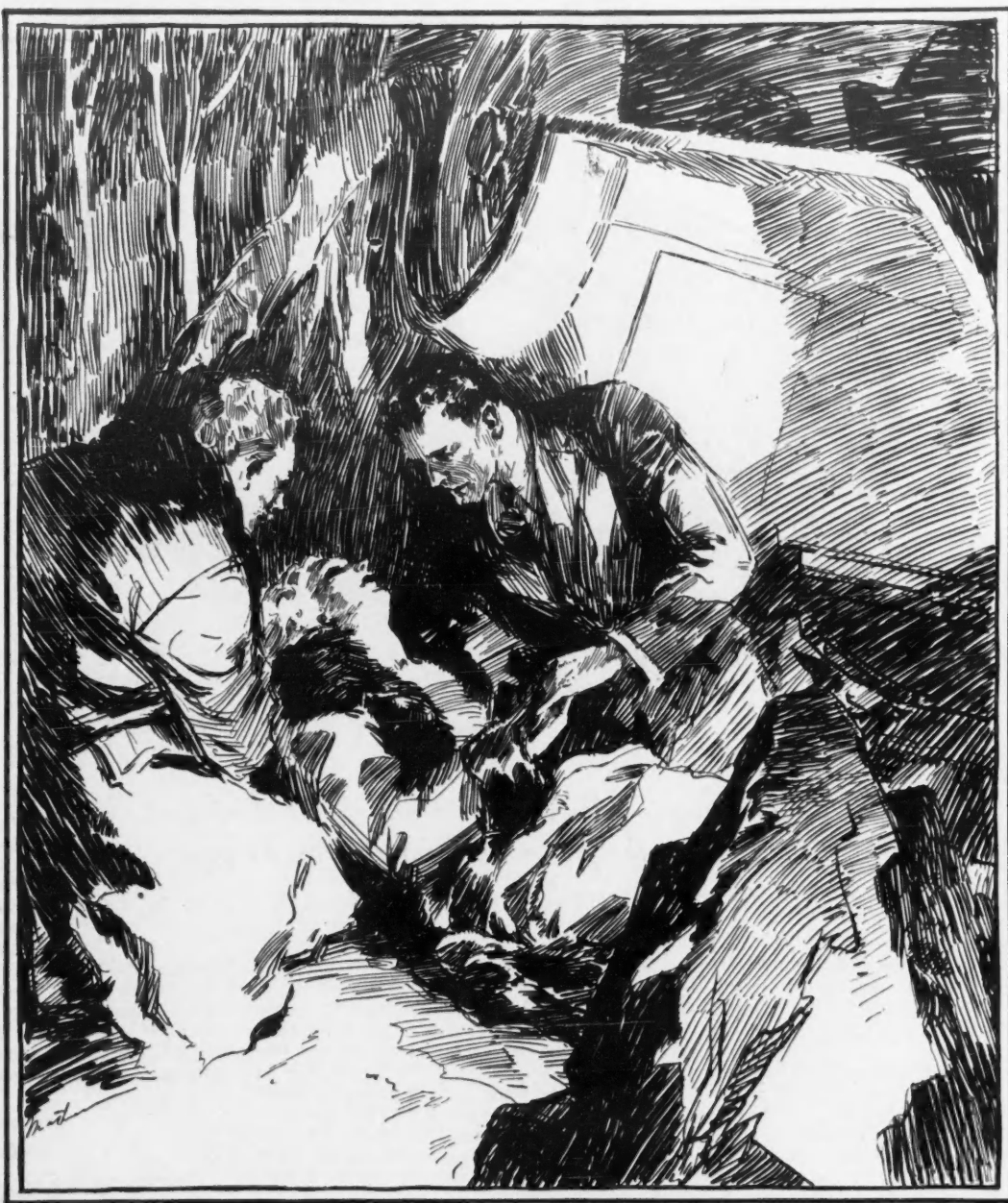
THE next two days passed in a kind of waking dream from which only the funeral roused him, and the service over he left Paris by car, feeling he never wished to see the city again.

He had no definite plans as he left the last of the streets behind him, but as he drove through the countryside he came to a stretch where the snow was falling and at its first soft yet stinging touch on his face he woke from the stupor of indecision and shock and knew what that touch meant.

Only one place now—Canada, his own land, and his own part of it, with the great shoulders of the mountains iron-hard and still, the wide fields and the lake, its icy surface washed in pale lilac and paler gold when the sun set and the great winter moon rose over the woods. There was work for a man's muscles and peace and space and wholesomeness for his sick mind.

Two days later he drove the car into Cherbourg and booked his passage by the next west-bound boat leaving that very day.

He felt that if he could only get away somewhere, in his Canadian home, work all day in the out-of-doors, and ride all night, if he wanted to, he would regain his old self.



She was aware of pain all over, of a sharp smarting in one hand. After a space of time that meant nothing, the haze began to clear from her senses. Larry was quite unconscious that the tears were running down his face, but she put up a hand, touched his cheek, and smiled.

TANIA! Look at this! There's stunning news on a winter day!"

Judy, flinging an envelope into her sister's lap, dropped down in a corner of a settee, let her squirrel coat slip from her shoulders, and pulling off her hat ran her fingers through the loose-shingled waves of bright hair.

"Too tight!" she remarked apropos the hat. "Nice child, Rodney. What's today? Tuesday? Saturday then. And if my respected parents think we're going to wait any longer they're mistaken. Rodney's sick of the delay and so am I. I mean to marry him right off."

"You'll wait till after New Year, I suppose? It's only a week to Christmas?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose we'll have to—if we want any wedding presents, and I mean to make the crowd cough up all they can."

"How is it Captain Blakiston can get leave? He's a regular, isn't he?"

"Oh, he manages those little things like leaves very well if he wants to!" Judy said airily. "Well—me for Irma's and a new evening frock. Come with me?"

Tania glanced at her watch and had not the faintest idea of what it said.

"Afraid I can't. I've promised to go to that private view of Cortant's—"

"Oh, the man who paints things like insides and calls 'em studies of passion. Hope you'll enjoy it. Who with?"

"Diane Droon. I'll be late if I don't start. What's the

weather like?" Anything to go on talking—to keep Judy from guessing that she dared not trust her legs to be steady under her—"D'you want the car?"

"Just beginning to snow. Yes. Shall I drop you on the way?"

"No. I'll take a taxi. You'd better go or you won't have time to see anything at Irma's."

Judy fled off, singing "I was meant for you!" in a light high soprano voice and leaving Tania where she was: She must not lose her head now; she must be quite quiet and sensible and think what to do. The crisis she had dreaded had come and it was necessary for her to act wisely. Yet despite such counsel her heart ached, for Judy's happiness must be wrecked to save her from worse, and beside that destruction, the revelation of her own folly seemed a trivial thing.

She thought of her mother, but Emily's capable, fearless spirit would never understand such weakness; of her father, but Ross had enough burden on his shoulders and little of real happiness in life. He had given his children everything, and was their return only to be stupidity and disgrace?

Larry. If only Larry were beside her—what was he doing—how was Mae?

"My dear child, I thought you were going to Cortant's private view?"

Lady Emily's brisk voice with its faint attractive hoarseness broke the heavy silence, and as she pulled off her gloves and stretched out one beautiful hand to the fire she looked rather curiously at her daughter. Tania, unconscious of her ashen pallor and the drawn lines about her mouth, shrugged her shoulders.

"I was, but I shan't trouble. He's a mess anyhow and will bore me."

"Yes, probably. But don't let yourself get too bored, my dear. People don't like it. Are you sure you're well?"

"Perfectly," and anxious to guide the conversation into another channel Tania said the thing that was uppermost in her mind as casually as she could, unaware of the significance of such a juxtaposition to her mother's mind. "Judy has just had a word from Captain Blakiston. He is arriving on Saturday in New York."

Lady Emily's whole figure stiffened.

"What's that?"

"Captain Blakiston. Arriving on Saturday."

"What for?"

"To see Judy, I suppose. Judy's all in the air."

"Naturally. Yes, of course. Has your father come in?"

"Not that I know of."

Lady Emily stood for a moment frowning and deep in thought; then without any further comment went out of the room, leaving Tania unaware of the effect created.

ROSS had been expected to dine at home but, as luck would have it, he decided at the last moment to seek his club. Emily, used to his vagaries, had probably planned a perfectly successful eve-

[Continued on page 28]

THE CHATELAINES INSTITUTE

Helen G. Campbell, Director

QUICKLY MADE SUMMER DESSERTS

*Try these recipes once—and they will become
family favorites*

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

SUMMER weather tempts us to repose. We're even a little lazy when the sun rises high and the temperature touches the eighties. What wonder, then, that the housekeeper prefers the shade of the porch to long hours in the kitchen!

At this season nobody wants meals that require elaborate preparation; the simpler ones are decidedly more popular. Nevertheless, even the sultry July day is not sufficient excuse for indifference in menu planning, and a little thought is necessary to achieve nutritional balance as well as appealing flavor and attractiveness. Fortunately, the abundance of garden products and the many ready-to-serve or easily prepared foods make this an easy matter, as they offer innumerable ideas for every course.

To some, the choice of a dessert presents the chief difficulty; heavy puddings are taboo and rich pastries not so appropriate in the hot weather. What, then, will provide the pleasant climax which helps to make the meal a success? Quite frequently, it must be a dish requiring little effort and a minimum of time, for informal entertaining is the rule in summer. Friends are apt to drop in during the

A can of condensed milk makes this simplest of desserts.

afternoon and the preparation for dinner is somewhat delayed. Or the outdoors may have held especial allure and time slipped by unnoticed until near the hour of mealtime.

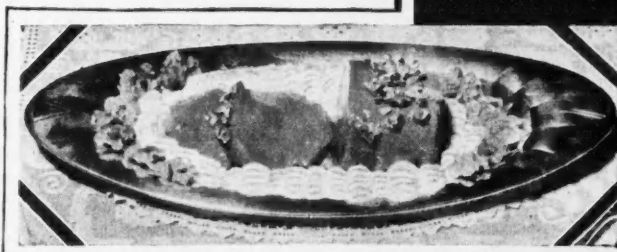
Of course, our first suggestion is fruit—any one of the varieties in season or a combination of those harmonizing in flavor. Fruit, either whole or crushed, may be used to "dress up" an otherwise plain or uninteresting dessert, and canned fruit is not without its possibilities. Nor need there be any qualms of conscience or any doubt as to the suit-

ability of such as a final course, particularly if the other dishes are hearty. But if the dessert rounds out a light meal, a more substantial one may be chosen. In this case, a well flavored milk pudding, ice cream or junket is appropriate. A simple light cake is quickly combined and baked and a plain icing or topping of fruit completes its appeal. The cup cakes illustrated are made especially appetizing by a coating of brightly colored jelly and a generous sprinkling of shredded cocoanut. Shortcakes never fail to gain high favor; little individual ones cook in a short time and are attractive and somewhat novel.

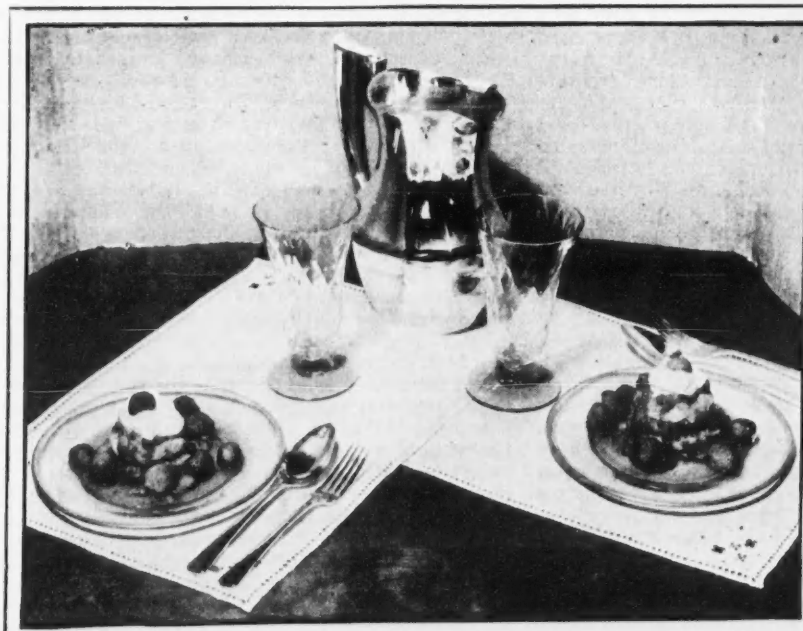
One of the simplest of desserts is a [Continued on page 65]



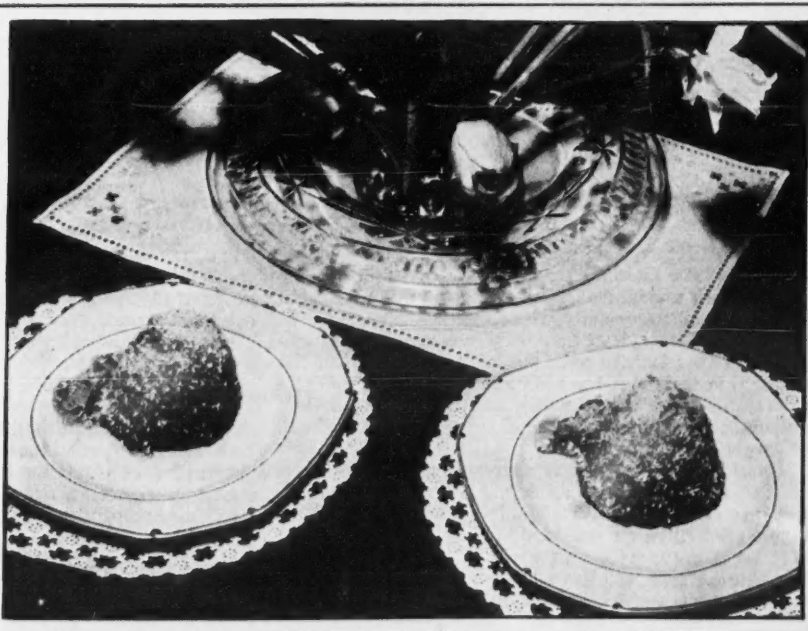
A fruit whip is delicious as the final fillip to a meal.



A can of condensed milk makes this simplest of desserts.



Individual shortcakes made with any seasonable fruit, cook in a very short time.



Cup cakes are made especially appetizing by adding jelly and cocoanut.

"Sleepy-Head"



The Chatelaine takes particular pleasure in acceding to the hundreds of requests to reproduce S. Gulbransen's painting of the yawning baby. This has been so much admired since it appeared on the cover of The Chatelaine for March, that it is reproduced here unmarked and ready for framing.

HOSPITALITY



Seasonable fruits will make delicious summer drinks. Any of these can be made early in the morning and chilled until meal time.

emergency, the seasonable fruits will make delicious summer cocktails—melon balls of cantaloupe or watermelon or the two combined; raspberries; red, black or white cherries; grapes and, earlier in the season, pineapple and strawberries. A bit of lemon or orange juice or chopped mint will often improve their flavors. Any of these can be made early in the day and chilled until meal time. If there is no time to cut melon balls, slices of melon may be served instead and, by the way, do not chill it by putting ice in it as this decreases the flavor, but serve it on a bed of cracked ice. The caramel nut ice cream is a dessert to be made in the mechanical refrigerator. Once the foundation cream is made and chilled, it needs no particular attention except stirring every half hour until it is set to keep it creamy. If a frozen dessert seems too much work, substitute the maple nut pudding which is quickly made in the morning. The sponge cake may be made the day before. To simplify this dinner, substitute chilled melon slices for the fruit cocktail or omit this course altogether. If the potatoes are served with only melted butter, canned peas put in place of green beans and cucumbers served as a relish instead of a salad, much less preparation will be needed. If the first course of fruit is omitted, the dessert might be fresh fruit served in individual glasses accompanied by sponge cake, making the meal still easier to prepare.

The breakfasts for Sunday and Monday mornings need nothing more than fruit, a simply prepared egg dish, toast and coffee, unless, as suggested above, there are to be only two meals on Sunday when a cereal, bacon or sausages and a hot bread or waffles might be added.

On Sunday the dinner may begin with hot or cold soup, depending on the temperature of the day and whether you are one who thinks that a cold meat and dessert should be preceded by a hot course. Canned soup is a great labor and fuel saver in the summer and since it is not frequently on the menu there seems to be no necessity for making it at home in the stock pot. In addition canned soup is easily jellied.

The veal loaf will be made on Saturday or here may be substituted a cooked ham or cold roast. Corn is a vegetable easily prepared and extra potatoes should be cooked with the Saturday night dinner ready to be creamed on Sunday. With lettuce crisped in a covered dish in the refrigerator, and mayonnaise on hand requiring only the chili sauce, the salad is quickly made. The rice cream is prepared on Saturday and needs only the addition of peaches. To simplify the dinner, omit the soup course and serve the potatoes reheated in a medium cream sauce without the green pepper and cheese. A French dressing already on hand will be even easier than the Russian dressing.

The supper suggested in these menus requires very little last-minute preparation. The salad made on Saturday will

be unmolded and garnished with the greens. Earlier in the day the brown bread can be spread, and the white bread spread with blended cheese and butter and rolled ready for toasting. The chocolate syrup for the beverage and the macaroons are both on hand, so preparation of supper need not keep you long from your guests. If you prefer a more elaborate tea, add a layer cake to the menu or if you wish it simpler omit the salad and substitute sandwiches made with meat or egg filling.

AND now to consider entertaining when the guests are unexpected but are none the less welcome.

If your home is one where friends are always "dropping in," particularly on Sunday, it is well to have a few staples on hand which will keep and which the family readily can use if guests do not arrive. A jar of doughnuts or cookies, a cake made moist with fruit, and a cooked ham will give you a feeling of security when you see an automobile drive up to the door. An emergency shelf is necessary at all times, but particularly in the summer. If it has on it canned fruit and vegetables, soup, canned fruits for salad, chicken, lobster, shrimps or salmon, salad oil or prepared mayonnaise, it can produce some surprisingly good meals. The city housewife has readier access to the stores than the country dweller but the latter usually has more on hand in the way of extra milk, cream and eggs, fresh garden produce, home canned chicken and bacon or ham. In addition to canned sausages, sliced chicken, tongue and boiled dinners, there now can be had whole chickens and whole hams ready cooked and sealed in tins which are a great boon to emergency meals.

For a "hurry up" dinner one might use for the meat course one of the following: Cold meat, canned chicken (jellied or creamed or whole), canned sausages, ham baked in a thick slice and covered with pineapple rings, or if there is no time for that, then fried in thinner slices and garnished with fried tomato rings. Failing all these, there might be an omelet made with cheese or vegetables. Canned soup or melon would make an acceptable first course; vegetables may be canned, or some quickly cooked, easily prepared one such as corn or cabbage may be used. Or still simpler is a platter of sliced tomatoes. Lettuce garnished with sliced hard-cooked eggs, or with canned fruit or vegetables will make emergency salads. If there is no dressing on hand French dressing is made in a moment.

For desserts a biscuit shortcake is quickly mixed, baked and served with crushed fruit and cream, or the fruit may

have a cottage pudding baked on it. Still easier is cake served with fresh fruit, or biscuits and cheese with tart jelly. If you are fortunate enough to have a baked pastry shell on hand, fill it with fruit topped with custard and whipped cream. Or the maple nut pudding, recipe for which is given below, is very soon made if you have time enough to let it cool.

If the supply of bread runs short there are always biscuits and muffins to be made, and if in the afternoon cake is missing from your larder you will find that a jelly roll is quickly baked. If it is high tea you wish to serve, a menu may be assembled from the suggestions already made. But above all, do not try to prepare too elaborate a meal. Your guests came because of your company, not your food.

All the measurements in the following recipes are strictly level.

Rice Cream

$\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of rice	1 Tablespoonful of gelatine
$\frac{3}{4}$ Cupfuls of milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of vanilla
$\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt	1 Cupful of cream whipped
	$\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of sugar

Wash the rice, drain and cook in the double boiler with the milk and salt until soft. Add the sugar and the gelatine which has been softened in two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Stir until dissolved. Chill, then fold in the whipped cream and flavoring. Unmold and serve with fresh fruit.

Jellied Shrimp, Egg and Vegetable Salad

3 Cupfuls of seasoned tomato stock	$1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of shrimps
2 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine	$\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of peas
$\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of cold water	Lettuce
3 Hard cooked eggs	Mayonnaise
	Watercress

[Continued on page 37]

MENUS

Saturday Evening Dinner

Fruit Cocktail
Broiled Lamb Chops Mint Jelly
New Potatoes with Parsley Butter
Green Beans
Latticed Cucumber Salad
Caramel Nut Ice Cream and
Sponge Cake
Coffee (Hot or Iced)

Sunday Dinner

Soup (Jellied or Hot)
Cold Veal Loaf Mustard Pickles
Corn on Cob
Creamed Potatoes with Cheese and
Green Pepper
Lettuce Salad Russian Dressing
Rice Cream with Fresh Peaches
Coffee

Simplified Dinner for Saturday

Chilled Melon (or this course may be omitted)
Broiled Lamb Chops Currant Jelly
Boiled New Potatoes
Canned Peas Sliced Cucumbers
Maple Nut Pudding with Cream, or
Fresh Fruit and Sponge Cake
Coffee (Hot or Iced)

Simplified Dinner for Sunday

Cold Veal Loaf Mustard Pickles
Corn on Cob Creamed Potatoes
Lettuce Salad French Dressing
Rice Cream with Fresh Peaches
Coffee

Sunday Evening Supper

Jellied Ring Salad of Shrimps, Eggs and Vegetables
Toasted Cheese Rolls
Brown Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Mocha Milk Shake Macaroons

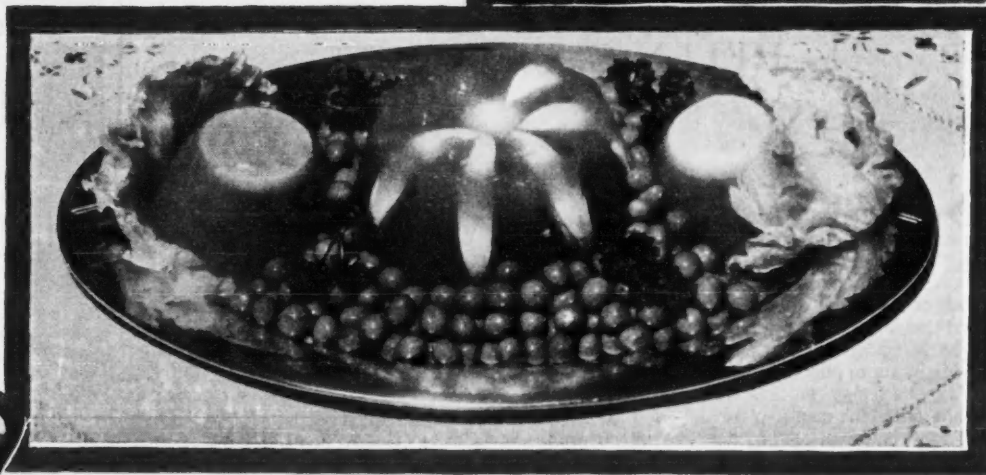


by Ruth Davison Reid

RECIPES TESTED AND PHOTOGRAPHED
IN THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE



Ice-cold desserts offer many opportunities for new flavorings and decorations for the clever hostess, and may be prepared early in the day.



The jellied salad prepared the day before, with lettuce crisped in the refrigerator and salad dressing already on hand solves many a problem.

SUMMER months bring guests to most of us. Whether they may come for the afternoon, the week-end or a long holiday, their arrival makes some change in the routine of the household, particularly where there is no maid. The problem is: How shall we keep the wheels running smoothly and still have leisure to enjoy our guests and give them the feeling that their visit has not caused a great deal of extra work? To serve simple meals, let the non-essentials of housekeeping go, and have the order of work planned will lessen the hostess' task.

The simplest summer entertaining is for the casual afternoon caller. A cold fruit drink and a plate of small cakes will meet the needs of hospitality in that case. Where guests are invited for one meal such as evening dinner or high tea, there is sufficient time to prepare and serve it in an unhurried manner. But when one or more are expected to spend a week-end in the maidless home, there must be careful planning to make everything run smoothly. Perhaps the most difficult form of summer entertaining is to provide one or two meals for unexpected Sunday guests, but with a

do you not prefer to visit with your hostess on Sunday and enjoy a simpler meal, rather than have her hurried and flustered all day in the kitchen, with your presence obviously causing a great deal of trouble?

Once your invitation has been accepted and the time of arrival settled, plan the menus for all the meals when guests will be with you. Do the marketing well in advance, leaving nothing but the most perishable foods for the last day's buying. Clean the house well and let the dust take care of itself during the week-end. You will probably spend most of your time outdoors anyway. Do as much cooking as possible ahead of time, but this does not mean a haphazard preparation of three cakes, four kinds of cookies, quantities of pastry and a ten-pound ham. After all, you are only preparing for two dinners and a supper; breakfasts will look after themselves. Decide what is actually needed for the menus planned and you will avoid unnecessary work, wasted food and the possibility of the family eating "left-overs" all the next week.

A large jar of your favorite dressing can be prepared

well-stocked emergency shelf this crisis can be met. It is a problem which often arises in country homes on fine summer Sundays, particularly when one lives on a main motor highway!

First, let us consider the week-end entertaining. For real ease most of the work must be done on Friday and Saturday morning with Sunday's meals consisting of ready prepared dishes such as cold meats and gelatine desserts. I can imagine some housekeepers throwing up their hands in horror and saying: "Cold meat and 'warmed-up' potatoes for Sunday dinner? Never in my house! Fried chicken and freshly baked pie for my guests." But when you are the guest,

several days ahead of time, ready for salads and the mixing of sandwich fillings. It may be boiled dressing or oil mayonnaise; French dressing can be mixed and stored in a bottle in the refrigerator and only needs to be shaken to be ready for use. The cakes suggested in the accompanying menus consist of a simple cold water sponge cake and macaroons made with the egg whites left when the yolks are used for mayonnaise. If you are a hostess who serves a cold drink and little cakes on the porch in the afternoon and evening and after a game of tennis, you will want another jar of cookies on hand for these occasions.

These menus are planned for Saturday evening dinner and Sunday dinner and tea. You may prefer to serve supper on Saturday evening, when we would suggest one hot dish in view of all the cold foods for Sunday. An alternative plan is to have a late hearty breakfast of several courses on Sunday and a substantial supper of cold meat, salads, hot biscuits or bread and dessert on Sunday evening, dispensing with noon dinner. If this seems too inhospitable, a cup of tea, plain bread and fresh fruit served from the tea wagon about two or three o'clock will bridge the gap between breakfast and supper. We offer various alternatives in the menus, making them as elaborate or as simple as your time, energy and purse permit.

The Saturday evening dinner is the most elaborate as there is more time to get ready for it. Sunday's meals make full use of cold things and do away with last minute preparation which is so confusing and tiring. Too much emphasis cannot be laid on the importance of the refrigerator in planning warm weather meals, as a great deal can be done in the morning and laid away to chill until the meal hour. Fruits, salad greens, gelatine salads and desserts, meat loaves—all these can be made ready hours ahead of time, eliminating working in a hot kitchen at the last minute.

When serving fruit cocktails it is well to avoid the monotony of using only canned fruits, or those which we resort to in winter, such as oranges, bananas and grapefruit. While a tin of canned fruit salad is a great boon in an

IT WILL COME OUT!

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Director of The Chatelaine Institute

CONSTERNATION reigns when tea is spilled on your lovely tablecloth, when fruit juice leaves a stain on a new frock, when rust or mildew mars a fabric, and when clothes are spotted by paint, grease or other matter. In spite of every care, accidents will happen, and thus the removal of stains becomes an integral part of the home laundry problem.

For this purpose, a few materials are kept on hand in the well stocked laundry. A small cupboard may hold the necessary bowls, spoons and other utensils besides a number of reagents suitable for removing the various kinds of stains. Many stains yield to simple treatment; all are more easily removed when fresh, but those which have become "set" may require the application of some special bleach or solvent.

In order to treat any stain successfully, it is necessary to have some knowledge of the fabric. A chemical which may be used with safety on sturdy white cottons and linens may be damaging to silks, rayons and colored materials. If the cause of the discoloration is unknown, some experimentation may be necessary to determine the most effective reagent and the best methods to employ.

Proper precautions should be taken to avoid injury to the fabric. It is best to hasten slowly, and, indeed, a considerable amount of patience may be required to remove a persistent stain. The wisest plan is to try a mild, simple treatment first and if the undesirable blemish still remains, more drastic measures may be taken to remove it. Often the sun will bleach scorch and other stains if the discolored part is moistened and exposed to it for a few hours. Grease stains readily yield to the pressure of a hot iron over blotting paper or an absorbent towel. But if the stain is caused by two or more materials such as tea with cream or a fruit punch in which several juices and sugar are combined, it will be necessary to treat the stain for each. The tea mark should be treated according to the directions given, then the grease stain may be removed. In the other case mentioned, first use hot water to wash away the sugar and then proceed to bleach the fruit stain.

Avoid the use of too strong a solution, for speedy removal may prove disastrous to the fabric. A weaker chemical moreover, will be quite as effective if several applications are made, and entails less danger of injury to the cloth. Colored goods require special care in order that the dye will not be affected.

The method of procedure is important. Never plunge the cloth into the solution, but place the soiled portion over a bowl or over a thick soft towel which will absorb the moisture. If the stain is fresh and loose, it may be removed by pouring cold or hot water through the fabric into the bowl. Egg and meat stains often yield to cold, but are set by hot water. When other liquids are necessary, they should be applied with a glass dropper or rod. Sometimes two chemicals are used on the same stain; an acid of some sort may remove the mark, but it may be necessary to counteract the action on the material by applying an alkali. In this case, have a separate dropper for each.

To prevent the formation of a "ring" after the stain is removed, work toward the centre of the spot, using only a little of the liquid at a time and brushing with a light stroke.

It should be remembered that certain reagents such as hydrogen peroxide or oxalic acid are rather severe in action, and if left in the material will weaken the fibre. For this reason, thorough rinsing is necessary after the stain has been treated. In fact, it is the only way to prevent damage to the fibre after using any acid or alkali.

To remove any stain, particularly if the cause of discoloration is unknown or you are unfamiliar with the fabric, it is wise to test the effect of the reagent on an unexposed portion of the material or on a separate sample of the goods.

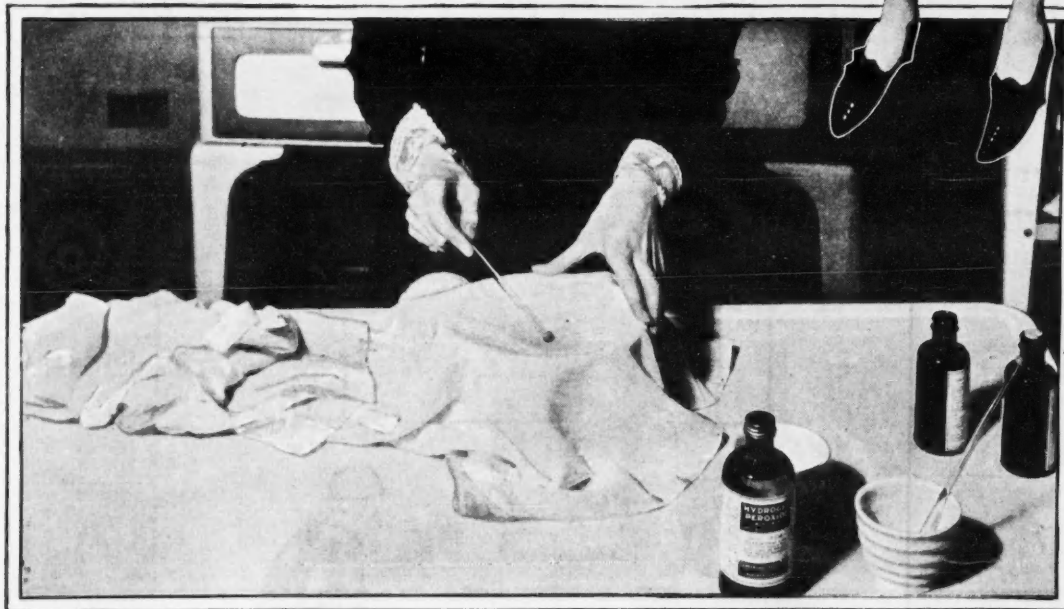
You can banish any spot or stain—if you know these rules from The Chatelaine Institute for removing them properly

As indicated before, better results will follow if the spot is treated as soon as possible. Without exception, it should be treated before the clothes have been put into the wash. Certain stains, such as fruit juice and grass, are more common in summer; others are apt to occur at any time and on any one of a variety of materials. If, however, you have on hand a few remedies to counteract these undesirable marks, the inevitable accident need not cause so much concern and disappointment. All reagents should be clearly labelled, and the inflammable sort should be used with extra care.

The following suggestions will be useful to the economical housekeeper who wishes to preserve the appearance of her clothing and household linen.

For Fruit Stains

For fresh stains on white cotton or linen, pour boiling water from a height on to the stain.



A glass rod, a bowl and the right type of reagent for each of the groups of fabrics will mean that you can defeat the great majority of stains.

For delicate fabrics, sponge with a clean cloth and warm water. Old or stubborn stains must be bleached out. Use hydrogen peroxide carefully and rinse thoroughly. Alternate repeated applications of oxalic acid solution (diluted) and ammonia solution should remove the most stubborn stains.

Tea and Coffee

If fresh, will disappear when boiling water is poured through the stain. Stubborn stains may be removed from white table linen by bleaching with Javelle water.

For more delicate fabrics, sponge with warm water. If a grease spot remains from cream in the tea or coffee, use a little mild soap to make a suds, then sponge. Rinse thoroughly by sponging with clear water.

Chocolate

For washable materials use hot water and soap. If old and stubborn, use a bleach such as hydrogen peroxide or



You need not dread the tea stain—if you know how to get rid of it.

Javelle water. For unwashable materials sponge with clear warm water first, then remove the grease spot by sponging with a grease solvent, gasoline, carbon tetrachloride, etc.

Cream, Ice Cream, Salad Dressing, Butter, Gravy

If material is washable, use warm water and soap.

For delicate fabrics, sponge with warm water, dry, then place the spot over a fresh absorbent cloth and sponge with a grease solvent, working always toward the centre to prevent the formation of a ring.

Spots on extremely delicate fabrics may be treated with an absorbent powder such as fuller's earth (for darker materials), magnesia or French chalk. The powder is spread thickly on the spot and left for several hours, then brushed off. Two or three applications may be necessary.

Milk

Cold water and soap. (Hot water sets the stain).

Water Spots

Removed by washing if the garment is washable.

Unwashable garments may be steamed over the spout of the teakettle. Cover the spout with two or three thicknesses of cheesecloth to keep in the excess moisture and shake the garment in the jet of steam. Sometimes water spots will disappear if the garment is pressed under a cloth wrung out of hot water.

Grass Stains

On washable materials fresh stains will yield to soap and water. Old or very bad stains should be softened first by rubbing with lard or any cooking fat. [Continued on page 48]

by
ETHEL
WEBSTER

"The Flower Lady of Canada"



Next year's garden will depend on the work and thought you give to the flower beds this summer

If you're lucky enough to have your garden end in a shrubbery there are endless opportunities for perennial flower beds.

GOSSIP OF THE GARDEN

THE garden can be attended to every day from early spring until fall snows start, and even in midwinter if the absence of snow permits, but midsummer is a splendid time to do work which will make the tasks of the following spring much easier.

The early annuals will have finished blooming, and will be ripening off. They can be pulled up, and if seed is wanted the ripening plants can be turned into bags and hung in shady places where air can circulate around them, to finish drying off. The ground where they have been growing can be worked up, and replanted, preferably to seedling perennials which are growing for this purpose. It is advisable to wait until a cloudy day, or else work in the evening and shelter the plants from the direct rays of the sun for a few days until they recover from the effects of transplanting.

Dig holes large enough to receive the roots, well spread out, and fill these holes with water, allowing it to seep away, then place the plants in position, fill in the earth thoroughly, packing carefully to eliminate air pockets, and shelter the plants. These plants will have obtained a good root hold and be ready to take up the work of beautifying your gardens early the next spring.

If you have no seedling perennials ready for this purpose, you can still plant many varieties of the hardy sorts in these bare spots, and they will be ready to transplant early in the spring. The purpose of midsummer transplanting is merely to save work in the spring, when we are usually busy with so many things.

Midsummer is a good time to layer various shrubs and vines in order that

they may form roots and be ready to start new plants ready for next year's transplanting. Scrape the lower side of the branch, peg it down, and pile soil over the bent part. These will root and can be severed between the roots and the parent plant when ready to transplant.

Perennials which have finished blooming, if thickly grown, can be lifted, divided and reset at this time. Be sure the plant itself needs this treatment, which can be seen by the dense growth; then transplant, in a well soaked hole, and shelter. It is advisable to cut the drying foliage back to give the growth to the roots.

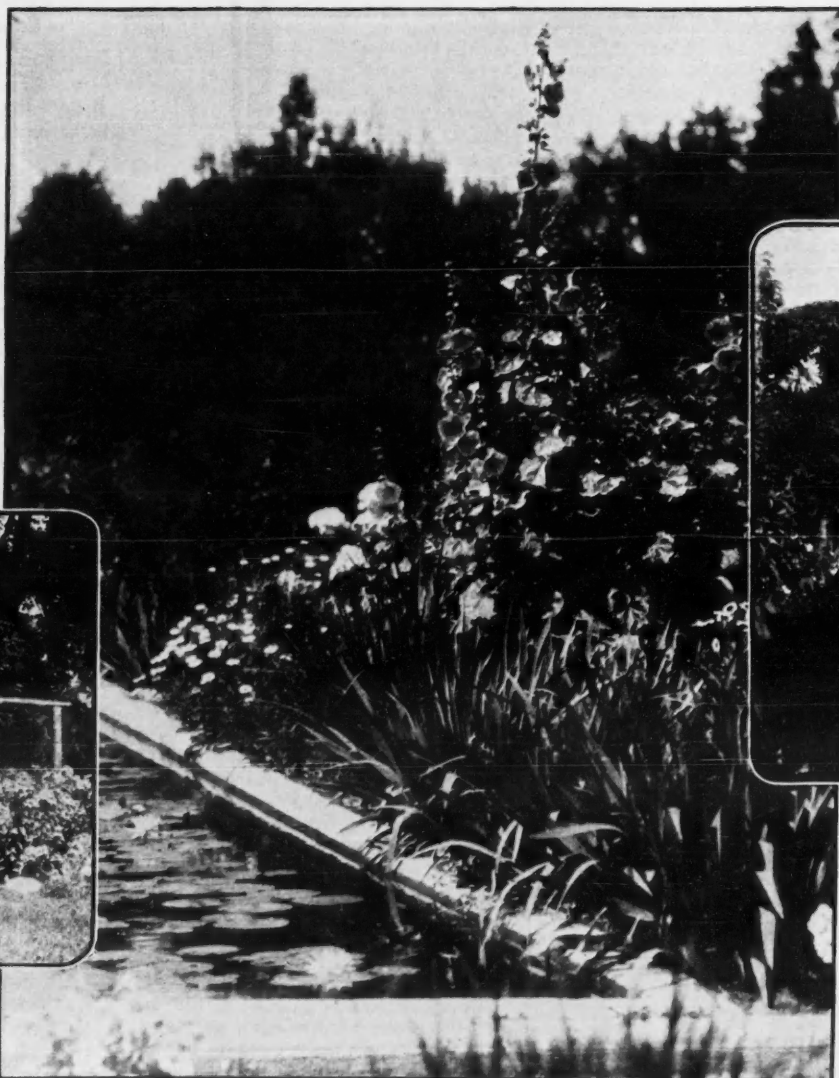
Water these transplanted plants as they need it, and mulch with straw, grass cuttings, or even newspapers to prevent rapid evaporation. The papers, of course, must be weighted down with soil to prevent them blowing away.

Cuttings of begonias, geraniums, abutilions and others can be planted in semi-shady places now, to root and be ready to lift for house plants during the winter. They can be carefully lifted and put into pots as cold weather comes, ready to go indoors. These cuttings will give much more satisfaction than will the maturer plants when taken indoors.

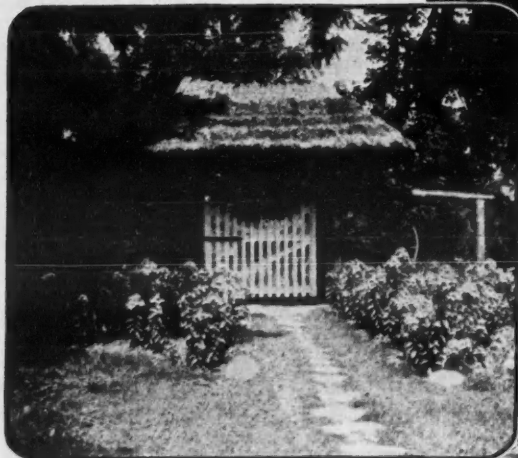
Petunias and iceplants can be seeded now and are among the delightful plants for indoor gardening. There are many other seedlings which will give splendid results if started now, and their name is legion.

There are many varieties of flowering plants, which while listed as perennials in the seed catalogues really act as biennials on the prairies, and these plants, if started early in the spring, will often start to bloom just in time to have the frost catch them. Whereupon they seem to imagine they have accomplished their mission and quite frequently die during the winter or early spring. This tendency can be circumvented by simply sowing them late enough to prevent them getting large enough to start flowering in the fall, and they will usually come through the first winter.

These [Continued on page 54]

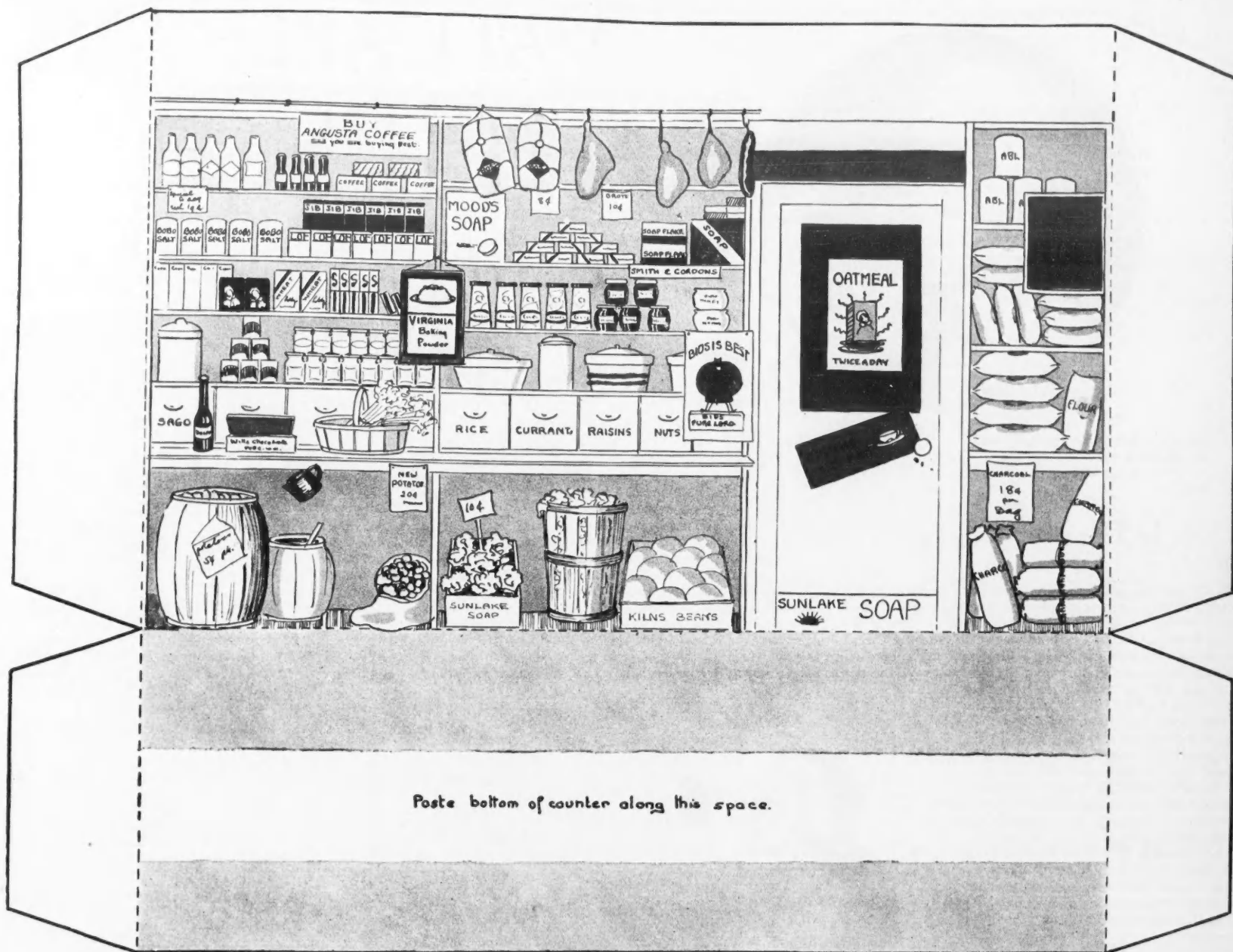


In reality only covering a small plot, this garden gives the effect of distance through the curving vista and the massed shrubbery.

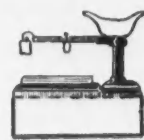


What could be more charming than this rustic effect to a simple garden gate with a skilful grouping of perennials and a flagged path?

A garden is a lovesome spot indeed, when masses of flowers can riot beside a lily pond.



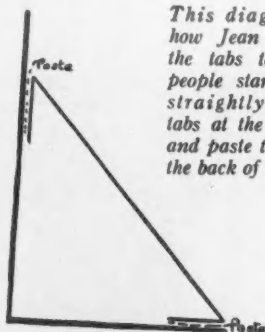
Paste bottom of counter along this space.



DIRECTIONS

Mr. Clempson owns the grocery store that we are going to build. All you need is some light cardboard (an old dress box is just the thing), paste, glue and a pair of scissors. First paste all the cut-outs, without cutting them out, on to the cardboard. When the paste is dry cut out the back of the shop and bend along the dotted lines. Glue the flaps together to form a floor and three walls of the shop. Next cut out the sides and glue

them to form shop walls. Now cut out the counter, and when you have glued its flaps together, glue its bottom to the floor of the shop. Now you are ready to cut out Mr. Clempson and his pretty wife, and the customer in the flowered dress, and last but not least, little Jimmie and his pup. Make them stand firmly by bending up the flaps they are on and attach these flaps to the backs of the figures with the strips provided.



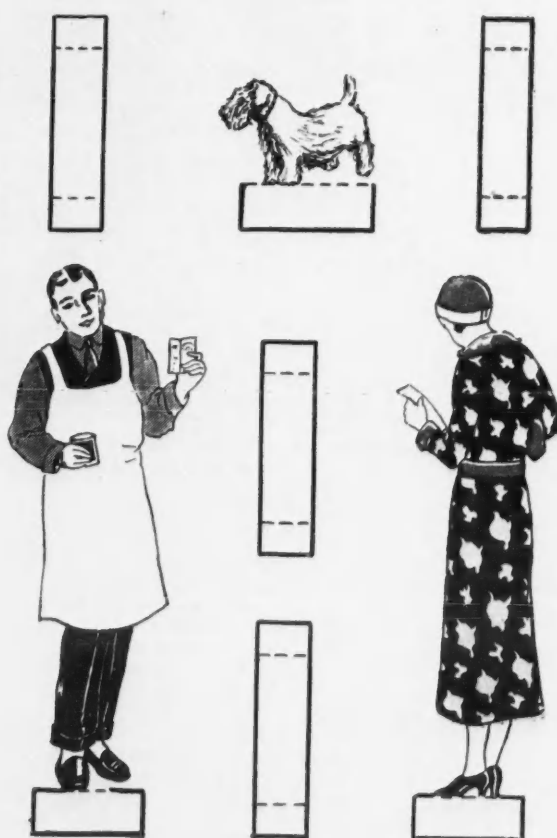
This diagram shows how Jean Wylie uses the tabs to make the people stand up more straightly. Bend the tabs at the dotted lines and paste these flaps to the back of the figures.



Mr. Clempson's Grocery Store is published in response to frequent requests for more of the unique children's cut-outs originated by *The Chatelaine*. Other cut-outs will be published from time to time alternating with the Children's Story Book, which, next month will tell "Why the Lark flies up at dawn"

A Cut-out Grocery Store

by JEAN WYLIE



"Smooth white arms and shoulders are more precious than pearls and diamonds"

says

MRS NORMAN OGDEN WHITEHOUSE



At Bailey's Beach, at the Casino, on the famous Cliff Drive at Newport, Mrs. WHITEHOUSE is a charming figure. She dislikes sun-tan and always uses Pond's Vanishing Cream to protect her lovely clear ivory skin.

NEWPORT for the brilliant summer season... a whirl of early autumn festivities in New York, then on to Melton Mowbray, England, for the fox-hunting... winter in Italy or Egypt... spring in Paris... such is the gay round of this charming cosmopolitan, Mrs. Norman Ogden Whitehouse.

To the education of a princess Mrs. Whitehouse owes subtle secrets of charm and chic, for before her marriage she was the Princess Tamara Bragation Moukrahnsky, of an ancient and illustrious family of Georgia, in Russia. Petite and piquante, she is dark and very lovely, always smartly dressed and exquisitely groomed.

Her clear pale ivory complexion bespeaks unflinching care. "After all, what is so important as a beautiful skin?" she asks. "A fresh, fair complexion gives chic to one's simplest frock. Smooth white arms and shoulders are more precious than pearls and diamonds when one is in evening dress."

Like many other society beauties, Mrs. Whitehouse is devoted to Pond's. "No wonder fastidious women prize the four delightful preparations, and follow Pond's Method every day," she says.

"The four steps make it so easy to keep one's skin lovely! First, the pure light Cold Cream for immaculate cleansing... then the exceptionally absorbent Tissues to remove the cream... then the fragrant Skin Freshener to tone and firm and keep a lovely color glowing in one's cheeks and the delicious Vanishing Cream to give a smooth, opalescent finish."

YOU, too, know Pond's delightful beauty aids, no doubt. The Pond's Method is the sure, simple way to use them to keep your skin always fresh and glowing with youth:

1—For immaculate cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously several times daily, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, letting the fine, light oils sink deep into the pores and float the dirt to the surface.

2—With Pond's Cleansing Tissues wipe away all the cream, dirt, make-up and powder. These softer Tissues are 52% more absorbent than ordinary tissues, by laboratory test. White or Parisian peach color.

3—With Pond's Skin Freshener, briskly pat your skin until it glows—to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm, and promote lovely, natural color.

4—Now a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish. Use it on neck, shoulders and arms—wherever you powder. Marvelous, too, to keep hands smooth and white.

At bedtime: Always cleanse face and neck with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues.

Tune in on Pond's Program Friday evening at 9:30 P. M. D. S. T. Reisman's Orchestra, of Central Park Casino. W.E.A.F. and N.B.C. Network

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POND'S four delightful beauty aids to keep your skin smooth and fine, fresh and fair



Make a note of your mileage, when you had the oil changed, and any other details likely to escape your memory.

by Florence M. Jury

IT'S not the wear you give your car but the care that counts in the length of its lifetime and efficiency. Most of the cars that are turned in as being "done for" are in that class because they have been neglected, and the careless owner buys a new car when a little systematic care and thoughtfulness would have kept the old one as good as new.

If you are not good at remembering just when to have the oil changed, the water in the battery replenished, or the car lubricated, have a little chart in the car and when you stop to get gas just glance over it and make sure that none of the essentials are being overlooked. Make a note of your mileage, when you had the oil changed, and the date you had your battery attended to, and any other details likely to escape your memory. An old calendar is handy for this purpose and easily slipped into the pocket of your car.

In the summer your battery should be checked over every two weeks and in the winter every month. It is surprising how quickly the water evaporates in the warm weather and nothing will ruin your battery quicker than letting the cells become dry. In summer and winter the oil should be changed about every five hundred miles. It is a general idea that oil lasts longer in the winter but in starting your car in the cold weather one uses the choke so much that the oil becomes diluted with gas, but in the summer the hard driving most cars get, thins the oil to the same extent so that it is wise to have your oil changed every five hundred miles, all the year round.

Now the brakes. In the first place do not use the brake pedal as a foot rest—the same applies to the clutch and the reverse pedals—or you will unconsciously press it and wear it out. Do not jam on the brakes when driving at a high rate of speed—except of course in an emergency—this not only wears them badly but throws them out of adjustment and soon you will notice that when you apply your brakes the car will swerve either to the right or the left. If you notice this tendency in your car, have the brakes tested and adjusted.

You have probably been troubled at one time or another with smoking brakes. This is not usually the bands burning but oil on the bands, and this should be attended to by a mechanic and the oil burned away. Squeaking brakes, however, you can remedy yourself in a few moments. There is nothing more annoying, both to the driver and to everyone within hearing distance, and nothing more simple to stop. The brakes squeak because they have become smooth and shiny—therefore, to roughen them drive your car backwards, not too slowly, and suddenly apply the brakes. This will not harm them in any way and is a most effective cure for even the worst kind of a scream. Another thing—do not be constantly "edging up" in traffic for the sake of a quick get-away. You save perhaps half a minute and while edging up have constantly applied your brake and let the clutch in and out, and this creeping up is also a strain on your engine.

No part of your car comes in for harder wear than the

tires and they usually get very little consideration. In the first place these should always be kept fully inflated—driving with the tires more or less flat causes the walls of the tire to crack or break, makes the steering hard and decreases your mileage. The nuts and bolts on the rims should always be kept thoroughly tight. If these become loose the wheels wobble and this wears the tires badly. The alignment of the wheels should also be checked over, both front and back, or the tires will wear unevenly. Some drivers change their tires around quite frequently from one wheel to another so they get more even wear, which lengthens the life of the tire considerably. If you are driving on old tires it will pay you to have them all taken off and thoroughly gone over. It may cost you five or six dollars to have them repaired and

your car lacks "zip" and pick-up. You will more often than not blame the gas but it is very likely dirt in the gas filter that is the cause. A dirty filter will impair even the highest grade of gas, so it is most important that this should be kept clean. Of course, it may be the spark plugs—these also should be kept clean and in good repair. A defective plug will cause your car to miss badly and to stall very easily and, naturally, it is hard on your engine if all the cylinders are not working efficiently.

Always see there is plenty of water in your radiator. To drive a car with insufficient water in the radiator is extremely dangerous and hard on your engine. It is best to have this checked over every time you buy gas, also the air pressure in your tires. Water and air—the only two things about a car that are free and the two most often overlooked.

Something I have learned from experience in the last few weeks is, when driving on a wet and slippery road, to clean off your tires, which soon become as slippery as the road. Drive off the road on to a rough surface for a short distance and get your tires clean and free from grease. This will often prevent a bad skid or even an accident, and one can drive with more confidence knowing that one's tires are not covered with grease.

For safe and comfortable driving always have your headlights properly focused. If you feel you are not getting the full benefit of your lights, have a mechanic readjust them, for there is no worse menace on the highways than glaring or badly focused headlights, and it makes all the difference in the world to night driving to have them just right.

In most cars there is a cartridge in the oil filter—this filter is of material something similar to lamp-wick, several layers thick—and through this the oil passes. This filter should be renewed every ten thousand miles—this is not often and although it costs about \$10, you will be repaid by the benefit you will derive from the clean oil. Naturally, in time, this filter becomes clogged with dirt and filings and loses its efficiency. It should, therefore, be replaced by a new one. Remember, there is nothing like Simonizing to keep the appearance of your car up to standard. Make sure your car is [Continued on page 54]



"Edging up" in traffic saves perhaps half a minute and is a constant strain on your engine.

put in good shape but you will be amply repaid by the extra service you will get out of them.

At all times you should watch your tires for pieces of stone, nails or broken glass. If these are neglected and allowed to work into the tire, a large hole will develop when even a puncture might have been avoided by a little care and forethought. It is well to look over the tires before starting on a trip. This attention only takes a few moments and may save you changing a tire half an hour afterwards.

Always carry a good pump and if you feel a tire getting flat put a little air in it—it may only be a slow leak and a little air will carry you in safety to a service station, but never drive on a flat tire or you may ruin it beyond repair. If you feel your car pulling, always stop immediately and look for tire trouble. A flat tire at the front makes the car hard to steer—a flat tire at the back makes the car drag.

I would always advise putting the best tires on the front of your car. If you are driving fast it is much more serious to have a front tire go flat than a back one. A front tire blowing out might cause a car to turn turtle but if it were on the back the worst it would do would be to cause a bad swerve.

The accelerator should occasionally be oiled. This only takes a few moments and to drive a car with an accelerator that sticks is dangerous and very trying.

At some time or other you will probably notice that



If you feel your car pulling, look for tire trouble.

Your Simplest Snapshot may win \$12,250



Any snapshot made in May, June, July or August 1931, stands a chance in Kodak's \$100,000 Competition for Amateur Picture-Takers

HERE'S your chance to win world renown, and \$12,250—with a simple snapshot! Kodak is offering \$100,000 in cash prizes in an international competition for interesting pictures.

286 prizes totaling \$7,500 are for pictures from the Canadian District alone—Canada, Newfoundland, Saint-Pierre and Miquelon. There are 44 prizes in each of six picture classes that cover every conceivable picture subject.

The first-prize winner in each class automatically enters the international judging at Geneva, Switzerland, where \$16,000 more will be awarded.

This contest is for amateurs only. Experience is not needed. Picture interest is what counts. Anyone with a Brownie, a Hawk-Eye or the simplest Kodak has the

same chance as users of expensive cameras.

Winners of the Canadian District prizes will be determined by a committee of distinguished judges consisting of Rev. Canon H. J. Cody; Emily F. Murphy (Janey Canuck); E. Wyly Grier, P.R.C.A.; L. M. Montgomery Macdonald, authoress; Nellie L. McClung, authoress; Lt.-Col. Henri Gagnon, prominent publisher.



Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box, or the new Kodak Verichrome Film in the yellow box with checkered stripes, give pictures of the prize-winning kind.

Ask your Kodak dealer for your copy of the leaflet which gives the rules of the contest or write to Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Make lots of snapshots. Clip the entry blank. Enter to win.

And, with such prizes in sight, you will wish to use film you can depend on for clear, sparkling pictures. You can depend on Kodak Film or the new Kodak Verichrome Film. Both come in the yellow box.

\$7,500 in Canadian District Prizes

SIX PICTURE CLASSES

YOU may submit pictures of any subject in the contest. Prizes will be awarded in six classes, and your entries will be placed for judging in the classes in which they are most likely to win.

A. *Children.* Any picture in which the principal interest is a child or children.

B. *Scenes.* Landscapes, marine views, city, street, travel or country scenes, etc.

C. *Games, Sports, Pastimes, Occupations.* Baseball, tennis, golf, fishing, gardening, carpentry, etc.

D. *Still Life and Nature Subjects, Architecture and Architectural Detail, Interiors.* Art objects, curios, cut flowers, or any still life object in artistic arrangement, any nature subject, etc. Exteriors or interiors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries, statues, etc.

E. *Informal Portraits.* Close-up or full figure of a person or persons, excepting pictures in which the principal interest is a child or children (see Class A above).

F. *Animals, Pets, Birds.* Pets (dogs, cats, etc.); farm animals or fowls; wild animals or birds, either at large or in zoos.

Prizes for Canadian District

GRAND PRIZE: Bronze Medal and \$1,000

44 PRIZES IN EACH CLASS

For the best picture in each class	\$250
For the next picture in each class	100
For the next picture in each class	50
For each of next 5 pictures in each class	25
For each of next 36 pictures in each class	10
(265 prizes, totaling \$6,310)	

The Canadian District comprises Canada, Newfoundland, Saint-Pierre and Miquelon

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR CHILD PICTURES

For the best child pictures made and entered in May and June from each of seven provinces—the Maritime Provinces of Canada, Newfoundland, Saint-Pierre and Miquelon count as one province; Yukon Territory is included with British Columbia; Northwest Territories are included with Alberta.

First Prize, each province	\$100
Second Prize, each province	50
Third Prize, each province	20
(21 provincial prizes, totaling \$1,190)	

International Awards

The best picture in each class from each country automatically enters the international judging for further awards at Geneva, Switzerland.

GRAND AWARD: Silver Trophy and \$10,000

SIX CLASS AWARDS

The best picture in each of the six classes will receive an international class award of a gold medal and \$1,000.

Total Prize Money—Canadian District	\$ 7,500
International Awards	16,000
Prize Money for rest of world	76,500
Total to be won—amateurs only	100,000

NOTE—that one picture may win a \$250 class prize, the \$1,000 grand prize for Canadian District . . . plus a \$1,000 international class award and the \$10,000 international grand award . . . a total of \$12,250 for a single snapshot.

Entry Blank—Clip it Now!

Mail blank with your entries to Prize Contest Office, Dept. D-944, Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario. Do not place your name on either the front or back of any picture.

Name _____ (Please Print)
Street Address _____
Town and Prov _____
Make of Camera _____
Make of Film _____
Number of Pictures Accompanying this Blank _____

KODAK INTERNATIONAL \$100,000 COMPETITION *for Amateur Picture Takers*

ning without him and the atmosphere of the house was getting on his nerves. He had not realized how difficult it was going to be with Emily once more at home, his wife, yet sundered completely from him. She was not the kind of woman who could be ignored. On the contrary, her vitality, her personality, brilliant and amusing, made her a force to be reckoned with. That she was no longer young seemed to enhance rather than take away from her charm.

At the club, hoping to distract his thoughts, he dined, played bridge badly, excused himself on the plea of a headache, and departed to the smoking room only to be met in the doorway by a tall broad-shouldered man who greeted him by name with quite evident pleasure.

"Why, my dear fella, I thought you were in Europe," Ross said, shaking hands cordially, for he was feeling so sick of his own company and of all the well-known faces round him that Larry's arrival was a godsend. They sat down in big comfortable chairs.

Ross had been so taken up lately with his own affairs and with business that he had missed any news of Mae's death. Since Mae had been in quite a different set to the friends and acquaintances he himself possessed, they had never been intimate. So when in the course of the first few minutes' conversation he enquired after her, he was horrified to hear the truth and so disturbed by his carelessness that he plunged after suitable condolences into the very subject he would, on mature consideration, have wished to avoid.

"Do you know anything of this fella my younger daughter's engaged to?" he asked "Rodney Blakiston—English."

Larry stiffened. The very name sent a heat through his blood and something in Ross Ardwyn's face and tone showed him how worried the elder man was. After a moment's consideration he knocked the ash off his cigarette with a deliberate gesture that seemed to indicate a decision just taken.

"Yes," he said, and looked straight into Ross' troubled eyes. "He's a bad fellow. Can't you forbid it?"

"Forbid the modern daughter to marry the man of her choice? You don't know the young generation, Cardross."

"Perhaps not. But I know if Judy were my daughter I'd shoot Blakiston with my own hand before I'd let him marry her."

He had not meant to say so much and the instant the words were past his lips he regretted them, for Ross' slack pose changed; he sat forward in his chair, his face grim, his figure tense.

"You speak as if you knew something definite," he said, "If you do, Cardross, for goodness' sake tell me. I'd give ten years of my life to stop this business."

This was no time for dissimulation and Larry spoke abruptly. "I do know something, but at the moment I'm not at liberty to say. I must get another person's permission to speak."

"Another person's? You mean he's tied up in some mess? Someone got a hold over him?"

"In one way, yes. Look here, sir, I can't speak plainly. All I can say is that I'll do my best to help you in this affair. He's in England, I suppose?"

"No. My daughter had a wireless from the *Berengaria*. He's crossing now. Docks on Saturday."

"Very well. I will see you before he can get here. I suppose you can't send your daughter away?"

"Not possibly."

"No, I suppose not."

Both men relapsed into silence for a little, then Ross, feeling he was being somewhat unfriendly in only talking of his own affairs, roused himself to an enquiry as to Larry's future plans.

"I'm going to my property in Canada," Larry said, switching his thoughts with an effort back to other matters. "There is a lot to do. You see I've been away a long time. I intend to take it up seriously. For the present I arrived in New York less than an hour ago."

"Is that so? You must come along to my house. I believe we're dining at home tomorrow night. What about dinner?"

Dinner in Tania's home, with Tania sitting beside him. He sought wildly for an excuse, fearing to trust himself, but Ross was adamant.

"I know you know Tania very well. She'll be delighted to see you. And my wife—we've not seen you since that Christmas Eve at White Ledges. It's too long."

"That's very kind of you. I—I shall be charmed to come. Eight-thirty? Right."

An hour or so later when Ross had gone, he sat on before the fire heedless of anyone around him, wondering what to do, how to force the issue without betraying trust. He had written briefly to Tania from Paris and had received a reply as brief, but no further word had passed between them. She had no idea where he was and he had not attempted to let her know. The failure of his life with Mae had set a mark deep upon his soul and he had felt the need of quiet and solitude in which to take stock of himself. The meeting with Ross Ardwyn had brought back the past with a shock

Cross Currents

Continued from page 16

and he found the old fever for Tania rising once again in his veins.

He had meant for a week or two at least to make no effort to see Tania. He desired to be able to give his whole attention to his neglected responsibilities but this meeting with Ross Ardwyn, and the knowledge of Blakiston's impending arrival, must of necessity change his plans. He had given his word to Ross that he would try to help him and to do that he must see Tania and endeavor to persuade her to tell her father the truth, regardless of consequences. After a while he went to a writing-table, and wrote her a brief note such as any friend might have written asking her to meet him on the morrow for lunch. He decided he would leave it at the house but when he was about to leave the club, one of the servants came up and asked if he should get him a taxi—it was snowing very hard.

TANIA had formed no decision when she awoke on Wednesday morning. Whichever way she looked disaster was imminent. If Judy had ceased to love Rodney all



GINGER ALE AND POP

by
MARTHA BANNING
THOMAS

GINGER'S father had given her up. Ginger's mother was in despair of her. Ginger's aunt lived in a state of horror.

Pop Prendergast, if he could not prevent her from doing insanely risky things, stood by, if possible to save her—which naturally created an atmosphere of strain and friction.

"Ginger Ale and Pop," an irrepressibly gay and zestful story of modern young people by Martha Banning Thomas of Victoria Beach, Nova Scotia, will be told in the August and September issues of

The Chatelaine

would have been simple, but she was still, as she said herself, "crazy about him," and the truth would hit her hard and destroy perhaps forever the affection between her sister and herself. Looking at herself in the mirror, Tania saw the little lines this last year had etched beneath her eyes—the almost imperceptible ageing, the tiredness that stamped her—and frowned at the reflection. This endless worry was doing no good, was useless; worse, it was weak. Something must be done, and as she rose from her chair a thought flashed into her mind. There was a way out, a way that might save Judy and end everything; if she wirelessly the boat—arranged that Rodney should meet her on the Sunday, for no harm could happen till then; suggest a talk and offer to drive him out of town. Accidents were easy on a slippery road . . .

In her normal state such a solution would never have occurred to Tania, but she was today far from normal. The months since that evening when Rodney had re-entered in her life, the long strain of her fight against her love for Larry, following the blow of his marriage, the constant struggle for outward composure, even gaiety, and the never-ceasing fear for Judy's future had done their evil work only too well. Tania was still to those about her her normal self but for an increasing thinness; but within, her nerves were worn to breaking point. Sleep was fitful and haunted by confused and tragic dreams. Her waking moments were filled with the fear that she might be ill and unable to protect Judy. And yet partly through the obstinacy of the sick, partly through her love and anxiety for him, she refused to contemplate telling the whole truth to her father. She had watched him these last few months and seen nothing of the consummation she had hoped for from her mother's return.

She felt that a confession such as her own must add to the

burden Ross carried, for if his children were to disappoint him as well as his marriage, and bring upon the family name the scandal he had borne so much rather than permit, then his life would indeed seem to be to himself a failure and a tragedy.

Breakfast was a farce, coffee her only aid to a brain already overstimulated and confused; but she was still enough mistress of herself to behave as usual, even to bear with Judy's high spirits and to answer Emily's questions as to arrangements.

And then Ross, coming downstairs after a half hour with his secretary in the library, preparatory to going down town, stopped her as she was crossing the hall listening to something Emily was saying.

"Tania—beg pardon, Emily, but I've got to hurry. There's a friend of yours just arrived. Cardross. Larry Cardross. I've asked him to dinner tonight, Emily. I suppose it's all right?"

"Quite. So he's left Europe. Poor boy, his wife's death was tragic."

"Yes, and I was fool enough to enquire after her. No idea anything had happened. He said he'd been up at his Canadian ranch for some little time. I suppose he felt he didn't want to see anyone."

"Father! Wait a moment!" Tania caught at Ross's arm as he was hurrying out of the door. "Where is he staying?"

"I don't know. Forgot to ask him." He was gone hurriedly into the snowy street and Tania was left staring after him till Emily exclaimed at the cold and the man closed the door firmly almost in her face.

Larry. Larry here in New York! Larry in this house tonight. Something in Tania's weary brain quivered into joy. Larry would help her, would tell her what to do. But if he failed, if Larry could only counsel her to tell the truth to Ross, then she would take her own way out, would arrange that drive and engineer its fatal ending.

At half-past eleven the telephone rang. Someone for her; and while Judy fumed at the delay in starting for a last fitting for an evening frock Tania heard the unbelievable sound of Larry's voice.

"Tania, Is that you? I want to see you. Will you lunch with me?"

She put a hand out to steady herself against the wall at the loved sound and for a moment could not find voice to speak, so that Larry waiting at the other end felt a quick stab of fear.

"Tania, darling. It's me, Larry! Aren't you glad?"

"Glad!" All her starved love for him shook in her voice. "Oh, Larry; so glad I can't speak—or think. Yes, anywhere—"

"I'll call for you at one o'clock. I won't come in. Someone might interrupt us and I want to see you alone. I've got the car. I'll honk twice. One o'clock."

Tania hung up the receiver and went to her room. Despite all the joy and rapture of Larry's return her headache was severe enough to obtrude itself in hammering throbs of pain. Dressing for luncheon she realized that she looked ill, but she put on more make-up than usual, muffled herself in a fox-collared squirrel coat and then as a last resource took four aspirins.

IN THE living room that looked on to the snowy street she stood by the window waiting for the aspirin to take effect, and watching the traffic until a big two-seater drew up. Before the horn sounded, she saw Larry and was at the hall door tugging at the heavy latch before Carter could reach it.

Across the pavement Larry leaned from the wheel to hold the car door for her. Then she was in beside him and his hand was over hers, his dear face close, his voice choking a little, saying her name over and over again.

A honk from a taxi waiting to draw up behind them recalled Larry to a sense of time and place, and loosening his arm from about her he sent the car forward while Tania, pressed close against his shoulder, put all miseries and fear of the future from her and for this short time gave herself up to happiness.

"Oh, Larry, I can't believe it—to have you here again," she said, her voice shaking between tears and laughter. "It doesn't seem real. I'm afraid I'm dreaming."

"If it wasn't for this traffic," Larry said rather curtly, "I'd soon show you whether I was real or not. Confound this city! Isn't there a single spot where I can get you alone and tell you what I feel about you?"

"Plenty of spots. But not this moment. Where are you staying? Haven't you a sitting room?"

"No. At the Ambassador. We'll get out in the country after lunch if the snow's not too bad. Then—"

He broke off and gave her a swift glance that burned her like the touch of a flame, and Tania made a little sound of content.

"Yes, Larry, dear. You're well? All's well?"

He nodded, handling the big car [Continued on page 49]

marvellous! new!! effective!!!

INSTANT ODO•RO•NO

*solves every problem
of perspiration control*

1 INSTANT PROTECTION

This amazing new Instant Odorono may be applied to the underarms *any time*—just after the bath—or as you start dressing. It stops perspiration *instantly!* Then your gowns are safe from perspiration damage. And no underarm odor—so repellent to others—can sully your charming freshness!

2 APPLY IT WITH THE NEW INSTANT APPLICATOR

Attached to the cap of the new Instant Odorono bottle is a convenient sanitary sponge applicator. Just a few swift strokes will suffice! No trouble, nothing messy or greasy. No need to use cotton! Nothing to leave a tell-tale odor of its own. A great advance in the technique of your toilette!

3 NEW QUICK-DRYING FORMULA

Because of its quick-drying formula Instant Odorono becomes one of your simplest dressing table rites. Put it on . . . and before you have paid your usual tribute to beauty with cream, powder and lipstick—it's dry! And you are ready for your frock.

4 ALL THE FAMOUS ODORONO DEPENDABILITY

Depend upon Instant Odorono for 1 to 3 days' protection. Rely upon its dependability, for it comes from the famous Odorono laboratories. Do not confuse it with ineffective preparations . . . designed merely to offset odor. Instant Odorono, a liquid, is a deodorant and non-perspirant that keeps the underarm absolutely dry and odorless.



the editor of Vogue is on the air

Every Thursday morning at 11:30 Eastern Daylight Time, over WJZ and associated N. B. C. stations, Mrs. Edna Woolman Chase, the talented Editor-in-Chief of Vogue, will give her advice on what to wear and how to wear it.

Tune in on this Instant Odorono broadcast, and, as you think of your clothes, don't forget that Instant Odorono is the best means of protecting the finest dresses that you own. For where there is perspiration, beware of clothes damage.

INSTANT
ODO•RO•NO
QUICK DRYING
DEODORANT AND
PERSPIRATION CORRECTIVE
Guards Freshness
Saves Clothes
MADE IN U.S.A.

FAMILIAR TRAGEDIES #1

THE GENEROUS HOST SPENT . . \$28

SHE RUINED HER GOWN . . . \$69

He took her to dinner and the theatre . . . she was flattered to death to go. She wore the best stitch she had . . . and looked lovely. But the theatre was stuffy, and she perspired under the arms. So her best gown was ruined . . . stained and faded by the acids of perspiration—to say nothing of the offense this perspiration odor gave to her escort. Oh well, and a-lack-a-day! There are plenty of good men in the world . . . but good dresses are hard to find. A really smart girl would have used Instant Odorono . . . and saved such troubles.

INSTANT ODORONO IS MADE BY THE ODORONO CO., INC., MONTREAL

All Aboard for Gaiety

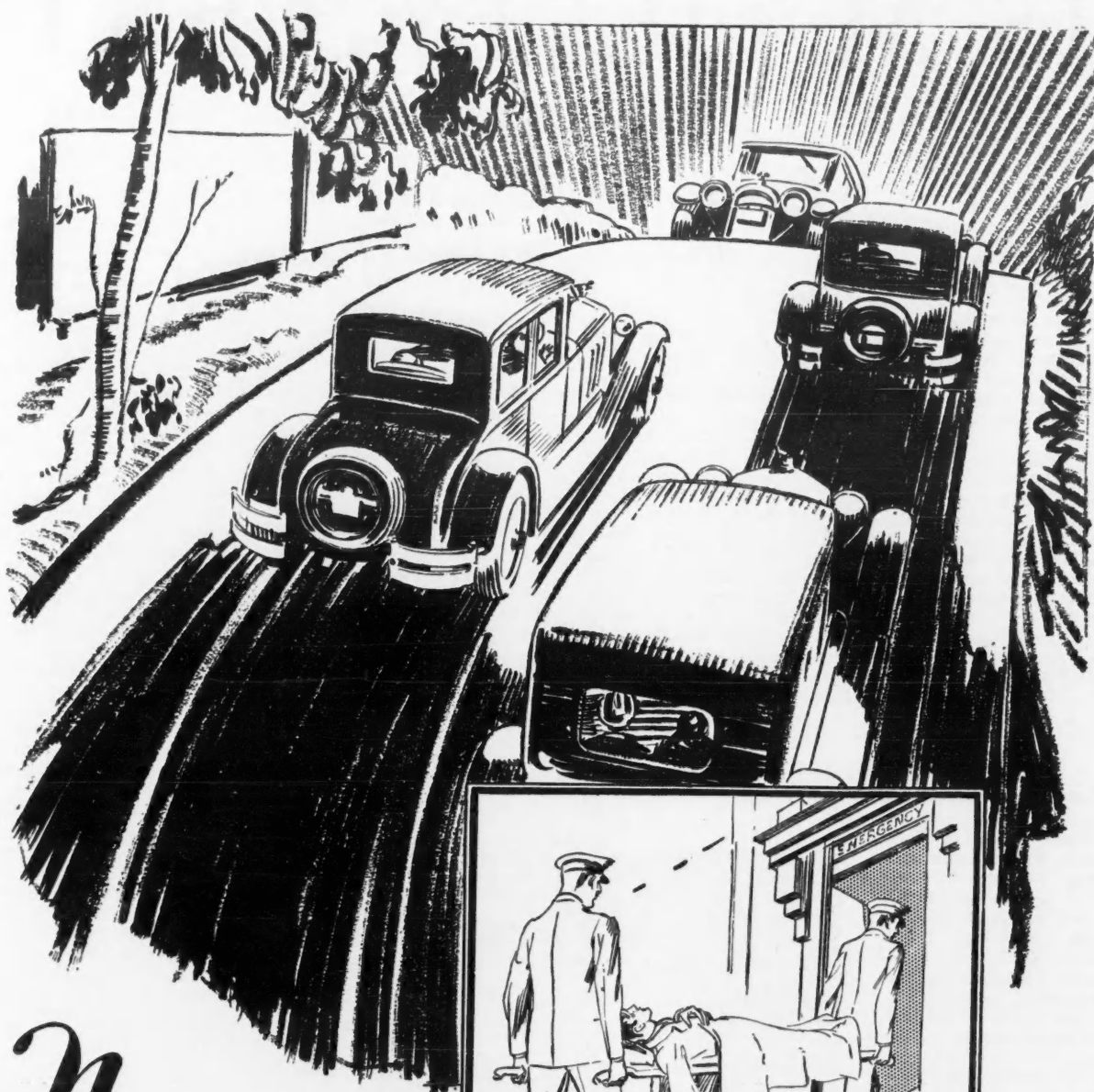
BY THE lakes and by the sea, in the water and on the beaches—color—color—and yet more color! That is the keynote of playtime fashions the world over. And nowhere will you find styles more varied nor shades more smart than among the Canadian-made beach wear this season. Color and sharp contrasts—brilliant reds, turquoise blues, dazzling whites, vivid greens, sunny yellows. White mates with anything. Add a daring touch of color to your white top and navy trunks with the help of a Chinese red beach hat and sandals.

No wonder the beach is popular. Nowhere else is your individuality so unhampered. If you've secretly yearned for jet black and scarlet, or grass green and yellow, or ivory white and tangerine, you can come out of your soft-toned chrysalis and flaunt gaily tinted wings in the sunshine to your heart's content. Be a gypsy if you like, with flowing orange bathing cape and tawny broad-brimmed hat. Lounge indolently in pyjamas—a vivid patch of color on the sands. Or, if you are delicately fair, go Dresden (though tanned) in white and amethyst. Perhaps the tailored style appeals to you. Do you notice the trimly belted young person standing on the raft? She has slipped on a sleeveless cardigan to protect her back from the sun.

The low-cut back is a great favorite with people who want to tan. Belted or straight down, separate trunks or all in one, it's all the same this year—one is as smart as the other, so take your choice. And that holds good for stalwarts and little folk too.

Suits and wraps shown on this page by courtesy of: The Knit-To-Fit Manufacturing Company, Penmans, Limited, Aberley Knitting Mills, R. M. Ballantyne Limited, and The Regent Knitting Mills Limited. Pyjamas, Number 640, Chatelaine Patterns.





Never...
pass a car on a hill... or curve

Experienced drivers of motor cars have learned that there is one rule of the road which cannot be violated without danger to life and limb . . . these seasoned drivers always keep in line when the road ahead is obscured.

Hill tops and curves are blind spots on the highway. You can't see what is coming toward you . . . and there's almost always sure to be another car coming around the curve or over the hill.

The one safe rule is to stay on *your* side of the road . . . the *right* side.

Every time you take a chance that the road ahead may be clear, you jeopardize your own safety and the approaching motorist may be made an innocent victim of your carelessness . . . surely a heavy price to pay in conscience and cash.

After all you can observe the "Hill and Curve rule" for a whole season without losing as much as sixty minutes time all told . . . Why not?

ONTARIO DEPARTMENT of HIGHWAYS

GEO. S. HENRY, PREMIER OF ONTARIO AND MINISTER OF HIGHWAYS

How can one decide
color harmonies?

Or cut a slip-cover so
that it will fit exactly?

by

ANNE
ELIZABETH
WILSON



If you have selected a large-patterned material, be certain that in measuring and cutting you make allowance for the balancing of the large medallions or figures.



A chair of the leather-back variety, with plain tie-on covers on which have been stencilled a motif or two from the prevailing chintzes in the room.

Slip Covers in New Guises

Detachable covers have a two-fold purpose—the bringing of new atmosphere into a room, and the rejuvenation of old or unsuitable furniture

The beauty of the detachable cover, outside of the variety which it can produce at small expense, is the fact that when soiled, it may be removed and laundered or cleaned as easily as a curtain. Glazed chintzes and percales are particularly fresh and smart, and many cleaning establishments make a specialty of reglazing them. One is often deterred from selecting bright materials for upholstery because of their short life in their original condition, but a slip-cover is practically perennial as far as wear and tear are concerned. Almost all cottons and linens can be washed, requiring no ironing save for the pleated or ruffled frills at bottom, and color-fastness is usually guaranteed. Over a period of years, sun and washings may diminish the original brilliancy, but the dye-pot is always at hand, and a light background dye will often leave an attractive tracery of the old design still in evidence.

But what other than upholstered pieces, you may wish to know, are suitable for slip-covering? The answer is almost anything that needs it. Odd, all-wood pieces which have lost their first attractiveness or which do not match a new setting, metal beds of simple outline, wicker and reed chairs, stools, *chaises longues*, and detachable cushions wherever used are candidates for the slip-cover.

Of course, like every good thing, an excess of fabric in a room can be overdone. You may have noticed a delightful skit on the overdraped room in "Punch." The verse concerns a sentimental old gentleman who was enraptured with a lady passing by, whose just visible petticoat was an old-fashioned chintz. He never again found her, but he did find the chintz, and lived in a large pink fondant of a room completely swathed in it—remembering her. His appropriate comments were:

"So let me sit
And muse on it.
Her loveliness forgot not
Remains for me
On that settle
And even on the whatnot."

Remember that fabrics play a complemen-

tary rôle always. They must set off other units—if only each other. So a room containing several pieces covered in a figured pattern, must be relieved by the solid warmth of good wood, or plain or differently [Continued on page 58]



A very clever treatment of plain iron beds, with the "straight fit" slip-cover in a tiny bower chintz. With this treatment, the simplest of beds can become something most unique and charming. The material and making was not costly or difficult.

WHO does not remember those old tomb-like rooms of warm weather days when all furniture (including the statuary!) was religiously swaddled in shroud-like vestments of colorless linen or cambric, in the belief that the house was thus preserved through the dust of summer and given a cool atmosphere?

How far the slip-cover has progressed since that time! Truly enough, it has had a place in the English style of decoration since Victorian times; the huge floral chintzes of that period have been classed for years as "English," but it has taken some years for the value of the year-round slip-cover to become popularized and understood generally on this continent. Now, however, its decorative value is much appreciated and utilized in the modern scheme.

For instance, the day of heavy, dark materials is going out, though furniture so upholstered still remains. Richness of texture has not always to do with richness of color, and so the old type of upholstered furniture may be given new life with interesting chintzes, taffetas, bright sateens, even ginghams and voiles, still retaining the charm of outline of the original pieces, but bringing an entirely new character to the room.

WHAT MEN LOOK FOR



A RISING YOUNG ARCHITECT selected this lovely painting as typifying most nearly his ideal girl. "The girl I'll want to marry," he told me, "will be more of a companion than anything else . . . She'll toss me a little unearned flattery now and then because she'll know I need it. She'll be trim and smart. She'll have really lovely skin—laughing eyes—nice hands . . . Men and women will like her because she's genuine and *natural* and good company."

CALAY

For the fresh natural skin men admire

in the Girls they Marry

IMAGINE what a fascinating time I've had! I've been interviewing fifty eligible bachelors—discovering at first hand what young men look for in the girls they marry.

All of them were charming. All of them—after a little preliminary laughter—were serious as could be about it.

They wanted—oh, such *possible* things, it seemed to me. Everyday traits. Good, honest qualities . . . And 48 out of the 50 agreed that they want a girl whose charm is *natural*!

Isn't that nice to know? Because so many of us already possess the first requisite of natural beauty—a healthy skin; and so many others *can* have it, with just a little more care.

73 dermatologists approve Calay

I consulted 73 dermatologists on this very matter of complexions. (Dermatologists, you know, are physicians who specialize in the care of the skin.) How, I asked, can we keep complexions fresh and natural under trying modern conditions?

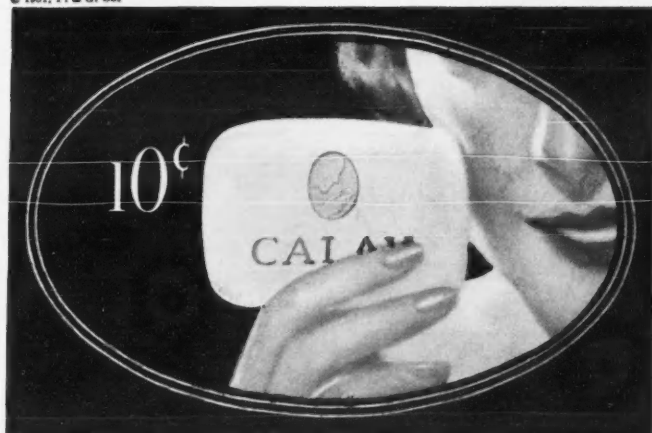
Every one of these famous specialists advised daily soap-and-water cleansing—with a *gentle* soap. Every one of them agreed that Calay is an *ideally* gentle soap, so mild that they themselves prescribe it.

No soap but Calay has ever received such medical approval!

So, on the best professional authority obtainable (and on my own very feminine personal advice) *do* use Calay if you want to keep your complexion naturally lovely. It's a fascinating soap—cameo-white, deliciously fragrant, frothing instantly to creamy velvet lather. Try Calay cleansing twice daily for a week. Watch your skin glow with the fresh, clean, *natural* beauty that men demand!

Helen Chase

© 1931, F. & G. Co.



HIS MAJESTY'S BATH

by MARGARET LAINE

A Canadian nurse begins a group of articles discussing the care of babies

WHEN making arrangements for the baby's morning bath, it should be remembered that a certain time should definitely be set apart for it and that nothing should be allowed to encroach upon that particular time. Unless regular hours and strict punctuality are enforced, the baby cannot be well trained and most people will agree that, apart from his physical well-being, which must also suffer, a badly trained baby is a nuisance to himself and to all those with whom he comes into contact.

Supposing that the morning feeding time is at ten o'clock, it would be well to have the bath at nine-thirty. That would give half an hour to devote to the mysteries of baby's toilet. All the necessary preparations would, naturally, have been made before that time and the bath would be in readiness, half filled with warm water. The temperature of the water is important. It should be of blood heat, which is slightly over ninety-eight degrees. A bath thermometer can be bought very cheaply, but should there be none at hand, the heat of the water may be tested by inserting the point of the elbow. A correct judgment cannot be obtained by simply feeling with the hand which, having become accustomed to changes of temperature, can stand a far greater amount of heat than the delicate skin of a baby is able to do. The elbow, being sufficiently sensitive, can be used very successfully for this purpose.

A complete change of clothing should be at hand, arranged in the order in which the garments are to be used, and also two soft towels—one very thin, smooth and soft, and the other of soft Turkish or Terry towelling. The baby's basket, with its contents, is placed conveniently at hand.

If the mother has decided to dress and undress the baby upon her lap, it will be necessary for her to wear a rubber apron and, over that, another of flannel, as explained in the article in our last issue. Above this a folded bath towel is placed and the baby gently laid, face downward, upon it. The fastenings of nightgown and barracoat are now untied and he is gently turned upon his back. The arms are carefully removed from both these garments and also the little shirt or vest, the former being drawn off from the feet and the latter over the head, if there is no front fastening. The diaper is then unpinned or unfolded and the binder removed. If this has been sewn, the stitches must be cut with the scissors.

The little one is now naked and should be at once covered, as far as the neck, with the thick, soft towel provided. One of the tiny squares of linen, previously described, is now dipped in the boracic

lotion and a few drops squeezed over, and into, first one eye and then the other, the lids being held gently apart by the thumb and forefinger of the left hand.

Another of the little pieces of linen is then dipped into clear (previously boiled) water and the mouth is carefully swabbed out, care being taken to reach the gums, the tongue and the roof of the mouth. If this is not done twice daily little particles of the milk are apt to remain upon the mucus membrane lining the mouth and become fermented. Should these tiny white spots appear, the attention of the physician should be at once drawn to them. A mixture of glycerine and borax is generally used for this condition—which goes by the name of "thrush"—but whenever the services of a physician are available, it is better that he should prescribe.

The face is now sponged with the clear water from the bath and carefully dried by the thin, soft towel. With a well soaped washcloth the head and the whole of the body is now thoroughly washed. The mother must be sure to see that no part has escaped this thorough, soapy, cleansing. Folds and creases of the skin should be drawn gently apart to enable this to be well done.

When it has been done satisfactorily, the baby must be lifted into the bath. As he is slippery with the soap and probably kicking vigorously, it is very necessary that he

should be held quite firmly and, at the same time, gently. This is best done in the following manner:—

Placing the third or middle finger, according to its length, of the left hand, under his left armpit, his neck is allowed to rest between the first finger and thumb of that hand. His ankles are held by the mother's right hand, with her index finger between them, and in this way he is lifted, safely and easily, into the bath. When there, the mother's right hand is removed from his feet, so that he may have complete freedom to kick and splash to his heart's content.

The soap must be very thoroughly sponged from hair and skin, allowing the water from the head to fall backward into the bath, as he lies supported by the mother's left hand. When this has been accomplished, he is again lifted from the bath, in the same way as before, placed upon the folded towel and immediately covered with the thick towel, while his head is dried very thoroughly. After that, the body is dried in the same manner, a gentle patting movement being used rather than one of rubbing. Again, particular attention must be paid to the folds of skin around the neck, in the groin and under the arms. The towel on which he rests is now drawn aside and he lies either upon the flannel apron covering the mother's lap or upon another dry towel or blanket upon the table. He must now be very thoroughly powdered, again drawing apart the creases of fat, so that every part may be reached. If this is not done thoroughly, the neglected part may become chafed and sore. Some

authorities prefer the use of oil to powder, but the physician who has been attending the case will state if he has any preference, otherwise the mother will use whichever she chooses. In any event, it is well to smear olive oil over the buttocks before putting on the diaper. This will prevent any possible chafing or soreness and should be done each time the diaper is changed.

With the powdering or oiling completed, we now turn our attention to the navel. By the time the mother is well enough to take charge of her baby, the umbilical cord will have fallen off and will therefore require no further dressing, but there is sometimes a little soreness or protrusion which persists for some time longer. A liberal amount of oil or powder should be placed over the navel and a piece of folded linen, one of the four-inch squares already prepared, folded in half, placed above it. This is kept in place by the flannel binder, which is the first article of clothing to be used.

In coming issues, Margaret Laine will give more of these short, helpful articles on the care of babies. Miss Laine will include any subject you would like.



When the world is very new is there anything quite so much fun as the morning bath—provided one's mother knows just how to go about it?

Midsummer Hospitality

Continued from page 21

Make a tomato stock by cooking four cupfuls of tomatoes with one bay leaf, two slices of onion, six cloves, six pepper berries, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one and a half teaspoonfuls of salt and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, for fifteen minutes. Strain to make three cupfuls of stock. Pour over the gelatine which has been softened in the cold water. Stir until dissolved. Cut the eggs in sections lengthwise and arrange in the bottom of a ring mold and cover with a little of the jelly. Leave until firm. Rinse the shrimps in cold water, remove the intestinal vein and cut in two. Place in the mold with the peas and the remaining jelly. When firm unmold on a bed of lettuce, fill the centre of the ring with watercress and serve with mayonnaise.

Caramel Nut Ice Cream

(To be made in a mechanical refrigerator)

- 1 Cupful of milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of sugar
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of flour
- Pinch of salt
- 1 Egg
- 1 Teaspoonful of gelatine
- 1 Tablespoonful of cold water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of hot water
- 1 Cupful of whipping cream
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of nuts.

Scald the milk in the double boiler and add the sugar, flour and salt which have been well mixed. Cook for ten minutes, pour over the beaten egg and cook for three minutes more, stirring constantly. Pour over the gelatine which has been soaked in cold water. Caramelize one third cupful of sugar until light brown, add the hot water gradually and cook until the caramel is fairly thick. Add at once to the custard mixture. Chill, add the cream which has been whipped and freeze in the tray of the refrigerator. Stir every half hour until it is stiffening. Stir in the chopped nuts. This amount fills one refrigerator tray.

Mocha Milk Shake

- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of strong cold coffee
- 4 Teaspoonfuls of chocolate syrup

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of cold milk

Combine, pour over cracked ice and shake well. Serve at once in tall glasses. This is sufficient for two glasses. If desired, top with a spoonful of whipped cream. If ice is not used in the shaker, have all the ingredients very cold and use more milk as the ice dilutes the beverage somewhat.

Latticed Cucumber Salad

Peel cucumbers and slice with a lattice cutter. Crisp in ice water. Arrange on lettuce and cover with a dressing made of:

- 6 Tablespoonfuls of salad oil
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of vinegar
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of mustard
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of paprika
- 1 Teaspoonful of chopped onion
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped pickle

Russian dressing is usually made by adding chopped pimento, celery, olives and eggs to mayonnaise, but a quick substitute may be made by combining one cupful of mayonnaise with one half cupful of thick chili sauce. To change to a quick Thousand Island dressing, add one half cupful of cream whipped. Serve in cups of lettuce or on hearts of lettuce.

Jellied Soup

- 4 Cupfuls of clear soup stock
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{8}$ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of lemon juice

Soak the gelatine in one half cupful of cold soup. Dissolve in the remainder of the hot soup. Add seasonings. Pour into bouillon cups to set. Break up with a fork before serving. If desired, add a few cooked

vegetables to each cup when the soup is partly set. In using canned soups a mixture of vegetable soup and bouillon is a tasty combination. If preferred, the soup may be chilled in one large bowl, then arranged in spoonfuls in the bouillon cups.

Creamed Potatoes with Green Pepper and Cheese

- 4 Tablespoonfuls of green pepper
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{8}$ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 2 Cupfuls of milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of grated cheese
- 4 Cupfuls of diced cooked potatoes

Cook the green pepper, from which all the seeds have been removed, in the butter until tender, being careful not to brown the butter. Make a cream sauce with the butter, flour and milk. Add the seasonings, stir in the cheese and add the potatoes, stirring until the potatoes are heated through.

Chocolate Syrup

(for iced cocoa)

- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of cocoa
- 1 Cupful of sugar
- 1 Cupful of water
- Few grains of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of vanilla

Mix the cocoa and sugar. Add the boiling water, stir until smooth. Boil five minutes. When cool add the vanilla. Keep in a covered jar in the refrigerator. Larger amounts may be made and kept on hand to flavor either hot or cold milk.

Veal Loaf

- 2 Pounds of leg of veal, ground
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Pound of fresh pork, ground
- 1 Cupful of rolled cracker crumbs
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 1 Egg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of water
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped onion
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper or thick chili sauce
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- 3 Slices of bacon

Mix the meat which has been put through the grinder with the rolled crumbs and seasonings. Moisten with the beaten egg, water and lemon juice. Mix well and pack into a small loaf tin, cover with the bacon and bake $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours in a moderately hot oven, 400 degrees Fahr. Chill well and unmold on a bed of lettuce.

Cold Water Sponge Cake

- 3 Eggs
- 1 Cupful of sugar
- 1 Cupful of pastry flour
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of cold water
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- Grated rind of one third lemon

Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Add sugar gradually, then lemon juice and rind and water. Beat the whites stiff and fold very lightly into the yolks. Sift the flour, salt and baking powder three times and fold into the first mixture. Bake in a slow oven—275 to 375 degrees Fahr.—for forty-five minutes to one hour.

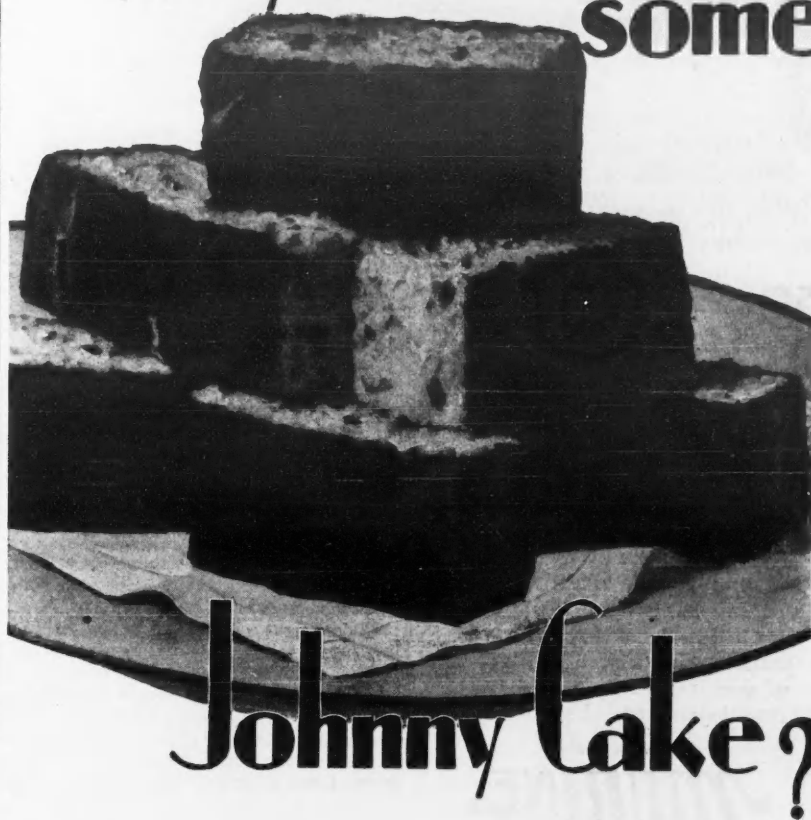
Maple Nut Pudding

- 2 Cupfuls of brown sugar
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of cornstarch
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of cold water
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of boiling water
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of vanilla
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of chopped nuts

Blend the sugar and cornstarch and rub with the cold water. Add the boiling water, stir until smooth and thick and cook until all taste of raw starch is gone. Remove from the fire and add the butter. When cool add the vanilla and nuts. Serve with whipped cream.

N.B.—All measurements in the above recipes are strictly level.

Why not make some



Rumor has it that Johnny Cake first came into prominence through the rivalry of two Adams, N.Y., housewives in demonstrating their prowess in baking cornmeal breads.

We don't doubt it for a minute, for Johnny Cake is certainly one of the most tempting dishes that anyone can place on the table for any meal!

Maybe you've forgotten how to make this delightful food. If so, the Magic recipe will help you out... and when made with Magic Baking Powder, the result will please even the most exacting taste.

Surprise the family with this rare treat to-morrow. Serve it hot from the oven. There likely won't be any of it left over, but if there should be, you can slice and fry it in butter for the next meal. Some people like it even better that way.

And remember! To get the best results for every baking, *always* use MAGIC BAKING POWDER, the kind that 3 out of every 4* Canadian housewives, who bake at home, say they use because it gives consistent better baking results.

If you bake at home, the New Magic Cook Book will provide you with dozens of interesting recipes. Send the coupon and a copy will be mailed free.

*This fact was revealed in a recent Dominion-wide investigation.

Recipe for Johnny Cake

- 1 cup flour
- 2 teaspoons
- Magic Baking Powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup cornmeal
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 cup milk
- Butter size of an egg

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together, add cornmeal and sugar, melt butter, add to well-beaten egg, add to other ingredients with milk. Beat all together lightly. Bake in greased shallow pan 30 to 40 minutes.

"Buy Made in Canada Goods"

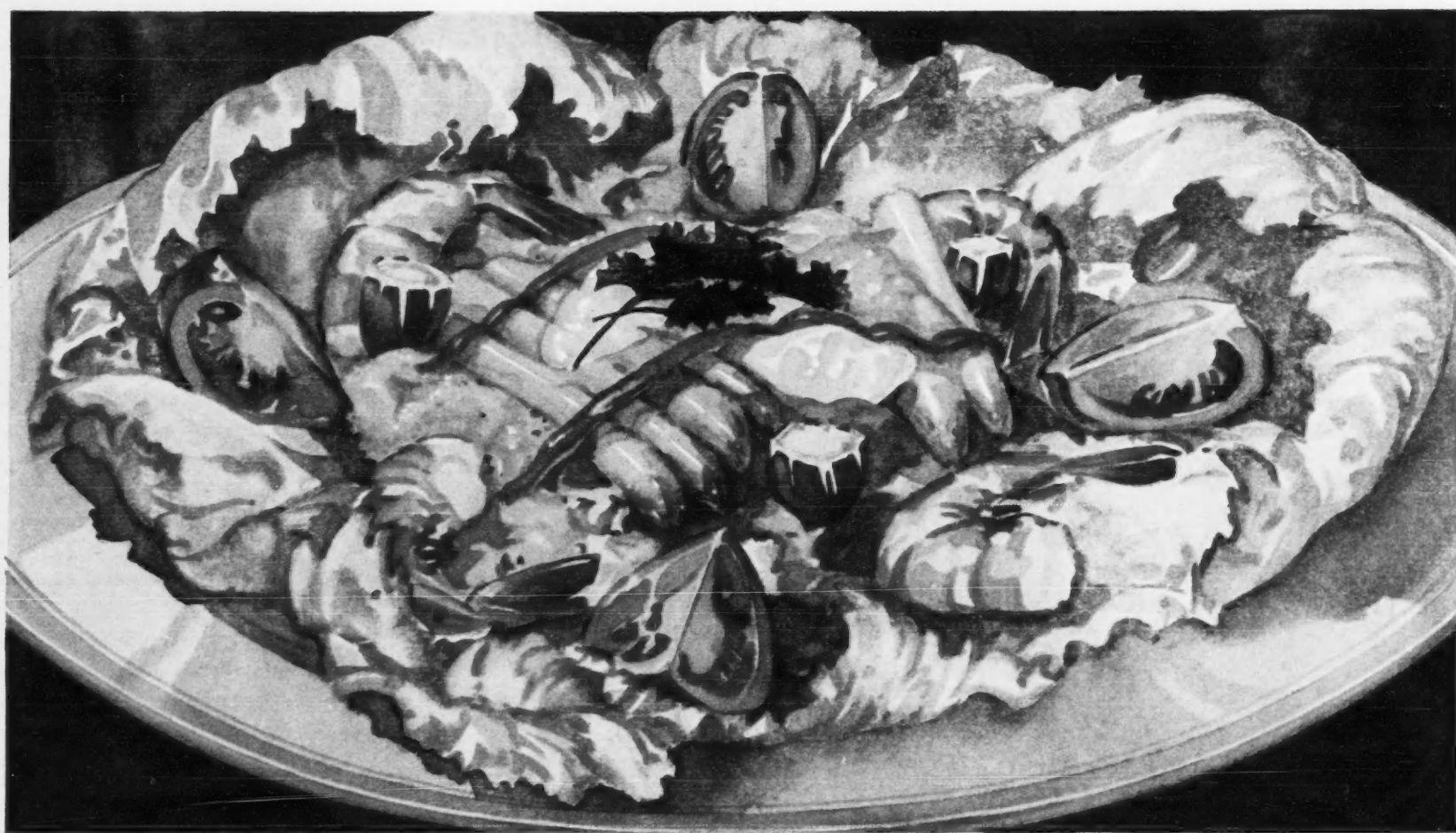


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"Cool as a Cucumber"

In warm weather particularly, she who would be charming must look to the important details of personal daintiness

by ANNABELLE LEE

WE ALL know the woman with the smooth, creamy skin, the level brown eyes, the rippling tawny hair, the long slender hands and feet. She never seems to feel the heat, as do the rest of her sisters. Neither does exertion make the slightest difference to her appearance. She doesn't burn, she doesn't freckle; she is always cool, exquisite, serene. Fortunately for the rest of femininity, she is a somewhat rare type, yet she lives in every woman's mind as the ideal of summer daintiness. There's one comfort, though—to be thoroughly malicious—she's not healthy.

Those of us who are human have our off-moments in the heat of the summer—times when we feel anything but fresh and dainty. After a busy morning spent in the kitchen or an afternoon's shopping, when you begin to feel like a fast-wilting tomato; or after an energetic round on the golf links or tennis courts, what finer tonic is there than a warm bath followed by a cold shower or plunge? If you put into the bath a handful of bath salts—not the pleasantly relaxing but the tonic kind—it will be twice as refreshing. There are bath salts with the woody tang of the pines, and these are wonderfully invigorating. If you live where the pine trees lay a carpet of needles on the ground, try this some time. Gather the needles and soak them in a jar of boiling water. When you bathe, pour off some of the liquid as you require it.

While we're talking about baths, you who haven't the opportunity of taking a cold shower each morning—have you ever tried a "salt rub?" It is so stimulating and so quickly accomplished that it is surprising more people do not use it. Throw a handful of common salt into a basin of cold water and scrub your body with it till the skin begins to glow. Then plunge each foot into the solution and rub yourself briskly with a rough towel. You'll feel like tackling an eighteen-hour day.

If your bath is a daytime refresher, it is a good idea first to pat some cleansing cream on to your face and neck, wipe off, renew, and leave on while bathing. Then afterward, remove the cream and pat on a mild astringent with absorbent cotton. Inci-

dentally, have you noticed that absorbent cotton is obtainable in sanitary cartons now, from which it may be removed bit by bit when needed? A great improvement over the old untidy way of keeping it.

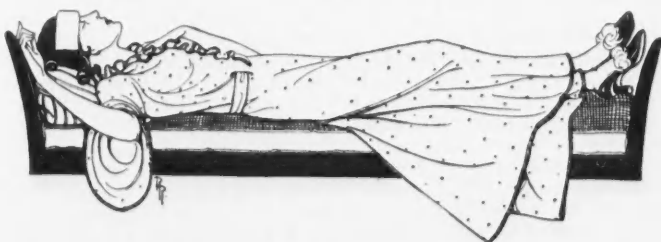
If you are developing "railway lines" across your forehead, this is an excellent opportunity to sidetrack them. Tie a pad of gauze soaked in a good skin tonic on to your forehead, and relax completely for fifteen minutes.

If you want to be "feminine"—and what woman doesn't?—you must be dainty. Particularly in the summertime you must be fastidious in the care of your body. Don't run away with the idea that this constitutes a tremendous amount of time and fussing. It needn't. Every sort of scientific help is available to the modern woman in the shops, and it is simply a matter of adjusting your toilet routine to include, every so often, a few precautionary measures.

Medical men are agreed now that there is nothing harmful in checking perspiration. But first, the armpits should be kept free from hair. Your choice may lie between shaving or a depilatory—there are many safe ones on the market. If you prefer to shave, there are especially shaped little kits for the purpose. Dab on a little diluted peroxide after shaving, and powder with talcum or boracic powder. Remember to bathe your armpits with tepid water only, for at least twenty-four hours after using a razor or a depilatory, and never use a deodorant until forty-eight hours have elapsed. Deodorants and depilatories should never be used over mosquito bites, scratches or pimples.

Here is a good "routine of personal daintiness" to follow daily:

Each morning, after your shower or salt rub, sponge the armpits with diluted peroxide. Then powder with talcum or boracic powder. Each night, sponge with salt and water. Two or three times a week, as needed, use a good deodorant after the salt and water sponge, and finish with a dust of talcum or boracic powder. There is a new deodorant that comes complete with sponge, ready for application and may be used at any time—after you bathe or while you



After your bath, relax completely for fifteen minutes, with a pad of gauze soaked in a good skin tonic on your forehead.



"Women ... like movies ... need a theme-song"

says LOIS WILSON

"Theme-songs . . . how they stay with you! Steal into your very heart . . . haunt your thoughts for days . . . for years, forever, maybe! Some girls . . . wise girls . . . have theme-songs, too. A wisp of fragrance . . . that's always with them. Slipping subtly into the senses of everyone who knows them! My theme-song? . . . I knew you'd ask! . . . and I don't mind telling. It's Seventeen . . . a fragrance just like its name . . . naive, yet awfully wise . . . languorous, yet blithe and staccato, too! I wear it always—for the mood it brings me—a mood so young—well . . . not more than Seventeen!"



Eight Toiletries bear the scent of Seventeen

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1582

Seventeen

TRY TO GUESS THESE EYES!



This darling of the New York stage, who is now appearing in Universal Pictures' sensation "Seed," is 5 ft. 3½ in. tall, weighs 105 lbs., and has reddish gold hair and green eyes. See below.

so soothing to golfers' eyes!

Or, for that matter, to the eyes of any one who spends much time out of doors. Always apply **Murine** immediately after prolonged exposure to sun, wind and dust to end that heavy, burning feeling and to prevent a bloodshot condition. Formula of a veteran eye specialist, this soothing, cooling lotion is used regularly by millions for the quick relief of eye irritation and strain. At all drug and dept. stores.

*Genevieve Tobin

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Cream or Powder
HAIR REMOVER
THE FORMULA OF DOCTOR XAVIER BAZIN PARIS

Too Fat? Too Thin?

Continued from page 15

food and more exercise must be taken and this programme must be strictly followed.

Underweight

UNDERWEIGHT may be a normal condition. Frequently it is an accompaniment of physical deficiency. There is an army of thin, anaemic and underweight people who apparently have nothing organically wrong with them. But underweight men and women are often the slaves of disordered "nerves." They are the restless, active and overconscientious individuals who work excessively and beyond their strength, who worry and who look on the gloomy side of life. They are pessimists, obsessed with fears for their health, of failure in business, and of disaster to their family or friends. Most of them have indigestion and are constantly in fear that their food will disagree with them. Suggestion that this and that food will not disagree is often useful in such cases and the success of the physicians who understand human nature is sometimes to be attributed to their capabilities in treatment of such cases.

Underweights of the kind just referred to require better nutrition, good digestion and rest, with re-education of their minds in wholesome avenues of thought.

Underweight ordinarily is an asset. The lean person is an economical type in respect to food assimilation. The only serious disadvantage to such a person is his greater liability to tuberculosis, bronchitis and pneumonia. Extreme cases of underweight are sometimes found associated with the severe forms of goitre. Other things being

equal, the light weight makes for a longer life. All he needs to do is to maintain his weight as near the normal as possible. This he may do by care in diet and the use of the scales.

Under the age of thirty it is a little safer to be overweight than underweight. After middle life it is safer to be a little under than overweight.

The condition is largely an individual problem. It is fortunate that few of the measures designed for the protection of underweight persons can do any harm. Most of them do a lot of good.

How to Gain Weight

IN ORDER to gain weight it is necessary to eat and assimilate more food than is required for energy and work, and such food must contain more fat. Fat itself is essential, but starches and sugars readily converted into fat by the tissues serve the same purpose as fatty food itself. Protein foods, so necessary for growth and development in the child are not easily converted into fat, though this to a certain extent can take place. The conditions for the increase of fat are generally the reverse of those needed in reducing weight.

To increase weight it is neither necessary nor desirable to overload the body with as much fatty food as possible. The basis of the diet should be a supply of food which will adequately provide for the maintenance and repair of the daily wear and tear of tissues and for the support of the normal action of the organs of the body. The diet must be

Continued on page 40

The following tables, prepared by Mr. Wood of Columbia University, show the proper weights for men and women. You who are inclined to overweight or underweight would do well to cut out these tables and paste them where they can be seen every day.

Weight and Height for Women at Different Ages

Height	19	20	21-22	23-24	25-29	30-34	35-39	40-44	45-49	50-54
4'10"	98	102	106	110	113	116	119	122	126	129
4'11"	103	107	109	112	115	118	121	125	128	131
5'	109	112	113	115	117	120	123	127	130	133
5' 1"	113	115	116	118	119	122	125	129	132	135
5' 2"	116	118	119	120	121	124	127	132	135	138
5' 3"	120	121	122	123	124	127	130	135	138	141
5' 4"	123	124	125	126	128	131	134	138	141	144
5' 5"	126	127	128	129	131	134	138	142	145	148
5' 6"	129	130	131	133	135	138	142	146	149	152
5' 7"	131	133	135	137	139	142	146	150	153	156
5' 8"	135	137	139	141	143	146	150	154	157	161
5' 9"	138	140	142	145	147	150	154	158	161	165
5' 10"	141	143	145	148	151	154	157	161	164	169
5' 11"	145	147	149	151	154	157	160	164	168	173
6'	150	152	154	156	158	161	163	167	171	176

In ascertaining height, measure in shoes; stand erect, and press measuring rod down against scalp. Weigh yourself in indoor clothing and shoes. If shoes have low heels, subtract one inch for height. If heels are high, subtract two inches.

Weight and Height for Men at Different Ages

Height	19	20	21-22	23-24	25-29	30-34	35-39	40-44	45-49	50-54	55-59
5'	107	110	114	118	122	126	128	131	133	134	135
5' 1"	112	115	118	121	124	128	130	133	135	136	137
5' 2"	117	120	122	124	126	130	132	135	137	138	139
5' 3"	121	124	126	128	129	133	135	138	140	141	142
5' 4"	124	127	129	131	133	136	138	141	143	144	145
5' 5"	128	130	132	134	137	140	142	145	147	148	149
5' 6"	132	133	136	138	141	144	146	149	151	152	153
5' 7"	136	137	140	142	145	148	150	153	155	156	158
5' 8"	140	141	143	146	149	152	155	158	160	161	163
5' 9"	144	145	147	150	153	156	160	163	165	166	168
5' 10"	148	149	151	154	157	161	165	168	170	171	173
5' 11"	153	154	156	159	162	166	170	174	176	177	178
6'	158	160	162	165	167	172	176	180	182	183	184
6' 1"	163	165	167	170	173	178	182	186	188	190	191
6' 2"	168	170	173	176	179	184	189	193	195	197	198
6' 3"	173	175	178	181	184	190	195	200	202	204	205
6' 4"	178	180	183	186	189	196	201	206	209	211	212
6' 5"	183	185	188	191	194	201	207	212	215	217	219

In ascertaining height, measure in shoes, stand erect, and press measuring rod down against scalp. Weigh yourself in indoor clothing and shoes. Subtract one inch for height, if measured in shoes.



Beautiful Shoulders

soft, velvety to the touch and with an alluring, fascinating appearance that will not streak, spot, rub off or show the effects of perspiration.

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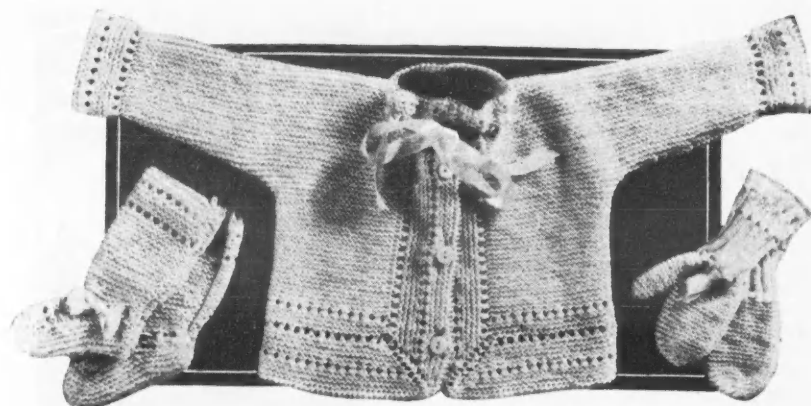
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121 Beauty Dept., send free booklet. Tells why you have freckles—how to remove them.

Miss, Mr.,
or Mrs.

Address:



Here are instructions for knitting the booties, mittens and bonnet of this suit. Last month directions were given for knitting the jacket. Copies of these instructions will be sent to any readers who request them.

FOR THE WEE BABY

A four-piece Knitted Suit

by ELSIE GALLOWAY

THE mittens may be made of fingering yarn and No. 10 celluloid needles should be used.

Cast on 40 stitches and knit 2, pearl 2 for 5 rows. Then join on the pink wool and make a row of holes on the right side by knitting the first 2 stitches, then overknit 2 together 19 times, knit 2, pearl 2 with the pink for 7 rows and break off.

With white knit 2 stitches, then overknit 2 together 19 times, knit 2, pearl 2 for 16 rows, then there will be 30 rows altogether making the wrist.

Now make another row of holes same as before, then knit 3 rows plain, making 34 rows.

35th row—Knit 18 sts, increase by knitting first the front loop and then the back loop of 19th st, k 2 sts, increase again, k 18 sts.

36th and 37th rows—Knit plain.

38th row—Knit 18 sts, increase on 19th st, k 4, increase on next st, k 18 sts.

39th row and 40th row—Knit plain.

41st row—Knit 18 sts, increase, k 6 sts, increase, k 18 sts.

42nd and 43rd rows—Knit plain.

44th row—Knit 18 sts, increase, k 8 sts, increase, k 18 sts.

45th and 46th rows—Knit plain.

47th row—Knit 18 sts, increase, k 10 sts, increase, k 18 sts.

48th and 49th rows—Knit plain.

50th row—Knit 18 sts, increase, k 12 sts, k next st without increasing, k 18 sts. There will be 51 sts on needle.

51st row—Knit plain.

52nd row—Knit 18 sts, then k back and forth on next 15 sts for 15 rows to make the thumb. Then to shape the top on the 16th row k 1 st—k 2 together—seven times.

17th row—Knit 2 together four times.

18th row—Knit 2 together twice. Then with a coarse steel crochet hook draw the first st through the second st and crochet the two sides of thumb together, taking up 1 st on each ridge. At the bottom slip the st back on to the first needle and knit the 18 sts from the second needle. There will be 37 sts on the needle.

Now complete the hand by knitting plain

till there are 40 rows or 20 ridges from the wrist. Then shape the top as follows:

41st row—Knit together every sixth and seventh st.

42nd row—Knit plain.

43rd row—Knit together every fifth and sixth st.

44th row—Knit plain.

45th row—Knit together every fourth and fifth st.

46th row—Knit plain.

47th row—Knit together every third and fourth st.

48th row—Knit plain.

49th row—Knit together every second and third st.

50th row—Knit plain.

51st row—Knit 2 sts together all across. Take the 6 sts off on the crochet hook and draw wool through all together and make 1 st to hold them tight. Then crochet sides together.

Finish edge with silkine to match jacket and run ribbon through the holes where wrist joins hand and finish with a tiny bow.

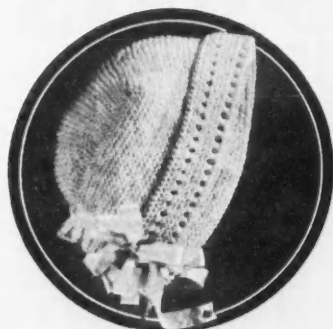
Thumbless mittens may be made in the same way except no increase is made for thumb, but 11 ridges are knit plain after wrist and row of holes are made; then decrease 1 st at each end of needle on each of next two ridges, leaving 36 sts. Knit plain till there are 20 ridges from wrist. Shape top same as in mittens with thumb and sew or crochet sides together.

The Bonnet

THIS little bonnet is not at all difficult to knit, and the shaping of the crown fits it very nicely to baby's head. A little more than one ball of white fingering yarn will be required, but two balls will make the bonnet and booties and one ball of pink will be sufficient for bonnet, jacket, booties and mittens. The set requires six balls of white, one spool of silk for the edging and four and one-half yards of ribbon.

Begin at lower edge of crown by casting on 10 sts. Knit 2 ridges, then widen by making 2 sts out of third st from each end on first row of each of next six ridges. That is, when knitting third st, instead of slipping it off the needle knit another stitch through the back loop, then slip knitted st off and proceed as usual.

Widen in same way on every other ridge 5 times and there will then be 32 stitches on the needle. Knit 12 ridges without widening and break off wool. Starting at lower edge at the right take up 1 st on each ridge along side (29 sts) and make an extra st before knitting across crown, also make another st before picking up sts on other side. There will be 92 sts altogether. Knit back plain, widening at same place each side of crown, making 94 sts. Knit 26 ridges, then k 2,



This little bonnet is very simple to make.



Kotex stays comfortable and it is treated to deodorize



Warmer days . . . vacation plans . . . make Kotex more than ever necessary

IN vacation-time, daintiness and comfort are more and more important . . . particularly in sanitary protection. You must feel immaculate, at ease, all of the time. That's why it is wise to specify Kotex.

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Kotex, for one thing, is treated to deodorize . . . a real necessity on warmer days. It is cool and delicate. Its filler is laid in many filmy, air-cooled layers. These layers of Cellulocotton—not cotton—absorbent wadding act as quick, complete absorbents in themselves. And not only that—but they serve to carry moisture swiftly away from one area, leaving the protective surface delicate and comfortable for hours.

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Kotex may be worn on either side with equal protection. There's no likelihood of embarrassment or discomfort from

INCONSPICUOUS . . .

1. *Kotex is inconspicuous*, even when you wear your closest fitting gown.
2. *The Kotex filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.
3. *Kotex is soft* . . . Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
4. *Kotex is worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
5. *Disposable* . . . instantly, completely.

wrong adjustment. You can remove layers to meet changing needs. Our leading hospitals use great quantities of Kotex and the delicate absorbent of which it is made. They buy enough annually for millions of pads. What a rare tribute to its hygienic safety, its efficiency!

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The New Sanitary Pad treated to deodorize

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You may send 3 Samples of Kotex and book, "Preparing for Womanhood," in plain envelope.

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Explaining to women at New York research clinic why doctors prefer liquids for thorough cleansing. Diagram shows 2 pores, the first clogged with dirt untouched by greasy cleanser, the second, to which doctor points, has all dirt removed by liquid cleansing, preventing blackheads and blemishes.

DO DOCTORS SCORN BEAUTY METHODS?

Surely medical men, more than anyone else, know what is good for the skin. Yet did you ever see a statement from a doctor of standing in favor of so-called beauty methods? Why this silence? . . . Read below how new pore-deep method satisfied medical standards and won scientific approval—result of 789 examinations by leading New York skin specialist.

HERE, IN A WORD, is a scientific man's viewpoint about old-style beauty treatments: "The old way of using grease without other methods of cleansing was unsound. Women themselves were disappointed, perplexed, because skin defects persisted in spite of faithful use of this beauty method."

"Grease alone does not clean skin. This is the criticism scientists make of beauty methods depending on grease to cleanse."

Doctor examines women

A new and medically-sound beauty treatment has been found. 789 clinical examinations recently made by a great New York skin specialist showed that faults of old-style greasy treatments are entirely corrected by new pore-deep liquid method.

Here's what new pore-deep treatment is:

Gives new-style treatment

1—Apply Ambrosia pore-deep liquid cleanser. Washes away all dirt. Acts as antiseptic tonic. Does not push dirt into pores as grease sometimes did. Thus prevents blackheads and blemishes.

2—Apply Ambrosia Cream as softener. Clean pores absorb this new-type softening cream which is essentially the same as natural oil of a healthy skin. Makes dry skin smooth, wards away wrinkles.

3—For large pores, blemishes, oiliness, finish with Ambrosia Tightener. This aromatic purple astringent, perfected according to a skin specialist's directions, constricts large pores, tones skin, lessens oiliness, improves muddy complexions.

Results

Clinical records show these results from use of this treatment: (a) pores noticeably finer, (b) blackheads checked and prevented, (c) skin color and tone quickly improved, (d) skin healthier and firmer.

These are results you can count on. See them in your skin soon. Begin to use Ambrosia products today!

Send 10¢ for 100-page beauty book

Gives full story of N. Y. Doctor's amazing beauty tests. Complete with dramatic skin pictures and full directions for treatment of skin problems. Send 10¢ to Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. 47, 114 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; 69 York St., Toronto, Can. Copr. 1931, Hinze Ambrosia, Inc.

Ambrosia acts as antiseptic, prevents surface infections, blemishes, blackheads.

Made of a blend essentially the same as natural oil, Ambrosia Cream replenishes skin oil, making dry skin smooth.

Don't let dirt coarsen skin. Ambrosia cleans, Tightener closes large pores.

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AMBRÓSIA CREAM
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AMBRÓSIA TIGHTENER
\$1.00 • \$1.50 • \$2.50

MADE IN CANADA BY CANADIANS

dress. It is instantly effective and lasts from one to three days. There are mild deodorant powders, too, that can be used during the day to be sure of keeping immaculate. A deodorizing mouth wash is equally important. Get into the habit of using one, night and morning.

The woman who suffers from excessively perspiring hands and feet is terribly handicapped by what is apt to become a permanent sense of discomfort. She will need to concentrate on combatting this condition, but freedom from embarrassment is well worth a little care. A good home-made lotion for the hands is: Two drachms of tannic acid, one ounce of glycerine, two ounces of toilet alcohol, three ounces of rose water. Apply it night and morning to the palms of your hands and between the fingers.

For excessively perspiring feet, alternate hot and cold foot baths each night are very beneficial. Soak the feet for two or three minutes in hot water, and then for a few seconds in ice-cold water. Repeat the process half a dozen to a dozen times. Dry the feet and dust with a mixture of three parts salicylic acid, ten parts powdered starch and eighty-seven parts powdered talcum.

When your feet are hot and tired, whether you suffer from excessive perspiration or not, there is nothing like a foot bath to invigorate not only your feet, but your entire person. A hot bath will draw out the soreness and a cold one will harden the feet and refresh. A handful of salt in a basin of cold water is a splendid foot pick-me-up.

SHORT-SLEEVED frocks and bathing suits uncover arms and legs that are not always so charming as they should be. But you really can't expect them to be smooth and white when you have given them little or no care during the winter months. There will be roughnesses to smooth, perhaps goose-flesh and hair to banish. When you bathe at night, scrub your shoulders, upper arms and elbows with soap and a brush. Then pat on a good softening cream or hand lotion. Warm olive oil is splendid, too, but you will have to sacrifice your vanity for a time and wear a long-sleeved nightie if you would protect the bedclothes. Follow the

same treatment for your legs if they are "goosey," too. As a matter of fact, it is a good idea to make a point of rubbing your hand lotion on your legs each night if you want to keep the poor neglected things as soft and smooth as your arms.

You might like to use one of the many excellent depilatories to remove the hair from your legs, but in many cases a bleach is sufficient. Sponge the arms and legs with a solution of lemon juice, peroxide and aqua ammonia in equal parts, two or three times a week. Then pat on a gentle lotion. This will bleach the hairs as fair as can be, and will gradually weaken them, too.

One last word of advice. Protect your skin this summer! Don't expose it to the sun and wind and water, and expect it to be in good condition just because you are leading a healthy life. Baths and deodorants may keep us dainty, but we've got to look the part, too, before we can really feel "as cool as a cucumber." Remember to use a mild skin tonic and a good cream base for your powder. In the glare of the sunlight, powder rouge is apt to stand out from the complexion. A cream or liquid rouge is best. If you are following the sun cult, don't get "done to a turn the first day; there's no virtue in it. Prepare gradually by toasting for short periods at first, then longer as your skin becomes accustomed to the sun's rays. Olive oil or cocoa butter, followed by fuller's earth—strange ingredients for make-up—will lay a perfect foundation for your tan on arms, back and legs. The fuller's earth should be rubbed in gently with the fingertips. It will take away that greasy appearance left by the oil, and will help you to tan evenly. Take special care of the skin at night. Be sure to pat a little good nourishing cream around the eyes, for the strong glare of the sun is hard on the delicate skin, and you don't want to say good-by to summer two months hence with squint lines finely etched around your eyes!

Are You Beauty Wise?

Is your hair lustrous, your skin clear? Are your hands well kept? Are you, in fact, well groomed? Annabelle Lee will give personal replies to any readers desiring help with their own beauty problems.



Too Fat? Too Thin?

Continued from page 38

properly balanced. Excess of fat may lessen appetite and seriously interfere with a satisfactory addition of weight.

While complete rest is needed in persons who are much reduced in flesh, the average case needs additional rest and relaxation only.

In certain cases, infection of tonsils or teeth, or of gall bladder or appendix are at the bottom of loss of weight. The judgment of physician or dentist is needed in such cases. Underweight may be the only visible sign of tuberculosis or other disease, and where anything of the kind is suspected, careful physical examination is essential.

The meals of the underweight must be regular. The habit of "piecing" between meals is neither conducive to good appetite nor satisfactory bodily health. Early to bed, rising at regular hours and regular

meals are helpful auxiliaries to increase of weight.

The food of the underweight should be planned to include salads and leafy vegetables. The menus should provide 3,000 to 5,000 calories in place of the ordinary 2,400. One requires to digest and assimilate about one-third more than the daily needs. The excess, with sufficient rest, will accumulate as fat. As in the case of the overweight, one's guide is the scale. The person may weigh himself every day or every week. In addition to the large ordinary meal the use of a raw egg beaten up in a glass of whole milk with a spoonful of sugar is an excellent aid to the fattening process.

In a general way it may be said that the foods forbidden to overweight persons are the very ones which the slim person should use.

"I'm sorry—" His voice was distant as if he had gone away, yet he was still beside her, nonchalant, drooping lover of ladies.

"Why sorry—because you kissed me?"

"I wonder if I can tell you that? You have the right to know. Perhaps you'll detest me after you've heard—"

She struggled valiantly to hold the pose she had claimed for her own. She wouldn't let down now. Give him back the smart cheap line he had liked ten minutes ago . . .

"I'd love to hear the truth—for once—on a dark verandah," she said and lifted her chin, and the dim petal of her cheek was close to his lips again—if he wanted it!

But he didn't.

"Something about you set me thinking of a girl I once knew," he said, dully. "Her face is dim in my memory as yours is dim in the dark, but it wasn't her face I cared about . . ." He stopped, mused in the complexities of the fancy that danced like a Will-o'-the-wisp in his mind. He began again, desperately, like a man with two minutes to make a life-and-death confession.

"There may not have been a girl at all—not one, you know. It's what she stood for—that girl I thought I had found in you for just a second. Of course she couldn't have been you!" He laughed at the absurdity of that. "She wouldn't belong here—"

"What did you want of her?" Elinor's voice was extinguished but he heard.

"I wanted—my beginning—again. I wanted the chance to love somebody—one girl, not a dozen—and she could give it back if I could find her."

"But you said there wasn't a girl—" She knew that he was looking at her suddenly, searchingly in the dark, but she need not hide her face from him! That girl he wanted to remember would never have given him cheap, smart answers, or let an unknown man kiss her in the dark!

The moment was over. He shook his head slowly.

"It won't be my luck. I'll never find her."

She nearly laughed and nearly sobbed; men were such dear dumb creatures. But her heart was leaping to a song of its own. For there had been a girl and that girl was Elinor, and all this time he had been holding her in his heart and didn't know! He had mixed and jumbled that precious memory with a hundred others and somehow lost her, almost past finding. If she was to live again she must find herself for him. It was all confusing and a little mad, but she held close to the fact and let the fancy sway between them like a wisp of smoke from his cigarette.

Voices and runaway footsteps drifted along the verandah and someone was calling Hal Austin—a sweet, imperative young voice that would not be denied.

"I'm coming back," he whispered. "You'll wait here, won't you?"

Would she wait? The tum-tum-tum of the orchestra would not let her heart alone. The music was very close; it came from an angle of the wall where a window opened, and through this square of yellow light she could see the leader waving his bold baton. They were hidden there, a small victorious band whose business was to play Pied Piper to mad young feet. After a moment she walked to the window and spoke to the man who had exchanged his baton for a handkerchief.

WOULD he forget to come back?

Through a wide window she could see the gay room and the swaying shoulders of people moving back and forth. Now and then a silvery laugh. The faint, faint whisper of a violin tuned to a cry like pain.

Would he remember? Would he forget?

She knew what was happening; the older women moving on to their card tables; Aunt Georgie looking about for her—annoyed. She ought to take her place wearing a three-year-old frock in the battle of spades and no trumps while pink chiffon girls blinded his eyes with their young fingertips. Her feet moved slowly with the feet of the older women. One step and she would be among them—that delicate, fragile wisp of memory

gone. And then, as she stirred in her chair, the whimpering breath of the violins crept into the warm darkness with the tag end of an old melody.

In the ballroom the very young paused, uncertain whether this would be a good number to sit out, but two or three couples, all married a few years, unable to resist a dip into the sentimental past, began to move along the floor in a shamefaced way.

He came idling up from the garden with three or four others. Elinor had a glimpse of his profile clear cut against a patch of yellow light. Her heart beat once, then stopped, for he was going on. He had forgotten.

"How do you get that step? It's dreadfully slow," complained the little blonde beside him.

The orchestra in the swing of it now, had begun to sing. Their voices muted and sweet, came pouring out with the sobs of the cellos.

*I love you in the same old way
I love you, I love you . . .
Three words that are divine
And now, my dear, I'm waiting to hear
The words that make you mine.*

Incredibly silly and sweet and with a call as irresistible as the tide that travels its long way to the shore.

"Our dance?"

He was standing before her with his arms open and the others were gone inside, and then she was close to him and the shabby frock and tarnished shoes were the garb that happy angels come down to earth may wear for an hour.

The music harped on its endless refrain, "I love you, I love you," and Hal Austin whispered, "I've found you, I've found you . . ."

She wanted to laugh more than she had wanted to cry but that wouldn't be wise. Let him believe that he had found her himself.

"Little Elinor! Night of miracles! Why didn't you let me know in the beginning? Had you forgotten?"

"Just for a little," she lied.

"I knew we would meet again soon," he said to her shadowy outline. "Don't let me lose you again, Elinor," and she promised that she would not.

"I can't understand it," he puzzled. "Why didn't we know each other from the first? But oh, Elinor, please don't lose me again! I want to keep you. You are a part of something I thought I had lost forever. You are the one woman who has never changed. You—you—bring back everything, like a basket of roses."

And because she was determined not to lose him again, they danced and the haunting old tune took them to its heart. The fluttering debs, abandoned, wondered who was the girl in the shabby yellow frock. She had come out of nowhere like that funny old song. The debs were disturbed, not knowing they had lost their perpetual lover but perhaps feeling it.

"Tuesday night? Dinner and a show?"

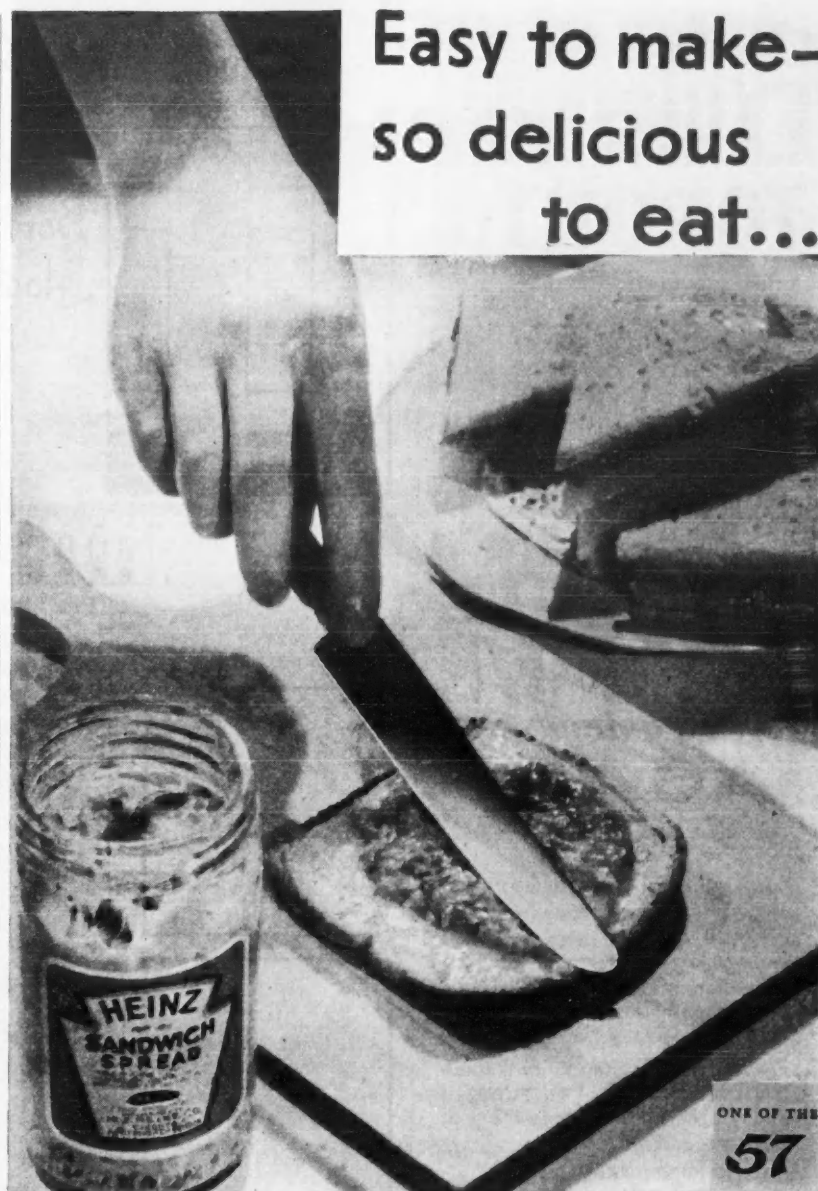
That was coming down to earth, but he was terribly anxious to see her again because she held that priceless possession, the gift of his youth.

Elinor yawned. In the mirror she saw a flushed girl with happy eyes who had to take the five o'clock train to town and didn't care. She could snatch a little sleep if the cushions were not too hard. Lazily she took up her bag and grovelled in it. Perhaps she had overlooked something, the price of a lounge chair. But no, there was only a little silver, stray nickels and dimes.

No matter. She smiled, flicking off the night light. Ten dollars was not too much to tip an orchestra to play an old dance tune. There had been a parlous moment when they could not remember the music, but it had turned out all right and she could almost smell orange blossoms in the steady ocean breeze lifting the curtains.

The End

Easy to make—
so delicious
to eat...



Sandwiches are never so delightful as when they are made with Heinz Sandwich Relish or Spread. This delicious mixture . . . Heinz rich mayonnaise and a chopped assortment of Heinz Sweet Pickles and Heinz Olives . . . has just the right flavour to make it an appetizing filler for sandwiches . . . a perfect sauce for cold meats and fish . . . a choice stuffing for tomatoes, eggs, and celery. Try Heinz Sandwich Relish or Spread today . . . for lunch, tea, a picnic, or a bite between meals. A particularly attractive bridge or party sandwich is made this way:

TEA SANDWICH

Use bread a day old so that it may be sliced very thin. Remove all crusts. Spread with butter and then with Heinz Sandwich Relish.

For your salads try these two delightful salad dressings—Heinz Salad Cream and Heinz Mayonnaise. Both are delicious, creamy, good—made from Heinz Pure Olive Oil and Vinegar, the freshest of eggs, and choicest seasonings!

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Summer plays havoc with sensitive skin—

unless you protect it against redness and blistering. Use Campana's Italian Balm before and after exposure to sun, it will give you the tan without the burn. Even housework cannot harm your hands when Campana's is used regularly. Try it. Campana Corp'n Ltd., 36 Caledonia Rd., Toronto, Ont.

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(over, k 2 tog) 46 times, working on right side of work. Then on wrong side join the pink wool and knit 4 ridges, then holding wrong side toward you with white wool work a row of holes as before and 2 ridges. Bind off on right side of work. This makes the band to turn back across the front. Do not break wool but with a crochet hook sl st across end of band and pick up the stitches across the lower edge (62 sts) and k 2, p 2 for 8 rows. Bind off on the wrong side.

Finish the edge all around with silkine to match jacket, and trim with ribbon rosettes and ties, or a little strap of ribbon with a snap fastener to fasten at left side.

CAST on 37 sts and knit 2 ridges and 1 row of third ridge with white wool. Join the pink wool and working on wrong side make a row of holes by knitting 1 st, (over k 2 tog) 18 times. Knit 4 ridges and 1 row of fifth ridge, then on wrong side make row of holes with white wool and knit 10 ridges. Then decrease 1 st at each end of row (by knitting together the 2nd and 3rd sts from each end of needle) every 4th row,

3 times. Then knit plain till there are 18 ridges of white. Knit 1 row, then a row of holes on the wrong side. Knit 2 rows (1 ridge), then begin foot by knitting 20 sts. Turn and knit back and forth on last 9 sts for 3 ridges. Knit across the 9 sts on right side then join the pink wool and work a row of holes on wrong side and 4½ ridges. Then with the white wool work a row of holes and 3 ridges. Break wool and join again at beginning of this little front piece worked on 9 sts at the right hand side and pick up 12 sts along side, k the 9 sts and pick up 12 sts on other side. Make an extra st before knitting the 11 sts left on needle, also at other side when knitting back on next row, making 57 sts all together. Knit 4 ridges, then narrow 1 st at each end and 1 st in centre of 1st row of each of the next 3 ridges.

Bind off and sew up, or knit to middle of needle and laying the two needles together join with a crochet hook.

Finish edge with silk same as jacket, and run ribbon through holes at ankle and finish with a small bow.

Dinner Dance

Continued from page 5

chiffon in his inimitable way across the horizon of the dancing floor. It was the same girl who had baited him about love, and she was the prettiest girl in the room. She would be that, for his partner was always the prettiest girl. In Elinor's own summer four years ago she had been the prettiest.

He had come late, a member of the gayest party. He danced with his hostess and with one girl after another. Sometimes he was so near that Elinor could have touched his arm, and sometimes that same unseeing look passed her with the insult of his ignorance of her existence. The dinner dance was charming and a success, but one guest never wished to hear of it again. It was not a function for grubs. All over the big room, people, relaxed with dancing and intimate friendships, were talking to other people of this and that. Contract was in the air and odds on tomorrow's game, whatever it was. The girls cooed like pigeons and now and then one of them put out a claw and dragged in her prey. The music lifted and lifted one off his feet. It lifted Elinor from her place where she had become a fixture and set her out upon the dark verandah where the lights had been discreetly forgotten.

She could cry out there if she wanted to. As she was feeling for her hanky in her bag, a lighter flared at her very shoulder and she smelled cigarette smoke and heard somebody sigh in a long, lonesome way.

Her breath stopped with the shock of it and for a second she was dizzy thinking he had followed her, but that wasn't possible because plainly he didn't know she was there.

His profile was etched in black against the lights of the parkway. He was off guard and showed that he felt down in the mouth about something. Could it be that pretty dark girl had turned him off? But no, girls didn't turn anyone off in these manless times. Not Hal Austin, any time!

A thrill beginning at her very toes crept up to her brain and dared her to do what other girls did. In half a minute it might be too late. She took the dare.

"Why do you look so bored?"

"You will be bored, too, when you've gone to Saturday night dances a few years longer. Not that I'm bored now."

She ignored that, but it was nice to know that he mistook her for a debutante.

"I'll tell you a secret," she offered lightly. "I was bored, too, and that is why I came out here. But it is different with a popular young man."

"Now, is that nice of you?" He made his voice sound very plaintive and she saw with excitement that he was trying to see her face. He was puzzled and interested, too, and he was annoyed because he could not find her niche in his gallery of new faces.

"But you know you are a popular young man!"

"What a vile thought! I am no such thing. I am a ghost that must fox-trot through hundreds of lives and end up a sour old bachelor in a two-room apartment."

"Why must you? Why not be as young and—loverlike—as you look, and by and by become as other men—commuting to a colonial bungalow and taking the family out in the car on Sunday?"

He had no light answer ready and silence hung between them on a thread. Then he said broodingly:

"I should like that very thing, but it won't happen to me because I've got the bachelor habit. I am cursed with an eye for girls. I'm dated, and every year when I try to swear off they coax me with their young eyes and their silly laughter—Do you know what I was thinking before you spoke to me?"

"How could I know?"

"I was thinking of the composite girl made up of all the ones I have liked for a little while. I'd like to find her; she's the girl I could love, but how can I? They pass on, the little procession, and when I look back I find them married to stockbrokers and what not, and all of them have forgotten me except as a practice partner in the game. It isn't very flattering to know that all the time I've wasted on them is worth no more than that." He laughed ruefully and Elinor sat perfectly still, letting this amazing story sink into her bones.

Then suddenly she got her surprise. He kissed her swiftly on the mouth. She thought her heart had stopped beating for good, but it began again like a hammer, and then she was afraid he would hear it.

"Oh, oh!" she breathed, and he laughed again but this time on a note of triumph.

"I knew it! I've kissed you before! But where? When?"

Then her thrilling joy was gone and she struggled against a sob. Where was her triumph? She had made him kiss her but he had kissed so many girls that he could not remember them and his only clue was the readiness of her lips. By that he knew that he had kissed them before! Shame devoured her; she wanted nothing but to escape. She never wanted to see him again but she forced herself to say languidly.

"Do you catalogue the kissed and the unknissed? Please leave me out if you do. I hate crowds."

His shadow drew back. She could feel his mind groping in the spaces between them and then the slight chill shock of her own words against the warmth of his. Why had she said a—a—hardboiled thing like that? It did not belong to that far-off hour of theirs.



And Now He's His Mother's Pride and Joy

"SHE'LL never raise him!" whispered the neighbors behind their hands—and indeed it looked like it, for Baby Jim was a tiny mite and didn't thrive on his bottle.

Then his Mother tried Eagle Brand, and to everyone's astonishment Baby Jim ceased fretting and began to gain steadily. Grandfather now lays claim to his wonderful disposition—but his mother smiles quietly and remembers Eagle Brand.

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51

PARIS PATE

Sandwich RECIPES

PIN WHEELS: Remove crust from sandwich loaf. Slice lengthwise. Lay bread on damp napkin, cover generously with Paris Pate. Place row of pimento stuffed olives across one end of slice. Roll firmly. Slice when ready to use.

The Sandwich Delicacy for all occasions.

Aunt Lavinia's Crowning Glory

Continued from page 14

before Lavinia could recover and slay her sister-under-the-skin who also had deceived mankind by wearing rats.

THE year Isabel was nineteen was the year of one of our family reunions. We have one every four years. All the out-of-town Abernethys come and visit for a few days with those of us who live here, but the reunion proper is a picnic in the afternoon, followed by an old-time dance held in the huge living room of Lavinia's house—the biggest house in town, even though only she and Isabel and I live there.

There is a tradition about that dance, and an Abernethy tradition is an Abernethy law. If one of the Abernethy girls invites an outside young man, or one of the Abernethy boys an outside girl, it is equivalent to announcing the engagement. Naturally, before every reunion, we're all very anxious to see whom the new crop of young folks will bring along.

This year Isabel was the only unattached young person of an age suitable to provide us with romance to gossip over. Lavinia, however, scoffed at the idea and said that Isabel was still a child. "Don't you go putting any such nonsense into her head!" she warned me.

She and I were sitting in the kitchen, making plans for the picnic and the dance while Isabel was away at Young People's Meeting. Lavinia had just written out a list of all those who were coming and she was jubilant. The names of doctors, lawyers, professors, were there—Abernethys all!

"And," said Lavinia, giving her head a toss so that the red curls bobbed triumphantly, "I'm going to put Alexander down! He might turn up—he always did like to surprise folks." She had been saying that every time we'd had a reunion since Alexander left for parts unknown.

"If he did come we'd hardly know him," I said.

"I'd know an Abernethy anywhere, especially Alexander," declared Lavinia.

I said I guessed she would, and turned the kitchen clock on the cupboard around, pretending to look for a pencil. Really I was moving it so Lavinia's eye wouldn't happen to light on the time. Eleven o'clock and Isabel not home yet! Young People's Meeting was always over at ten and Mr. Johnston always marched Isabel home as promptly as his asthma would permit.

When Isabel did come in a few minutes later I knew at once that it wasn't Mr. Johnston to whom she had just said good-night. No middle-aged young person had caused that starry happiness in her eyes!

Lavinia noticed her only casually. "Well," she said, "did Mr. Johnston say how his Annie's cold was getting on?"

"No—yes—I guess it's all right. I wasn't talking to him. Aunt Lavinia, are you planning that dance, for the reunion, you know?"

"It's planned," Lavinia replied briskly.

Isabel moved forward and slid into a chair opposite us. She swallowed hard. Then, "Aunt Lavinia, you know I'm grown up now. I'm nineteen!"

"Indeed!" said Lavinia.

"And I want to—I'd like to—" Isabel paused, then it came out in a breathless little rush, "I want to ask somebody to the dance!"

"You! Ask somebody to the dance! Just whom may I ask?"

"Johnny Riley," said Isabel.

There was a moment of horrified silence. Then Lavinia fairly screamed, "Isabel Abernethy! That—that—where have you been seeing that impudent young gutter-snipe?"

"Aunt Lavinia!" wailed Isabel.

"Where have you been seeing him?"

"He comes to Young People's now and he—"

"Then you're through with Young People's! The young upstart to dare—to dare—" Lavinia choked. I hoped Isabel would talk back to her, but fond as I am of

Isabel I have to admit she hasn't much fight in her. All she did was sit there and say "Oh, Aunt Lavinia!" over and over again while her lovely eyes clouded with tears and her soft red lips grew tremulous.

"His father was a drunkard, a good-for-nothing—"

"But Johnny isn't!"

"Give him time!" prophesied Lavinia grimly. "Isabel, I'm ashamed of you! You're never to see him again! Never! Do you understand?"

But Isabel was too tearful to reply.

HOWEVER, she did contrive to see him again several times during the next few days, although I suspect it was Johnny's contriving.

Once Lavinia came home from an errand and found Johnny with Isabel in the parlor. They were looking at Alexander's picture and Johnny was saying, "Well, cousin Al has the Abernethy nose all right."

I expected Lavinia to storm the rest of the day. But she said nothing for almost an hour after she had ordered Johnny out of the house. Then she began to reason with Isabel, to remind her of all she owed her aunt, to say she really couldn't marry without her guardian's consent until she was twenty-one. Then, if she still thought she wanted Johnny, she could have him. In the intervening two years she and Aunt Lavinia would take a trip to Europe—yes, Aunt Lavinia was willing to give her a trip to Europe! Think of that!

Isabel said that if Aunt Lavinia insisted she'd go. But it wouldn't do any good. The minute she was twenty-one she'd come right home and marry Johnny.

"All right, dear, all right," soothed Lavinia. "We'll see."

I knew what we'd see. Once Lavinia got Isabel away from Johnny she'd dominate her completely again. She'd have her married off to some duke or count or honorable before two years were up. Isabel was a darling but she simply didn't have the backbone to be one of the world's great lovers.

Johnny knew it, too. Isabel confided to me that he was horrified at the idea of her going to Europe. "He says I'll marry somebody else and forget him. But I won't—never, never, never!" declared she, repeating her own words as if to convince herself.

Then, for awhile, I didn't have much time to think about Isabel's affair. All of a sudden the Abernethy clan began to descend on us. Mrs. (Reverend) Witherspoon, née Abernethy, and her three irreverent youngsters came in on the morning train on Wednesday; the afternoon train brought Uncle Weldon Abernethy and his fiddle and his two sons and their wives, and Victoria Abernethy Dalton, more short-sighted than ever and more vehemently declaring she didn't need glasses. After that they came so fast I didn't know who arrived when. Ed Bayne, the editor of our newspaper, worked overtime getting them all written up for Saturday's social column. By Friday morning they were all in town—thirty-two of them. But Alexander had not arrived.

Lavinia never seemed to give up hoping he would come, not even when the reunion was actually under way and the clan was gathered in the grove just outside of town where we always hold our picnic; not even when the picnic itself was almost over and we were all sitting around finishing the picnic supper. She had been talking about him all afternoon. "Alexander always did like to surprise people," she said.

Just then, Victoria, who was sitting across from Lavinia, and who had been drinking lemonade with salt in it, as she was not willing to admit she couldn't see well enough to distinguish the sugar from the salt shaker, gave a little shriek, as she peered toward the clump of bushes behind Lavinia and Isabel and me.

"Why, that's never Alexander now!" she shrieked. "Well, of all the—"

Lavinia caught her breath and looked up.

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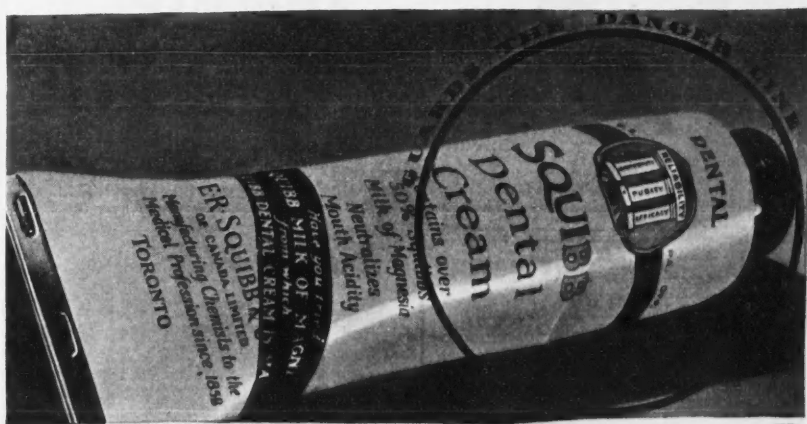
95% of the answers stated that germ acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation;

95% agreed that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth and gums meet;

85% stated that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.

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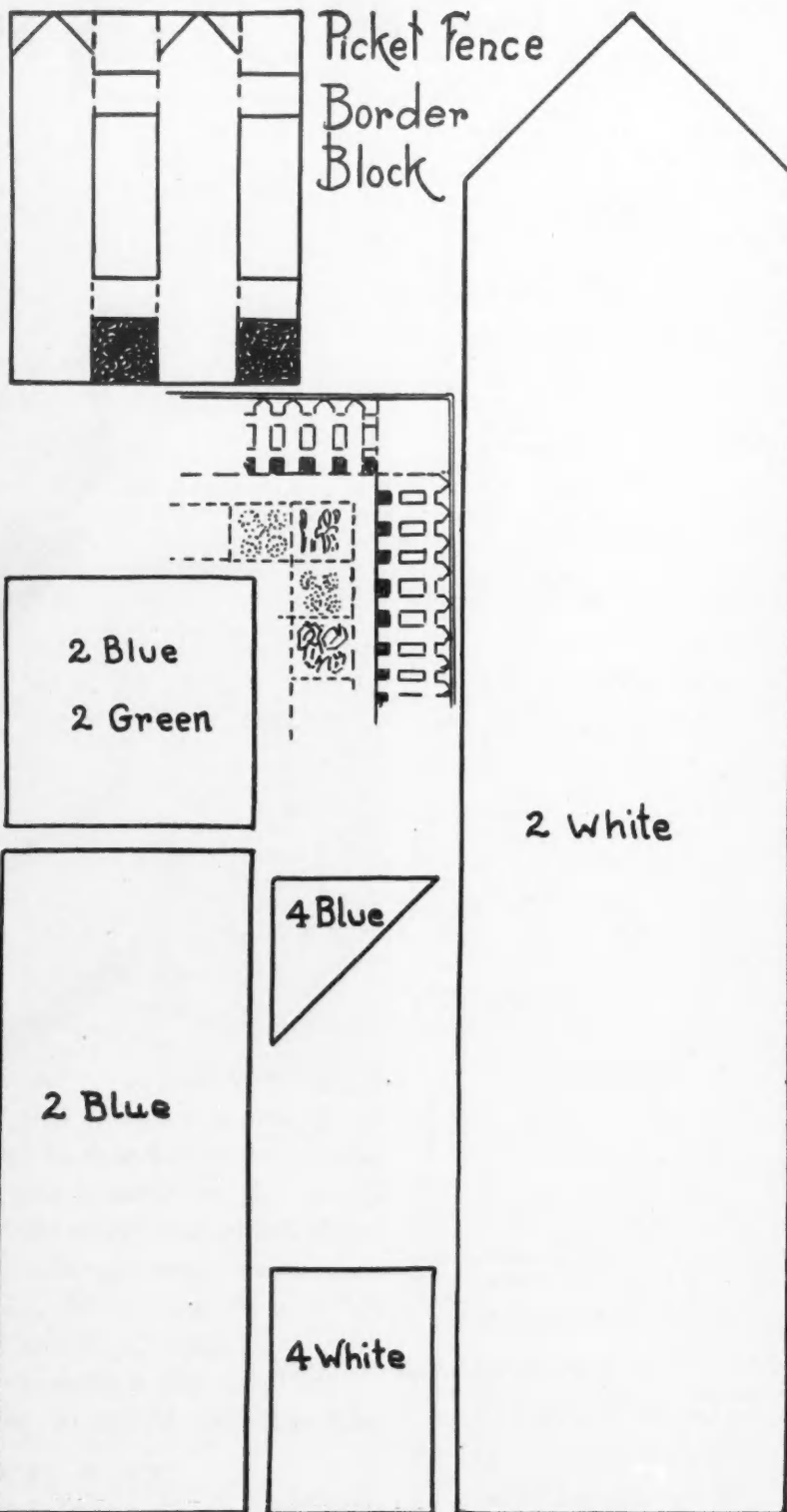
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The Flower-Garden Quilt



THE PICKET FENCE BORDER

A PATCHWORK fence to put around the flower garden is really not so hard to piece and adds much distinction to the assembled flowers. Seams must be allowed outside of the patterns here given to complete the block seven inches wide and nine inches long, which it must be to match exactly all of the flower and plain squares. If you are making the quilt for a single bed, insert a strip of material, seven inches deep, at the top and bottom of the quilt, between the picket fence and the flower blocks. This could be either the color of the block material or green to give the effect of a grass walk. If you are making the quilt for a double bed, carry the "walk" all around the quilt instead of just at the top and bottom. You may see how it will look from the small corner-sketch.

If you have been working the flower

blocks on cream or écu color material a very effective color scheme for the picket fence border is white for the pickets; blue for the gaps in between the pickets, which represent the sky; green for the grass at the bottom of the pickets, and green or écu, for the "path" in between the fence and the flowers.

There are nine more blocks to be published in the Flower Garden Quilt, to complete the twenty-five blocks. Readers who wish to have some of the blocks published previously, can secure them from Editorial Department, *The Chatelaine*, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, in two sets—the first eight flower blocks and the alternating quilt block, with instructions; and the second eight flower blocks and the picket fence border, with instructions—ten cents for either set or both sets, as required.



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There was a moment's silence. I peeked again. They were measuring each other with their eyes. Then, "Come in!" said Lavinia.

Before the party broke up I thought I'd better go out and shove the couch back so they wouldn't know I'd been there. And who should be sitting on the back steps but that tramp? I went up to him. "So you're not locked up?"

He glanced around. A slow smile spread over his face. "Don't tell anybody you saw me here—I shouldn't have come back but, I wanted to give a message to young Riley. You won't tell anyone you saw me?"

"No," I promised hesitatingly.

"Except young Riley, of course. That lad has brains—even if he did mistake me for a tramp."

"But aren't you a tramp?"

He grinned engagingly. "Well, no, not what you'd call a regulation tramp." Here he sighed wistfully as if he were actually regretting not being a tramp. "I was coming in on this morning's train and when it stopped at the next town—about twelve miles down the line, isn't it—I got off to poke round for a few minutes. I got too far away from the station and the train went off without me. Well, it was a nice day and

I wanted to get going—maybe I am a tramp, after all—so I walked. The roads were pretty dusty and I got hot and took off my collar and rolled my shirt down. And I hadn't shaved yet, so when I landed here and the first place I hit was young Riley's store, I went in to ask for a drink. I guess it was no wonder he took me for a tramp. I didn't put him right—thought it was a joke to let him think I was a bum. Then he noticed my nose. Said it was an Abernethy nose and if I wanted work he'd give me a little job of acting. I guess you know the rest."

The moonlight threw his profile into sharp relief. "You do look like cousin Alexander!", I said.

His grin broadened. "About that message. I'm coming back to town in about two months for the kids' wedding and to see—well, Lavinia is a fine girl if she just had somebody to manage her. Tell young Riley to save that curl for me. A woman's hair is her crowning glory. Lavinia always did have a fine head of hair!"

"Lavinia always—"

"Always! You see, it's no wonder I look like Alexander Abernethy. That's who I am!"

The End.



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Linen Purse No. C8

Linen is quite the smartest thing in summer purses, and it is very easy to work on. The purse shown is stamped on closely-woven natural linen, ready to be made up. Any combination of initials will be supplied with any color thread desired. Size when finished about nine by five inches. Price, complete with lining, fasteners and colored thread to work—65 cents. Be sure to state initials and color desired for working, when ordering.

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This dainty afternoon purse comes stamped on heavy quality black silk moiré. The chanticleer struts in vivid colors, and the same silks are used for working the

border. Size when finished about six by four inches. Price, complete with lining, fastener and colored silks to work—95 cents.

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The charming French fleur-de-lis makes a most attractive and unusual decoration for this very smart purse. Comes stamped ready to work on black or beige art felt, the design being carried out in lovely shades of yellow, gold, orange and green. Size, finished, about six by eight inches. And next month, to complete the ensemble, we shall be showing a very dashing scarf and a real Basque beret. Send for the purse right away and have it completed so that you will be ready to start the scarf and beret when they appear next month. Price of purse, complete with wools for working, lining and fasteners—85 cents.

Orders for these purses should be sent to Miss Marie le Cerf, The Chatelaine, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

HER TOES GOT WET ONLY IN A SHOWER BATH . . . YET SHE CAUGHT "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

SHE is one of the most particular people in the world—so fastidious, in fact, that on her outing to the beach she wouldn't go in the water. Because too much debris bubbled in the surf, she wet her feet only on the tile floor of a shower bath.

Strange to say, she would have been safer in the ocean than prancing on the spotless floor of that shower. Like almost every moist surface, it was infested with germs of "Athlete's Foot"—invisible to her eyes, but highly contagious to her dainty toes.

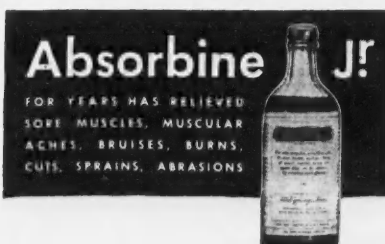
At first she noticed a moist, unwholesome white patch of skin between her toes. Neglected, this common symptom* of "Athlete's Foot" began to itch and spread. The skin blistered—turned red, cracked, and then painfully peeled—just because she didn't know this annoying infection might cause real trouble.

Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection now attacking millions?

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us*, no matter where we are, regardless of what we do. You can catch it in the very places people go for cleanliness—on the spotless tile floors of shower baths, on the edges of swimming pools, on locker- and dressing-room floors—any place where bare feet touch the floor. It is an infection caused by a tiny vegetable parasite called *tinea trichophyton*, which is so hardy that stockings must be boiled

*Watch for these distress signals that warn of "Athlete's Foot"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.



fifteen minutes to kill it. Nothing but constant care can keep it from coming back—even when you have rid yourself of an attack.

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways. Sometimes the danger signal is redness between the toes; sometimes tiny, itching blisters. Again, the skin may turn white, thick and moist; or it may develop dryness, with little scales or skin-cracks. All of these conditions, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply and wherever it penetrates, it kills this germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

Examine YOUR feet tonight

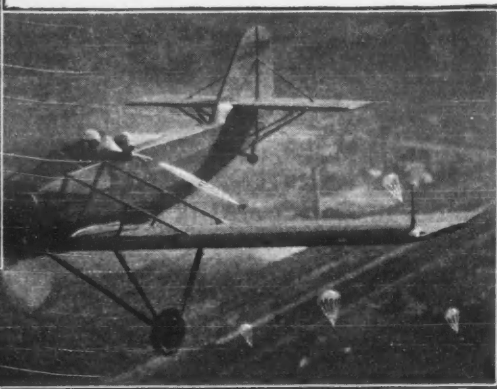
It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for symptoms of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any one symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors. If the case does not readily yield see your doctor.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—\$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write:

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CHATELAINE PATTERNS

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Then her face became scarlet. Johnny Riley was coolly strolling over toward Isabel. Perhaps he'd thought it would be a good idea to drop in at the picnic and look over the assembly of his future relations-in-law!

"Victoria," said Lavinia, enunciating every word through her teeth, "that is not Alexander. Neither is that tin spoon you're using heirloom plate. If I were as blind as a bat I'd wear glasses!"

"Glasses!" snapped Victoria. "I don't need glasses! No wonder I made a mistake—Alexander's been away so long."

"H'm!" sniffed Lavinia. "Even if I forgot what Alexander looked like I'd know a gentleman from a— from a—"

"From a bum," supplied Johnny cheerfully. "I have my car back there. Could I take Isabel and some of the rest of the ladies home?"

"Thank you! We shall walk!" Lavinia answered for the ladies.

"Then maybe Isabel and I could take some of the baskets and dishes back in the car," suggested Johnny unabashed.

"Isabel's walking and we're carrying our baskets!"

Victoria sprang up and came over to stand in front of Lavinia. "If I had to be short sighted or rude, I'd sooner be short-sighted!" she said. "I'm sure I'll be glad to go with this young man. I, for one, don't enjoy the walk through that disagreeable part of town we have to pass to get here!"

Lavinia's lip curled, but after sweeping Victoria with a long glance of pitying scorn she turned on her heel and began to pick up dishes and pack them in the baskets as if she were afraid Johnny would run away with them. I helped her. So engrossed were we that we did not notice that Isabel was not helping us. In fact we didn't miss her until we were ready to start for home.

ISABEL was at home when we got there. Lavinia said nothing to her, but the air was charged with the feeling of an outburst yet to come. All three of us made the few final preparations for the dance as grimly as if we made ready for a funeral.

Soon all the Abernethys arrived, dressed in their best clothes, the grass stains and the sunburn of the picnic either removed or covered up. At first it did look as if the dance were going to be a deadly dull affair. Everyone sat against the wall and waited for the others to start. But no one started. Somehow, when there is no romance in the air, it's hard to get a dance going.

Things were becoming positively painful when we heard someone walk in the front door. We all looked up. Lavinia gasped. Uncle Weldon almost dropped his fiddle. Alexander Abernethy stood in the doorway! I wasn't sure for a minute, but he had the Abernethy nose all right and twenty-two years would make a change. But Lavinia had no uncertainty. "Alexander!" she cried out and stood quite still where she was.

Alexander smiled and said in that old, charming, offhand way of his, "Alexander in person! Seeing you know me, Lavinia, may I have the next dance?" With debonair ease he made his way past all of us who crowded around him and went up to Lavinia. "Play a waltz!" he directed Uncle Weldon.

Uncle Weldon rose to the occasion like an artist. He drew his bow across the strings and that old fiddle of his fairly sang the words of "Let Me Call You Sweetheart." Right away we all felt like dancing, but we waited. We wanted to watch Lavinia and Alexander. Round and round the room they circled and dipped, smiling at each other. Lavinia's curls were fascinatingly insecure.

Then, somehow, I forgot to notice her curls. Suddenly the music didn't seem to come from Uncle Weldon's fiddle alone. The room was filled with the ghosts of old forgotten waltzes. Time had lost itself, and it was young Lavinia and young Alexander dancing together in days long ago. There were tears in my eyes. I'm a sentimental old fool.

As the waltz ended they were in the centre of the room. Lavinia went to step back from the correctly distant embrace, but suddenly Alexander caught her to him in a rib-cracking hug and planted a resound-

ing kiss on her lips. "Alexander!" shrieked Lavinia, as coyly as if she had been Isabel.

But she wasn't angry. Far from it! For when Uncle Weldon began playing a one-step and we all got up to dance she went once around the room with Alexander and then allowed him to whisk her out of the door and in the direction of the back porch! Lavinia Abernethy on the back porch! The family reunion woke up! At last we had something to talk about!

She came in after a few minutes, alone. She looked confused but happy. She evaded our questions, merely explaining that Alexander had had to leave. Would he be back? She evaded that, too. Then I caught a glimpse of the back of her head and felt suddenly weak. Only three of her four curls bobbed there! Had she actually given one to Alexander as a keepsake? Or had she dropped one on the back porch? I thought I'd better go out and look.

The back porch is big and wide. It took ages to look over it—I even dragged the long couch that was there away from the wall and searched behind it.

Just as I was going to give it up and go in, I heard a whistle. I turned to see Johnny Riley standing on the steps, some kind of a bundle under his arm.

"I've got to speak to Miss Lavinia," he said.

"Oh, Johnny, you'd better go away—you know—"

"I've got to speak to her. I know she doesn't like me, but please tell her to come out here. Don't say it's me. Just say—there she is!"

I turned helplessly toward the door. There indeed was Lavinia.

"You'd better not be hanging round here any more, young man," threatened Lavinia, "or I'll speak to Mr. Alexander Abernethy and have him throw you out!"

"I came to speak to you about him," said Johnny.

"You! What do you know about him?"

"Plenty! Miss Abernethy, you have been deceived." Johnny's tones were sorrowful but I was sure his eyes were dancing.

"What are you talking about?" snapped Lavinia.

"A tramp," said Johnny, "a tramp who posed as your cousin."

"A tramp! Don't you dare come here with any lies about—"

"I can prove it. Listen. Old Peterson was telling me this afternoon that some tramp must have hooked that passionate underwear of his—pardon me, Miss Abernethy, I mean the article which always hangs on his clothes-line was stolen. Well, I forgot about it till I had to go down to the hardware store about fifteen minutes ago. I found a tramp asleep in the storeroom at the back. There was something red sticking out of his pocket. I pulled it out and it was Peterson's—well, you know, Peterson's washing. Wait a minute, Miss Abernethy—you see, this fell out of his pocket, too."

I stretched my neck around the edge of the couch. Johnny was holding up Lavinia's missing curl, tantalizingly, just out of reach. Lavinia gave a little scream and snatched for it. "No," said Johnny, "I'll have to keep this with the red flannels for evidence. That tramp ought to be put in the cooler."

"He must have robbed Alexander! Oh, he wasn't Alexander—he couldn't have been."

"I got a full confession out of him. He's locked up in the back of the store now. Old Peterson's watching him. I gotta go now, Miss Abernethy. I gotta see Ed Bayne in time to give him the story for Saturday's paper."

"You—you wouldn't!"

"I can think up a couple of good headlines myself. 'Copper curl and scarlet underwear betray pretender!' or 'Tramp in guise of long-lost cousin kisses—'"

"Give me that curl!" choked Lavinia. "How dare you! I'll have you arrested! I'll—oh, I'll—"

"Well, of course," drawled Johnny, "I'd never want my future aunt to get that kind of publicity. I'd see she didn't get it. How about inviting me in to that dance you're having?"

Cross Currents

Continued from page 28

skilfully as it threaded its way through the maze of traffic.

"First rate. I've been up at the ranch. Sold it."

"Sold it, Larry! Why?"

"I wanted to be nearer you," he said simply.

"Oh, my dear," she slid a hand under his arm, "my dear."

"Tania, if you touch me I'll run this machine into a street car and pile us all up. Don't you realize I'm starving for you?"

She laughed, the first laugh of happiness for many a week and withdrew her hand.

"I'd hate you to do that; especially in this slush and cold. Where are you trying to take me for luncheon?"

He named a place and she nodded.

"Very nice. I believe I'm hungry."

"You'd better be. You're too thin."

But when a few minutes later they were seated opposite one another in a quiet corner where they could talk and survey the restaurant with ease, he saw that his half-jesting remark was all too serious. Even the extra make-up did not, as she had hoped, hide the bluish shadows beneath her eyes, the little hollows at the temples and beneath the cheek-bones. Her hands were transparently white, her eyes too big, and to the man who loved her there was a sense of strain about her, the cause of which he knew only too well. They talked lightly enough through the meal, exchanging news, and Larry had enquiries made as to the state of the roads outside the city, only to learn that the snow was too deep for easy driving.

"Do you think we could get time to ourselves if we went to your home?" Larry asked. "I've got things to talk over with you, dear; things we've got to settle. You see last night your father and I had a talk about Blakiston's arrival. Something has got to be done."

"Yes, I know. At home there's mother and Judy. Let's stay here for a while, Larry. People will go soon and we can talk uninterrupted. Then we can go home later and drive round the park."

"Right. I think it is the best. More coffee?"

"I'd love some more. Larry, what did father tell you about—about Rodney?"

"I told him," Larry said dryly, "I told him I'd rather shoot Blakiston than have him marry a daughter of mine. He wanted to know if my violence was excusable and I said it was. Then I told him that I wasn't at liberty to say more at the moment but I'd try to get permission to explain fully. Tania, my darling, you've got to be brave. You must tell him the truth. He's your father. He has the right to know—to protect Judy."

She went quite white underneath the unaccustomed rouge, her fingers gripping the edge of the table.

"Larry, how can I? Don't you see the time for speaking is past? It's too late."

"Why didn't you tell him at once when Judy announced her engagement?" he asked, waiting for a moment the inference of her words. "He'd have stood by you."

"I know. It isn't that. Only, he and my mother, they've not been really happy. He's had so little out of life in comparison with what he's given others, and the one thing he holds to is his pride. There's never been scandal. Mother's the same in that way—by tradition and training. You don't wash your dirty linen in public. You set a standard. Don't you see? It's the thing that means most to them, especially in these days when marriage and divorce and remarriage are just idly undertaken like social engagements. They've always set their faces against it."

"Your mother left you all"—he had not meant to say it but she did not show resentment.

"I know. I suppose they got hopelessly at loggerheads. But even then she held to her determination—my grandmother's health—father went over to Europe. It was

given out, believed. When she came back, Larry, I thought it was all coming right. But it hasn't. It's just the same. They seem to misunderstand each other and yet they care. I'm sure they care. I know it."

"Possibly. But what is that beside this of yours, Tania?"

"Everything except Judy. If I tell them the truth now, if father guesses, don't you see what it will mean? Headlines in the papers, every wretched little rag and every horrible gossipier snatching at the details, nosing them out, gloating. Ross Ardwyn's daughter in divorce suit. Husband engaged to sister. Oh, can't you see it? The horror and the rottenness and the filth. Everything they've fought to avoid. All their sacrifices gone for nothing. The one thing that's kept them—that's left."

He stretched one hand across the table and laid it over hers.

"Dear, I do see. I do understand. But it's a question of comparison; of relative values. Their pride—fine, I grant you, admirable, but not worth considering beside the whole of your future life—and Judy's."

"That's the only thing that I can't see round. Judy. My life doesn't matter. I've thrown it all away, Larry."

"Don't talk such folly!" he said roughly.

"It matters a lot to me anyway. Aren't you rather leaving me out of it, Tania? Do you realize that I love you; that I want you for my wife; that I want to see my children in your arms? Don't you understand that I'm human and that I can't wait much longer for your parents or Judy or anyone on this earth? I'm in no mood for further sacrifice. If you won't act I'm going to act for you. I'm going to take this affair into my own hands."

"Larry, you'll not tell my father?"

"No. I can't if you won't give me permission, but I'll take upon myself to handle the matter all the same."

"What can you do? So long as Rodney—"

She broke off suddenly, a new and dreadful fear leaping into her mind. So long as Rodney was on the earth there was no way out that she knew; hence the piteous plan her confused and weary brain had formed. But what if Larry forestalled her? What if he took upon himself to avenge her and kill Rodney? Larry was reckless, she knew that. His blood once up he would stop at nothing. At all costs he must be kept out of this, at all costs protected from the act that might cost him his own life. In a flash she saw it all, the vengeance, the arrest, the trial, the awful, inevitable end. Swiftly her brain worked, her love for him giving her strength to play her part.

"Larry, will you give me just till Monday to make up my mind as to how I'll act? If I can or cannot tell father, will you do nothing just till then? You see he can't do any harm between the time he arrives on Saturday and then. Mother's wirelesssed him to dine: she'll be perfect—just a charming hostess. He'll not dream he's unwelcome and he'll naturally behave correctly. There's no reason, you see, why he should not. He's engaged. He's entertained by his future relatives; he's naturally supposedly welcome. Larry, answer me. May I rely upon you to do nothing till then? By Monday, lunch time I'll let you know quite definitely."

Beneath the table her fingers twisted so that the ring she wore cut the skin; every muscle was rigid, every nerve taut, but outwardly there was no betrayal. She looked at him, her eyes candid and steady, anxiety other than was normal erased from voice and manner; and Larry, relieved beyond measure by her promise, smiled back.

"Dearest, a thousand times, yes! And don't fret too much. Your father and mother would suffer hideously if they believed you sacrificed so much for them. There, my brave darling. God bless you!"

So it was as easy as that! Tania could have laughed at herself for her terror lest he should see beneath the mask, and for a

No one can afford to pay this price of NEGLECT

ALTHOUGH they are still able to chew their food, countless people today find themselves ashamed, even afraid to smile.

It is a grim yet needless price they pay to wear false teeth, because they can usually blame neglect and resulting pyorrhea for the loss of their own.

An insidious disease of the gums, pyorrhea comes to four people out of five past the age of forty. Hence, it's 4 to 1 you'll lose, if you gamble with this infection.

At first, your gums grow tender and bleed easily when brushed. Later, they become soft and spongy until teeth often loosen in their sockets and either come out or must be extracted.

Start, in time, the use of Forhan's

If you would escape the toll pyorrhea takes in teeth and health, see your dentist twice a year; he can do a lot to prevent needless trouble in your mouth. But in your own home, your teeth are your own responsibility. Nothing but the finest dentifrice is good enough for them.

Forhan's is the discovery of a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., who for years specialized successfully in the treatment of pyorrhea. It contains Forhan's Astringent, an ethical preparation widely used by dentists for treating this dread disease.

Don't gamble with pyorrhea

Start today brushing your teeth with Forhan's, morning and night. You can make no finer investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth.

So fine, so pure, so gentle and mild, Forhan's cannot harm the most delicate tooth enamel of the youngest child. Do not wait for trouble before you start using Forhan's. Forhan's Ltd., Montreal.

FALSE TEETH ARE A GREAT INVENTION BUT KEEP YOUR OWN AS LONG AS YOU CAN



False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of five past the age of 40



Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS



BABY'S SKIN

EVERYBODY envies baby his soft, velvety skin, and yet baby, too, has his troubles from chafing, skin irritations and eczema.

It is a positive fact proven in many thousands of cases that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a most effective means of relieving these skin troubles.

chafing and eczema

When mothers witness the almost magical effect of Dr. Chase's Ointment in relieving baby's skin troubles, they learn to use it for themselves as a beautifier of the skin. With its use the skin acquires a delightful softness and fineness of texture, which gives it peculiar charm. Dr. Chase's Ointment is also an ideal base for powder.

Dr. Chase's OINTMENT

DUCO HOUSEHOLD CEMENT

Mends Everything!

WHEN a cherished piece of china crashes to the floor; or a leg comes off your favourite side table, don't despair! . . . remember that DUCO HOUSEHOLD CEMENT mends everything. Strongest of all adhesives, it firmly and permanently cements wood, metal, glass, china, etc.

It is colourless, like water, so that the break in glass or china mended with it can scarcely be seen.

Always have a tube in the house; it won't dry out.

At hardware and drug stores.

Made in Canada



DUCO PLASTIC WOOD
... fills holes with
solid wood

P.W.C.



The Paris Letter

Continued from page 11

keep the scarf on the party, so to speak. The new version has something decidedly fichu-like about it. It has coquettishness even when it is intended to be worn with what are loosely called sports clothes.

All sorts there are of them, flowered, plaided, striped, polka-dotted or just plain. They are the centre of interest. All the other details take their cue from them. It is easy to mate belt, beret or hatband, in the case of a broad brim, to scarf when the latter is plain. In the case of a patterned model, the dressmakers choose the deepest or the most predominant color in it as the color of the other accessories.

The white scarf in any kind of material worn with navy blue is superlatively smart. Schiaparelli has an interesting example of this combination. The outfit consists of coat, skirt and lacey tricot blouse, the kind of tailleur that could meander down a country lane and not look "cited" and that could also window-shop in the Rue de la Paix and round about the Column Vendôme and not look countrified. The scarf takes the place of collar on the coat. It is tacked in a fichu point behind and tied in a bow in front. With the Lanvin sport and country clothes in wool fabrics or in cotton even, scarfs are worn in gaily striped satins.

AND now to move downward. The new belts are not just rounds of patent leather or grosgrain, though they may be just that and exceedingly attractive. Lyolene plaits two or three colors together and ties them in a bow in the back or front. I've in mind a frock in coarse, cream-colored linen, sleeveless but with a sort of short, scalloped bertha over each arm and a scalloped basque that comes over the skirt, the one and the other buttonholed in red and blue silk and the plaited belt in navy blue, red and white.

Other belts one sees gadding about here and there in the Bois, in that alley where the acacia trees are in bloom and smart folk saunter when it is sunny, at the Ritz for luncheon and thereabouts, are just like abbreviated waistcoats, a little bit above the waistline a little bit below it—like the waistcoats men wear in the evening, except that they are buttonless. The ends cross over in the back and tie in front diminished into mere strings. These waistcoat belts are usually crocheted in silk or knitted in wool, and the gayer they are, the better. They are shown at Schiaparelli's with linen and cotton and woollen frocks and usually the mannequin wears a little crochet or knitted cap. A cap that fits on the top of the head only, a rather silly little affair but with a certain chic, though it looks like half a miniature pumpkin with the stem left on.

Of course you're aware of the importance of the bow in trimming. Some of the new patent leather belts have a piqué bow lighted on them in guise of buckle. The frock may be bowless but you'll find that the hat has a

similar piqué knot. Patou is using such supple patent leather that he can bow it so there's no need for a buckle.

One pleasant fact about the new mode is that in spite of all the frippiness it is made up of, you can be in the movement of it without mortgaging your peace of mind. What could fit in better with the limited budget than the tailleur, the coat and skirt with separate blouses.

Perhaps I should have put the latter first as an economic factor. Given three or more blouses, you can absolutely work the smartest transformations and change your tailleur from a practical to a festive affair—a piqué waistcoat for morning; for afternoon when you're on a spree, one in linen with a lacey jabot or a rever—and be sure to wear your collar or your jabot outside your jacket. The collections are simply full of blouses whose characteristic is their laciness, their frilliness.

Moreover, the short coat of the tailleur may be worn as a separate wrap over a printed or plain, light-colored frock. If it is in navy blue, the jacket will go smartly over white, light blue, yellow, beige, over patterns involving the same colors or dashed with any one of the chic reds.

ANOTHER *tuyau*. You know that it is smart to be light above and dark below, this season. So, if you are thinking of adding a soft satin or crêpe frock to your summer and holiday wardrobe, choose for the latter a model that comes apart in the middle. The skirt you can wear with a basqued blouse in embroidered muslin, in heavy lace or in a light shade of the satin or crêpe. And you can add a mere wisp of a coat in the stuff of the corsage. Remember that only one of the two, coat and blouse, should have sleeves and that even then the sleeve need not come any farther than just above the elbow. All the houses, without exception, show lace and mousseline matching coats and corsages with crêpe or satin skirts.

I've been rather dogmatic about the "light above—dark below" movement and now I remember that Augusta Bernard showed an example of just the opposite—a black, corded silk coat over a black waistcoat and a cream marocain skirt. I scribbled a note on my programme against the number of this model to the effect that one way of utilizing an old silk or satin skirt or frock would be to turn it into just such a waistcoat jacket with mere caps for sleeves.

At Lanvin's I found another "make over" suggestion. A frock with a black marocain skirt and sleeves and a tunic length corsage in white marocain. Since we're on the subject of bringing a frock from last season up to date, don't forget the many new models that are shown with chemisettes in tucked or ruffled or lace-trimmed linen or mousseline and the number of new sleeves that are partly this and partly that.

It Will Come Out!

Continued from page 23

fat. For unwashable materials, sponge with a clean cloth dipped in alcohol. Dampen the cloth—do not soak it—with alcohol and sponge carefully, working toward the centre.

Blood Stains

Soak first in cold water, then wash in warm soap suds.

Scorch

Soap and water and sunlight for white materials.

Mildew

Soap and water for a mild stain. If old and stubborn, bleach in Javelle water or hydrogen peroxide.

Grease

On washable materials, soap and warm water will suffice.

On unwashable materials, a solvent like gasoline, kerosene or carbon tetrachloride

may be used. Moisten a clean cloth with the reagent and sponge the spot carefully, working from the outside in, and keeping the spot over blotting paper or absorbent cloth. Grease on delicate fabrics may be absorbed by fuller's earth or magnesite, or by placing the spot between two pieces of clean blotting paper and pressing with a warm iron. Old grease stains, motor oil, etc., should be softened first with lard.

Ink

Clear warm water immediately. Oxalic acid solution applied carefully and neutralized with pure diluted ammonia solution. Hydrogen peroxide may be used on white materials.

Iron Rust

Salt and lemon juice and sunshine on white materials, or oxalic acid and ammonia as for ink.

FRECKLES

Get Rid of Those Ugly Foes of a Fair Skin

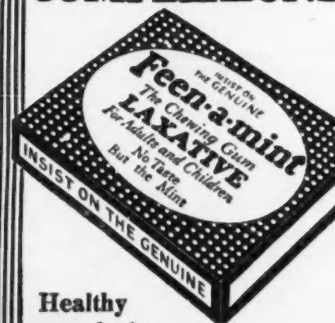


Even the fairest-skinned woman need no longer dread the sun and winds. Though they cover her face with ugly freckles, she can easily and safely fade out these homely blemishes in the privacy of her home with Othine-double strength.

It is seldom that more than an ounce jar of Othine is needed to clear the skin of the ugly, rusty-brown spots. After a few nights' use of this dainty white cream you will see that even the worst freckles are disappearing while the lighter ones have vanished entirely.

Be sure to ask for Othine-double strength at any drug or department store. Money back if it does not remove even the worst freckles and leave your skin soft, clear and beautiful.

HEALTHY COMPLEXIONS



Healthy complexions come from healthy systems. Free the body of poisons with Feen-a-mint. Effective in smaller doses. All druggists sell this safe, scientific laxative.

Feen-a-mint FOR CONSTIPATION

How To Lose 24 Pounds of Fat

At the Same Time Gain in Physical Vigor and Youthfulness and Swiftly Possess a Clear Skin and Vivacious Eyes that Sparkle with Health.

Here's the recipe that banishes fat and brings into blossom all the natural attractiveness that every woman possesses.

Every morning take one-half teaspoon of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water before breakfast.

Be sure and do this every morning for "It's the daily dose that takes off the fat."—Don't miss a morning. Kruschen daily means that every particle of poisonous waste matter and harmful acids and gases are expelled from the system.

Modify your diet, and take gentle exercise. The stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are tuned up, and the pure, fresh blood containing these six salts is carried to every part of the body, and this is followed by "that Kruschen feeling" of energetic health and activity that is reflected in bright eyes, clear skin, cheerful vivacity and charming figure.

tea and dinner. You're dining with Judy at the Macraes at nine—"

"I'd dine with the devil if you'd been with me first. You're a good sport, Tania—"

"Keep your voice lower. You understand tomorrow is only to fix up future arrangements. You must be guided by me in this."

His reply below his breath sent a qualm of actual physical illness through her, but she preserved her outward composure and the die once cast she felt strangely calm. If all went as she intended this was the last night she would spend on earth. By this time tomorrow she would have solved the last great mystery of death, and the man beside whispering his hateful lovmaking would be beyond doing any harm for ever. Judy would be safe, scandal would be saved, the natural grief of her parents, of her sister for the man she loved, would in time die down and be forgotten. It would be a healthy sorrow with neither shame nor remorse attached. Only of Larry did she prefer not to think.

She had promised that by Monday her decision should be in Larry's hands—by Monday all that there would be was the news of the accident—easy enough on these snow-filled, slippery roads.

ROSS had watched his daughter unobtrusively but keenly these last few days, and on Sunday at luncheon he observed that which Tania believed unnoticed by everybody—the fact that she played with her luncheon and sent it away untouched as she had done dinner the night before. He noticed, too, for the first time the shadowed hollows in her cheeks and neck and suddenly he was afraid. What of, he could not say, but as surely as he was aware of all around him, of the guests of his family, the familiar furniture and silver, so he was aware of danger—acute and near. He remembered his wife's words on her return from England, his own retort: "Good lord, how can a man ask his own daughter such a question?" Emily's insistence, his own refusal, and beneath the well-bred exterior of his guests he sensed storm and passion, unhappiness and struggle.

Cardross. He wished Cardross were here today. The fellow knew something. If Blakiston had done this thing nothing should save him. Nothing.

Emily in the midst of amusing conversation glanced carelessly in his direction and saw a look on his face she had not seen for many years. The upper lip lifted a little in a smile that set her nerves on edge, the eyes the color of blue steel, the skin ashen; and following his gaze she saw Rodney Blakiston talking to his next door neighbor and her heart missed a beat, though her voice never faltered and her attention was instantaneously once again given to her guests. Ross knew something. He had heard. What was it? Oh, what was it?

It was four o'clock before everyone had left, and then she was caught by a lengthy telephone call, at the close of which she sought her husband only to find he had gone out, had she but known, to find Larry Cardross.

More disturbed than she had been for years she was obliged to attempt to rest, and just about five, when the winter dusk had fallen on the city, Tania came into the living room.

"Such a nuisance, but Rodney Blakiston has just rung up to know if Judy or I could run him up to Mrs. Van der Waters. He says he has promised to go there for a few minutes. Judy's out. She's gone to the Stormonts to tea, so I said I'd do it."

"My dear Tania, why on earth doesn't he get a taxi? It's fifteen miles and a dreadful night."

Emily put aside her book frowning and perplexed, for Tania had laughed off her disapproval.

"I think he was certain Judy would be in, and he knew she'd jump at the chance. He was so disappointed I offered."

"Well, it's rather unnecessary, it seems to me. However it's your affair. We dine at eight-fifteen remember, at the Ritz-Carlton."

"I'll remember. Tell Judy when she comes in. I shan't be very long."

She was gone without further remark and Emily returned to her book, but she found the words meant nothing to her and presently she put it aside. Then she sat up, went to the piano, played for a few moments, went back to the hearth, looked at her watch and rang the bell.

In answer to her question the butler informed her that Mr. Ardwyn was not yet in, and she had to possess her soul in patience for another ten or twelve minutes, when to her relief she heard voices and footsteps and Ross came in accompanied by Larry Cardross.

They talked for a few minutes, then as casually as he could, Ross said:

"Where's Tania? I thought she was with you."

"She's gone out—driven Captain Blakiston to the Van der Waters—" as lightly as she could, Emily explained, and saw the two men look at one another and Larry's big shoulders stiffen. All at once she was certain that the same anxiety animating her animated them, and at the same instant that anxiety gave way to fear.

Because she was a woman of breeding and tradition, and naturally courageous, she did not show any excitement, but at Ross's stifled exclamation spoke quietly enough.

"What is the matter? Has anything happened?"

Larry looked at Ross. Ross looked at his wife.

"I'm going after her," he said thickly. "Mr. Cardross knows more about Blakiston than we do. He says he is a scoundrel."

"You know—" Emily broke off sharply, her look finishing the question, and Larry nodded.

"I'd like nothing better than to get my hands on Blakiston's throat and choke the life out of him," he said between shut teeth. "Lady Emily, I'm going with your husband. Don't say anything to Judy. Make an excuse if you have to. I don't think Blakiston will be back to take her to dinner."

"What's this? Ross, you must tell me! I refuse to be kept in the dark."

Her voice, abrupt and authoritative, demanded an answer, but her fear was not all for her daughter. Going across the room she looked up in her husband's face, her own composed but paler than usual.

"Ross! If you please!"

He met her look, sudden distress in his own.

"Emily, I'm not sure. I don't know. But I've a feeling something is going to happen. Cardross feels the same—if I knew more—"

Quite suddenly Emily made up her mind.

"Mr. Cardross," she said, "I want you to answer my question without any evasion. Has this thing you know about anything to do with my daughter, Tania?"

Larry drew a sharp breath through his nostrils. His hands clenched on each other told her before he spoke, but his voice was steady.

"Yes, Lady Emily, and she has so far refused to allow me to give you the facts because of her dread of bringing scandal upon your name. She has got it into her head that any sacrifice of herself is right if it is to save either of you public disgrace. I have tried to tell her there will be no publicity, there is no disgrace, but she is past realizing that, and I am going to break my word and tell you myself."

Emily looked at Ross and almost unconsciously put out her hand to him, and Ross, taking it in both his, stood beside her as Larry made his brief statement. She felt a quiver run through him as Larry spoke of Blakiston's attempt to force Tania to declare the marriage but he gave no other sign of the fury rising within him. When Larry had made an end he only asked one question.

"How do you know all this?"

"Tania herself told me. You see I love her."

There was a moment's complete silence in the room; then Emily, stretching out her hand, laid it for an instant on his and turned to her husband.

"Go with him," she said. "Only, kiss me before you go, Ross, my dear."

She cared nothing that Larry was in the room. At that moment she would not have cared for the whole world. And Ross put

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little she let herself forget, let herself accept the rapture his presence offered, and they sat together, talking sometimes, sometimes silent, till at last for very humanity's sake they had to let the waiters clear the table and see them to the door.

A WIND like a knife cut round the street corners and whipped the white crests from the river waves. On the ferries crowds huddled into shelter, and in the Customs sheds and on the quays people cowered and shivered.

Lady Emily had been rather surprised by Tania's announcement that she was accompanying Judy to meet the *Berengaria*, and promptly decided that the arrival should be made formal by going herself with her daughters. She felt heroic when the car deposited them outside the huge sheds and they went up and through to the dock at exactly three o'clock.

No more had passed between Ross and herself with regard to Rodney Blakiston's conduct to Tania since that August afternoon at White Ledges. Indeed, they had seen very little of each other in any circumstances conducive to intimate conversation. Ross had been absorbed in business affairs. She had returned to the winter round of the most exclusive New York society, entertaining and being entertained, and seeing the happiness she craved once again slipping farther and farther from her grasp.

She had time to think of much, even though she was outwardly almost as much interested in the tying up of the *Berengaria* as her daughters were. When at last the gangways were out and the passengers were coming off, her mind was made up. If Tania showed any sign of feeling other than a natural interest in her sister's fiancé, if any hint of disturbance was in her manner, then Ross must be told and the matter forced to an issue.

In the meantime, Rodney Blakiston should be welcomed and entertained as befitted a future son-in-law and no disapproval of his arrival or the engagement hinted at.

Wisely enough, she realized, as Tania did, that he could have no excuse for hurrying Judy into a hole-and-corner marriage if a speedy and public ceremony was being planned for. Opposition might be dangerous, but approval would allay all risks. Her short square figure, fully as dignified as the old duchess's five-foot-nine of slender straightness, Emily crossed the few yards that separated her from Rodney Blakiston and held out her hand with a most charming smile.

"My dear man, how do you do? We have come in force to meet you. But what weather to greet you with!"

He was surprised at his welcome and at her presence, but when after kissing Judy he realized Tania was just behind, even his composure failed him a little. Emily saw him start, bite his lip, then force a smile, and shoot a swift veiled glance at her elder daughter. Nothing there told her anything. Tania's self-command was unshaken, her welcome perfect. Puzzled, not a little anxious and apparently delightfully at ease, she shepherded them all to the waiting car, left a manservant to see to the baggage through the Customs and in a few moments was driving homeward.

"Of course, you must stay with us!" she exclaimed, as Blakiston made some remark about his hotel. "My dear Captain Blakiston, don't cast such a slur upon our hospitality! Naturally we expected you to be our guest."

"It's awfully charming of you, Lady Emily," Blakiston was taken aback but did not admit it. "I'd be delighted naturally. The only thing is I've some business to see to just over the week-end. Some affairs of one of my father's companies. If I stayed at my hotel, the Algonquin, till Monday, I could get it all finished and then perhaps if I might come it would be ripping."

"Why certainly if that suits you best, but anyway we expect you to dine tonight. Don't we, Judy? Now I am going to suggest that when we get to the house Judy gives

you tea, and I will ask you to excuse Tania and myself as we have a call or two to pay."

Judy flashed a pleased glance at her mother and a few minutes later Carter was opening the house door, giving a message to his mistress and glancing wooden-faced at "Miss Judy's young man."

SO THAT was accomplished. Blakiston was properly received. He could have no reason in the world for discontent so far as his future relatives were concerned, and Emily was content with her plan of campaign. That Blakiston had been unpleasantly startled at the sight of Tania was evident, but Tania's behavior had been perfect. Abruptly Emily spoke.

"My dear Tania, there are no calls as you probably realized. We might drive for half an hour round the park and then pick up your father at the club. It will give Judith and Rodney a little time together after their long separation."

"Yes, I guessed," Tania said in a voice that told her mother nothing. "Who is dining tonight? I thought we were going to the theatre."

"So we are—later. It is that new musical show. We shall dine a little early and get in after the first scene or two. The Draytons are coming and Vernon Waters. That's all, I think."

Tania nodded. The programme suited her very well. She knew that her presence at the docks had given Rodney Blakiston a shock, but she knew too that he interpreted it as a sign that she wished to see him as soon as might be and that he would endeavor to make an opportunity to be with her alone. And tonight at the theatre she could make her plans, could arrange the last details.

The evening went like a dream. Twice she met Rodney's veiled and quickly shifting glance, reading in it perplexed questioning and anxiety, but she gave him no satisfaction and not till the last hour at the theatre did the opportunity he sought for come.

Judy had been standing in the aisle talking to friends, and Rodney, as he guided her to her seat, touched the young painter Vernon Waters on the arm.

"Will you change places with me for this last act?" he said. "I've not had the chance yet to talk to my future sister-in-law."

The younger man got up at once, and as the curtain rose, Tania, as she had rather expected, found him in the next stall.

"Tania, what's your reason for all this?" he asked under cover of the opening chorus. "You've something up your sleeve. What is it?"

With eyes intent on the stage she answered as evenly as she could, "Because I want to have an opportunity of speaking to you—at once."

"Speaking to me?" he echoed, wilfully misunderstanding.

"Naturally I want to know what you intend to do."

"Marry Judy," he said briefly. "Why not?"

"Bigamy? A penal offense?"

"That's up to you. I hardly think you'll charge me."

Tania's hands gripped each other.

"And, if I said I'd found out my mistake—that I was willing—"

She felt him start, heard him draw his breath unsteadily.

"You mean that?"

"If I said so—"

"Then I'd see the whole world lost before I'd look at another woman—Tania—"

He pressed his shoulder against hers, and she controlled the desire to withdraw from his touch; the noisy chorus died down to a solo and dance; neither of them spoke till once again the music drowned all fear of being overheard. Then in a hoarse undertone he spoke.

"Tomorrow, I must see you alone. After lunch—when—how—you know the chances."

"You're lunching at home, I believe. Mother's giving a big Sunday luncheon for Judy and you. After you leave, ring me up. I shan't go out. Then I'll bring my own car along and we'll drive somewhere between



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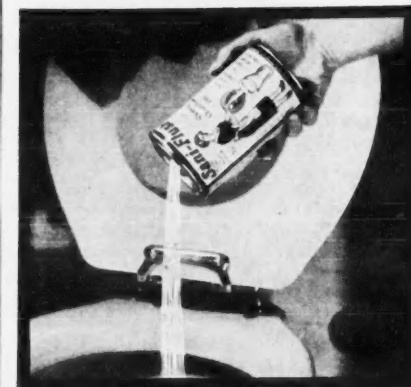
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Let us have your opinion, anyway. Letters should be not over five hundred words in length and should be mailed to reach The Editor before July 10. For every letter published *The Chatelaine* will pay three dollars.

Should Husbands and Wives Holiday Apart?

Continued from page 6

Jim with emphasis, "spoil their marriage because they can't learn to play together. They take their marriage, their finances, their children and themselves too darn seriously!"

"Unless you feel you're married and keeping house because you want to, and not because there was a wonderful moon one June night, then marriage is a sad sort of business. You feel tied. Esther and I have had a pretty hard row to hoe," says Jim. "She's a peach. The greatest part of my fun on our holiday together is to see her getting her color back, getting younger with every day of freedom, and looking the prettiest girl on the beach, without worrying about Junior's tummy-ache or Bab's new shoes."

"I believe in a man and his wife learning to play together. I'd rather have my wife along with me than anyone in the world!"

THAT'S unanswerable except for the question of leaving the children. The Browns get their Aunt Matilda to come and live in the house. She loves the children and is thrilled at the opportunity of caring for them. The Browns pay her and she uses the money for her own little holiday.

Other couples "pool" their children. While one mother is away, her two children stay with a friend, and on returning, she in turn

takes charge of the friend's youngsters during her holiday. There is always a relative, a reliable friend, or a mutual arrangement with neighbors which can be made to ensure a woman getting a real holiday from her children if she wants it.

Of course there are some women on our street who protest they would never trust their children to anyone else. They would not, they say, sleep a wink for worrying about Junior's diet and his fondness for stealing ice. These women feel there is something very wrong with the neighbor who will leave her children to go off gallivanting by herself. But the woman who realizes the necessity for complete relaxation from her daily work is the woman who is going to grow into a serene middle-age.

In all this discussion, we have had to consider those who are able to take their holidays as they like them. There are many noble women, who realize the importance of getting away from their families, but who find themselves unable to manage it. Yet even if the holiday only means a few days staying with an old friend in another part of town, it is the gesture, the change and the relaxation which are important. And after we've listened to all these arguments, what is the answer? Which do you believe is the best way for husband and wife to take their holiday—together, or apart?

Gypsying With a Caravan

Continued from page 12

tage that no matter in what part of the country they are, they always feel at home. If they are cold, a gasoline stove is brought into requisition and the beds have the added luxury of hot water bottles. Electric lights are provided by the batteries and are shaded to make reading comfortable.

Their most recent journey of some 8,000 miles was through Western Canada and into the United States, taking in Yellowstone Park and returning home by way of Chicago and Detroit. It was begun at the time of year when the land was golden and rose-colored with grain and fruit softly ripening. Each morning a different view greeted them: level prairie reaches one day, mountains the next, and later the wonder of the blue sea. They have toured each province thoroughly and have an amazing knowledge of the climatic and economic conditions as well as of the beauty and desirability of the different parts of the Dominion. Their caravan has introduced them to a Canada that they would never have known by the usual travel route. Canada has become to them a country of beauty and grandeur with its mighty mountains, its raging rivers, its gleaming lakes, its placid prairies, its verdant valleys, its

sunrises and sunsets in highland and lowland. Following Kipling's idea that they "cannot know their country who only their country know," these travellers have also toured the United States in their caravan, travelling thousands of miles. So great was the interest taken by the Customs officers at the border in permitting a "house" to cross the border that they did not even look at the luggage of the travellers.

When comfort and convenience are made the backbone of a trip of this kind, there is no likelihood that one would be bored by the "cheek by jowliness" which a caravan mode of life makes necessary. Then too, the constant changes of scenery and the many amusing incidents that travel of this kind engenders make every prospect pleasing. The only drawback—if it can be so described—to a trip of this kind is that it has a tendency to develop the gypsy spirit and to make one unwilling to settle down for any length of time.

Certain it is that a caravan trip cures one of being too deep-rooted in one spot. Such travel is a teacher of the mind, a healer of the heart and the base of supplies for happy memories.

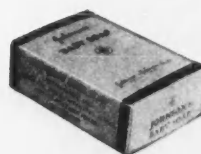


"Do you happen to know" . . . my mother asked me. . . "whatever became of the very cross baby who used to be here?" I didn't know. . . then she laughed and told me. . . "It was YOU—all chafed and uncomfortable! You see, we'd been using the wrong kind of powder! Now this— and something velvety soft nestled next to me! . . . "This is made SPECIALLY for you, my dear!—that's why you're so nice—and comfortable—now!"

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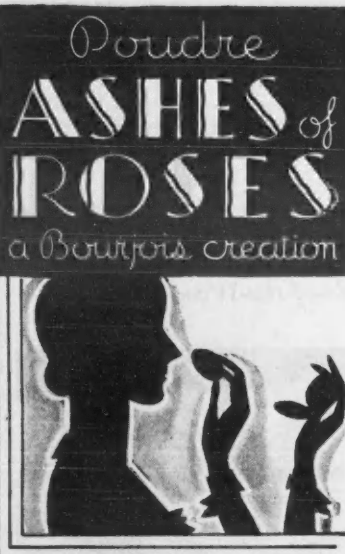


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his arms round her and bent his head down till his lips were on hers.

Neither man spoke when they were in the car together heading up the avenue. Driving was difficult, for the streets were not properly free from snow, and neither had anything to discuss, only one thought animating them both—to find Tania and Blakiston.

The Van der Waters lived some fifteen miles beyond the confines of the city and ordinarily there was no danger on the road, but tonight every surface was a glaze of frozen snow, and the stinging sleet that was beginning to fall made driving perilous. Larry's powerful hands held a steady wheel and he drove carefully despite the feeling for haste that urged them both; no sense in running risks that might endanger the whole enterprise, and Ross agreed as his first words showed.

"Look here, Cardross, we may be on a wild-goose chase. We'd better not appear too rushed."

"I'd thought of that," Larry said, "but we're not on a wild-goose chase. They've gone to the house. Tania wouldn't run the risk of scandal one way any more than another, but it's afterward we must get them."

"What—" Ross spoke carefully as if he found words difficult—"what are you afraid of, Cardross?"

Larry shot him a brief glance.

"Of Tania's plan to end it all. That's what I'm frightened of."

"Tania?" The father's heart contracted, "You mean—"

"I mean that Tania will sacrifice herself to save Judy and prevent scandal. God knows what mad plan she's got in her head—"

"If Blakiston has harmed her—" Ross broke off. After all, words were useless. It was just possible that their fears were groundless, that Tania and Blakiston would be found at the Van der Waters, but if not, there were no lengths to which he would not go to avenge his daughter.

A skid despite all Larry's skill warned them to proceed with more care and neither of them spoke again for a little. Larry had been writing letters in his club that afternoon when Ross had come in and told him of his apprehension, and almost before the older man had voiced his indeterminate fears and asked him if he could not speak definitely with regard to what he knew of Blakiston, he had jumped up and suggested coming back to the house.

The Van der Waters' place was high above the river, and the side road leading to it climbed for a mile or two along the edge of the lower cliffs. There was no sign of wheels, but the snow was falling fast enough to obliterate them now, and the cold was intense. They reached the house and Ross enquired if his daughter had left yet, making the excuse that he had understood she was calling and thought on his way from farther up-river he would drive back with her. The manservant informed him that Miss Ardwyn and Captain Blakiston had left quite twenty minutes ago, and Ross returned to the car with grimly-set face.

"They've been and left again. We haven't met them and there's no other way back."

"Isn't there? Have they closed the lower road then?" Larry asked as he turned the car out of the drive. "When I came here a year or two ago it was in the summer and we went back a different way—nearer the river bank."

"I don't know. I've not been. We'll chance it."

The car nosed cautiously round a sharp bend, descended a long twisting hill and came out on to a narrow road with an incredibly bad surface that must in summer have been quite beautiful, for it twisted along the lower part of the river bank and even through the snow a few riding-lights and the glint of water could be seen.

It was impossible to hurry, maddening to drive slowly. Larry handled the big car with admirable skill, but the father beside him was raging at every delay despite the outward hold he kept up on himself, and a cold fear was clamping itself like a band of

ice about Larry's heart when on the road just ahead appeared the rear lights of a car.

Ross uttered an unintelligible sound. Larry, stepping on the accelerator, sounded his hooter vigorously and the car in front swerved to the side perilously near the bank. As they went by with hardly an inch to spare, Ross leaned out and in the glare of the lights saw Tania at the wheel at the same instant that she saw him. Two hundred yards farther round the next bend with a screeching of brakes, a flash of rear red light, Larry pulled up his car and leaped out after Ross.

He knew afterward that he had expected the thing that happened. At the time all he was conscious of feeling was the necessity to snatch Tania from Blakiston, but when running back along the snowy, slippery lane he turned the corner, he saw the headlights rushing toward him, swerve wildly, dip, jerk upward and plunge headlong down the bank.

Larry heard himself cry out, stopped because for a moment his legs refused to carry him as the crash of the car, the breaking of young trees, the splintering of glass tore across the silence. Then he swung on his heel.

"We've got to have lights. I'll get the car," he said hoarsely and ran back, stumbling and slipping the way he had come.

Almost before Ross had reached the place, Larry had the car on the road above and was training the headlights downward; and sick, shaking, the two men scrambled down the bank amid bushes and tree trunks, some forty feet below where the car lay half upside down, half on its side, the wheels still revolving, and the whole of the roof and the side visible smashed, and half in, half out of the splinters of wood and glass, crumpled up, lay Tania, the blood running down one hand from a cut on her wrist, her hat fallen off, her coat torn right across, and as the two men lifted her with infinite care and difficulty from the wreckage she moaned, moved feebly and opened her eyes.

Ross had her in his arms; Larry, his heavy coat stripped off and put on the snow-covered earth, helped to lay her down and as consciousness returned, her first sight was his face close above hers.

She was aware of pain all over, of a sharp smarting in one hand, of a head that throbbed as if it had been hit, but of no desperate injury. She moved both arms and legs slowly and stupidly, but she could move them and after a space of time that meant nothing, the haze began to clear from her senses and she spoke.

"Larry, I'm all right—"

Larry was quite unconscious that the tears were running down his face, but she put up a hand, touched his cheek and smiled.

"Don't, I'm not really hurt—father—"

Ross bent down over her and spoke gently and quietly.

"It's all right, dear. No great damage. Larry's car is here. He'll take you home. Can you carry her, Larry?"

"I think I can walk," Tania said uncertainly, but as she tried to sit up faintness overpowered her and she had to lie back and suddenly, as in a flash, memory returned.

"Rodney—father! Larry! Please see—"

"Get her into your car, Cardross, and drive her home. Send the first car you meet to help—"

"Please see to him," Tania said faintly, and Larry obeying, they dragged Blakiston out from the wreckage. He was bleeding from a cut on the head, one leg was doubled ominously but his heart was beating, and Larry, leaving the coat behind for Ross to cover him with, carried Tania up the bank to the car.

TANIA lay in bed watching the wintry sunlight through the orchid-hued curtains of her room, and felt as though some fate had battered her mind as well as her body. Physically she ached from a dozen bruises, and still when she sat up hurriedly everything swam about her; but her bodily pain and discomfort was nothing compared to that of her mind. She had meant to finish everything, to kill both Rodney and herself, letting all appear as an accident, had steeled

Continued on page 54

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FLUSHO

one o'clock we were all leaving I got in the car, expecting the Burton girl and her husband to get in after me. Instead, Rodney jumped in and drove away.

"I was furious. Rodney begged me again to marry him, said he'd been driven to this to get me alone. He acted as if he were only half sane. And then—" she paused a second, then went on—"the batteries gave out in the car. We were quite near a country club he knew. We went there. Rodney signed us in, engaged a double room—I didn't know that till afterward and suggested we have some supper. While we were having it the club was raided. Our names were in the book—Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Blakiston. They let us go and we got a lift back to town. The next day he came and terrified me by telling me about the room—he said I must marry him now, and he was kind and begged me to forgive him. I told him I did not love him and he said—he said—the marriage should not be consummated till I felt I cared. So I married him at the Marylebone registry."

She stopped through sheer inability to go on, and when she would have attempted it again, Ross stopped her.

"Don't tell us any more. We know. Tania, dear, the other night when Larry came he told us what you had told him, because I felt something was going to happen. I knew things were at a climax. Don't blame Larry. He was nearly desperate."

"He told you?" Tania looked from one to the other and read in both faces a tenderness she had never seen before. "He told you? Larry?"

"Yes, I begged him to say what he knew about Blakiston. It was because of that we followed."

"If you had not it would all have been over now," Tania said drearily. "When I saw you and Larry pass I lost my nerve. I meant to go straight into deep water."

Ross's calm suddenly left him and leaning forward, elbows on knees, he rested his forehead on his clenched hands.

"Tania," Emily's voice shook, she stretched out a hand to her daughter. "Darling, how could you? Why didn't you tell us? Why didn't you trust us?"

"You'd both been so unhappy. I knew what a scandal it would mean—and Judy—the engagement, the headlines. Father had done everything to avoid gossip and newspaper publicity. I wanted to tell you but I couldn't. And now it's all been useless. You've got to face it just the same and all

this added worry and trouble. Oh, daddy," her voice broke in a cry like that of a heart-broken child, "why did you follow us? Why did you spoil it all?"

"Tania!"

Emily was on her knees by the bed, arms round her daughter, her face against hers.

"Ross—Tania! Oh, my dears, both of you—don't be so wretched. Tania, it was my fault a thousand times more than anyone else's. If I'd been a mother worth the name you would never have dreamed of hiding this or being afraid. You bore it because you knew we were unhappy, because you thought only our pride kept us together—our determination to have none of our dirty family linen in the newspapers. Well, perhaps it was, then. Not now—Ross—"

Ross lifted his head and looked from his wife to his daughter.

"Your mother is being more than generous," he said. "And as she says, it is not pride or fear of scandal or any fool thing like that any more that keeps us together. She's forgiven me a good deal—"

But Emily, her quick eye on her daughter's fluctuating color, interrupted him with scant ceremony and accompanied the interruption by a glance that explained much and set his pulses thudding.

"For pity's sake let's pull ourselves together. We've all lost our sense of humor and our balance and we shall all be weeping on each other's necks in a moment. So damp and uncomfortable! Ross, darling; Tania, sweet, stop looking like that and smile! Tania! Don't you dare to cry! It can all be put right, you silly child, without any publicity or scandal at all—unconsummated—Just as easy as that!"

She slipped her fingers and Tania, half laughing, half tearful, her father's hand clasping hers, tried to defend herself.

"I'm not crying but you are. Oh, won't you explain? Without publicity or scandal? How? How?"

"Annulment. Judge in chambers, of course. You were married in England, not the States, my darling child."

"And Judy?"

"I shall take Judy to Honolulu for the spring and the most attractive young party with her. Including you and Larry."

"Larry?" Tania's voice was suddenly strong, "I want to see Larry. I must."

"You shall," Ross said and getting up went over to the door ringing the bell on the way. "Come, Emily, we're out of this. Carter! Ask Captain Cardross to come upstairs. Miss Ardwyn would like to see him."

The End.

Fair Hair

Continued from page 9

We both got married during the next two years. Edith married George Seymour, the son of the tobacco people. Marian commented in plaintive amusement: "I don't know how Edith does it! No looks and no charm to speak of, yet she always gets hold of men like George and Robin." I thanked my stars that she was tied up at the minute having a baby, otherwise she would probably have done her best to break it. For George was extremely attractive, and not in the dumb, solemn St. Bernard way of poor Robin, either. He was lively and aggressive. I thought him too aggressive. One day he would get stout, and puffy bags would gather under his bold brown eyes; his fine features would coarsen with a too loving attention to good living. George would be a rampant bore when he was forty-five. But Edith adored him, the conquering male with his bold eyes and his full red lips under the little clipped mustache.

The Seymours' children were all girls and painfully like Edith. George was very disappointed, I heard. Marian had a beautiful boy and a fairylike miniature of herself—naturally. When she wanted to go abroad Edith looked after them.

Edith and I were thirty-one now; Marian was a year younger. We were staying the week-end at the Seymours' country place; the Crosses were there, too. Everyone had

gone to play golf, but Edith had something to do at home and I wanted to write letters. We were sitting over tea in her pretty sitting room with its flowers and glazed chintzes, when suddenly, an ugly flush rising to her face, she told me that George was having an affair with someone. I stared at her for a moment in silence. She looked plain and miserable and rather pathetic. In the last few years she had put on weight, and her tweeds did not suit her. The thought flashed through my head: "Funny! The only thing that's attractive about her is her hair." It was still bright and curling in pretty waves round her forehead.

"How do you know?"

It seemed that George was "different." He went away for unexplained week-ends and was often out in the evenings. There was something about a dressmaker's bill . . . She cried unskillfully, looking horribly plain.

"Who is it?"

She shook her head.

"I don't know. I can't find out."

It was then, I think, that the first incredible suspicion crossed my mind.

THE golfers returned and scattered for baths. That night there were people to dinner. Marian was a little ivory figurine

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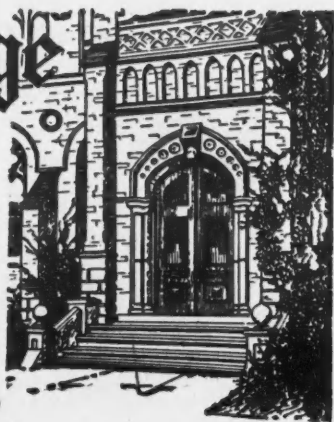
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Gossip of the Garden

Continued from page 22

pseudo-biennials can be kept growing in every garden by sowing seedlings each year, and they will be much more satisfactory than if the old ones did live over. The uncertain hollyhocks, hesperis and coreopsis are notable examples of these plants.

Nature's method of reproducing her plants is to sow the seed as soon as it is ripe, and this seed will usually produce plants for next year's blooming. But imported seeds, or those plants which have been brought from distant and different climates will not always endure the rigors of their adopted country's winters, and of course they cannot always be sown when ripe.

If you have a single plant, which you would like to multiply from seed, a very good method is to stir the soil around the plant, making it fine and water well. The ripening seeds will scatter in this soil, take root and can be transplanted later. If the plant is a shy seeder it could probably be cut back and induced to come up thickly from the roots, after which it could be divided and reset.

Suckering shoots, such as the bridal robe chrysanthemums or the fragrant bouncing betties can be removed from the parent plants and started in new locations. These will usually bloom the following year if they are started in midsummer.

After the perennials have spent themselves in flowering they are ready to start renewing their own growth for the following year. This is the time to fertilize, cultivate and if possible to water thoroughly, in order that they make good growth or ripen off successfully for the winter. Later flowers should not be induced to make new growth, but should be allowed to ripen off correctly. This is Nature's method of preparing the plants for winter, and properly ripened plants usually come through splendidly in the spring.

Above all things, if you have not already got a nice assortment of perennials started for next year's flowering, invest a few cents in some seed and sow them. They can be transplanted when they have made the second pair of leaves, and will probably bloom for you next year.

Tips for the Woman Who Drives a Car

Continued from page 26

thoroughly clean and the directions on the Simonizer carefully followed and you will be amazed at the improvement in your car. A coat of dressing on the roof also helps the appearance and keeps the car watertight. Slip covers and an occasional vacuum cleaning, keep the inside fresh and new looking.

If your mat or carpet looks shabby you can easily replace these yourself at very little expense. Buy a large rubber mat and

cut it to fit your car from your old one, and a piece of carpet for the back, bound around the edges, is as good as any rug you can buy.

If your car receives this systematic attention, which is such a simple matter with our highly equipped and efficient service stations, your repair bills will be small; you will be free from trouble and anxiety on the road, and you will double the lifetime of your car.

Cross Currents

Continued from page 52

herself to end life, her sick brain making her believe that no other way was possible, obscuring all reason or common sense.

And she had failed. Rodney Blakiston was in hospital with a broken thigh and concussion, Judy was frantic, and her parents worried to death.

She realized now that her attempt had been utter and piteous folly, that a short cut out of troubles such as she had planned must always prove only a further and deeper way into them, that nothing but courage of a finer kind could save Judy, and that the grief and bitter disappointment of her parents must be part of her own punishment for weakness—since weakness receives as heavy, and sometimes heavier, punishment than wickedness.

Emily and Ross must know and the sooner the better. Putting out her hand she pressed the bell at her side and an instant later the nurse came.

"Is my mother in? I'd like to see her," Tania said, and nurse Stevens, capable and rather aggressively cheerful, nodded.

"Yes, she's waiting till you wake. Mr. Ardwyn is in, too. Don't you want him as well?"

"My father? At this hour?"

"He's been too anxious about you to attend his office much. I told him you were really in no danger but he has stayed about the house most of the time."

Tania drew a long breath. She realized anew what her cowardice and folly had done, for no gentler names could she apply to herself.

"Yes, I'd like to see them both. And, please, I don't want to be interrupted. I've something to talk over with them both."

Nurse Stevens departed and two or three minutes later Emily came in, followed by Ross who shut the door, pulled a chair up

for his wife and sat on the edge of Tania's bed himself.

"Thank heaven you look more like yourself this afternoon!" he said. "We've had a nice three days, your mother and I. Haven't we, Emily?"

Lady Emily nodded.

"We have. My dear, the next time you want to drive in frozen snow, keep to the main roads—and daylight."

"I don't feel like driving on any roads for a bit," Tania said and then on the principle of getting the worst over quickly she looked from one to the other and added:

"You see it wasn't the fault of the road. It was my own. I deliberately wrecked the car."

Lady Emily half-uttered an exclamation but her husband checked her by a gesture.

"Why?" he asked as quietly as though she had made the most ordinary statement and Tania looked him straight in the eyes.

"Because I hoped to kill us both and make it appear an accident."

The pressure of Ross's hand on hers kept Emily quiet, and his "Yes, my dear?" steadied Tania in her resolve.

"I married Rodney Blakiston three years before—before you went to England, mother. It was the first year I was over there. I saw a great deal of him. Grand-mamma approved of him and he made love to me whenever we met. I refused him but he wouldn't accept a refusal. His mother and grandmamma were great friends and it was a little difficult. Then, mother, you wrote to say you were coming over to fetch me, and Rodney had persuaded grand-mamma to let him be my escort to a dance near Guildford I was to go to. He said his cousins were coming. So they did. We all drove down together. He behaved quite normally all the evening and when about

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A NEW FEATURE

The Pantry Shelf is a new department of service to Canadian housekeepers. On this page, the Chatelaine Institute will discuss from month to month, those interesting foods which come to us in jars and bottles, cans and other packages.

The convenience of these products has won them a distinct place in menu making. They may be used in almost any course of the meal, as an ingredient of the dish or as an accessory to add the desired final touch of delicious flavor.

The cleverest housekeeper nowadays is not the one who creates everything she serves, but the one who takes advantage of the food manufacturer's skill, and uses wisely what has been produced for her.

The Pantry Shelf will offer suggestions in selecting, preparing and serving the wide variety available and tell of new products as they appear on the market.

READY-TO-SERVE MEATS

For the Picnic and Hot Weather Menus

By M. FRANCES HUCKS

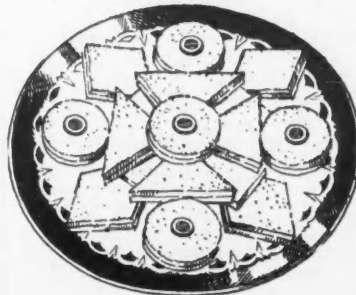
OUR title does not mean only those meats which are especially associated with picnic hamper, although many are excellent for that purpose. The products with which we are concerned may turn hot weather meal preparation into a picnic for the housekeeper. In the cold weather it is cosy and comforting to have a hot oven giving forth appetizing odors of the browning roast, but the appeal is somewhat lost when it reaches us on a sultry day when the soaring temperature protests against the use of the oven.

"Cold meat" is by no means the only substitute for the roast or steak—certainly many tasty preparations for cold service may be found in the shops. These are delicious for many a meal, but there is also a variety of "ready-to-heat" meats which supply that hot, substantial dish so many men demand even in the summer.

Probably the most widely known, and certainly the most popular one is bacon, which can be obtained not only by the pound, but also sliced in packages and in glass jars. From tins, too, we can obtain deliciously flavored stews, with the vegetables cubed and cooked and the gravy seasoned, all ready to heat in a saucepan and serve steaming and savory. Other cooked preparations which require only reheating are: roast or boiled beef or mutton, beefsteak and onions, sausages, corned beef hash—yes, all of these can be purchased in tins or glasses. There are also a great many meats which can be served cold or hot, alone or combined with other food, and make the preparation of the main course for dinner or luncheon a matter of only a few minutes.

In this class we find chicken, ham, veal, beef and tongue in a variety of forms. Chicken cut from the bones and canned is used in salads—you can even buy chicken salad already prepared, if you wish—patties, creamed dishes and cold meat platters. A whole-boned chicken only needs a little browning in the oven to make a real feast. Ham comes to us boiled ready for slicing or for a short baking in the oven and ham loaves, pastes or devilled ham each have their uses in the summer menu. Veal and beef in various prepared forms are also obtainable, and lunch tongue or ox tongue or even lambs' tongues packed in tins or in glass may form the basis of many appetizing main dishes. Smoked beef, so tasty in itself, imparts a distinctive flavor to many combinations and sliced corned beef is a general favorite.

Often meat is used as the basis for prepared sandwich fillings. Plain meat pastes



Meat pastes make delicious sandwiches.

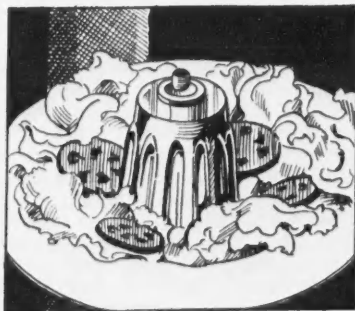
well seasoned, or combinations of meat with pickles or other distinct flavors, are more than convenient for outdoor meals, for a snack at bedtime or to serve to the unexpected guest. Containers of suitable size may be procured to fit your needs, and a few jars on the emergency shelf will be invaluable during the picnic season.

These products are to be found at the grocer's, but your butcher will also provide you with tasty suggestions for the meat course. In his shining refrigerator counters you will find a seemingly endless variety of cooked meats. There are potted meats and head cheese, meat loaves with many different seasonings, some of them containing such additions as macaroni, pimento, pickle and so on. All shapes and sizes of meat rolls and rings will be found, from plain bologna sausage to such products as salami and cervelat and other equally fancy-named appetizing products. No doubt you are accustomed to buying two or three varieties of prepared meats, but try some of the others and you will be convinced of their deliciousness, their time-saving possibilities and their value in varying summer meals.

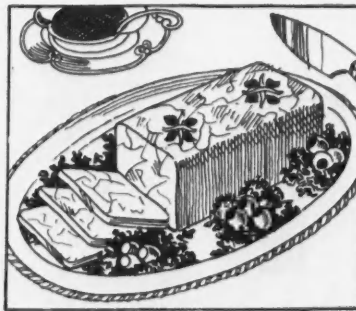
Tongue Supreme

- 1 Tin or glass of tongue (24 ounce)
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1½ Cupfuls of milk
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of paprika
- Dash of white pepper
- 5 Tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish
- Green pepper rings and pimento strips

Heat the tongue, cut in slices about one-quarter inch thick and arrange on a platter. Serve with a sauce made by



Prepared meats can be combined with vegetables in a jellied mold.



Prepared meats, in one form or another, are essential to quick menu planning.

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blending the melted butter and the flour, adding the milk and cooking until thickened. Add the seasonings and just before serving add the horseradish. Garnish with the green pepper and pimento. Serves six.

Luncheon Corned Beef

- 1 Medium-sized can of corned beef or corned beef hash
- 3 Cupfuls of hot mashed potatoes
- Salt and pepper
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- ½ Cupful of hot milk
- ½ Cupful of grated cheese

Season the hot mashed potatoes, add the butter and the hot milk and beat until creamy. Shred the corned beef or use corned beef hash and whip it into the potatoes. Beat until light and place in a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle the grated cheese over the top and place in a hot oven or under a broiler until browned.

Chicken and Celery Salad

- 1 Small can of boneless chicken
- 2 Cupfuls of chopped celery
- ¼ Cupful of chopped almonds
- French dressing
- ½ to ¾ Cupful of mayonnaise
- 4 Hard-cooked eggs
- Lettuce and parsley

Cut the chicken into small cubes, combine with the chopped celery and almonds. Cover with French dressing and allow to stand for one hour or more. Add the mayonnaise and lightly combine. Arrange lettuce on individual salad plates and place the chicken mixture in mounds on the lettuce. Surround with overlapping half slices of hard-cooked egg, and garnish with parsley. Serves six.

Toasted Tasty Sandwiches

- 4 Eggs
- 1 Can of smoked chipped beef
- ½ Small onion
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped pimento
- Pepper
- ¼ Cupful of butter

Beat the eggs slightly, add the chipped beef, the chopped onion and the pimento. Season with pepper and saute in butter. Spread between slices of buttered toast. Serves eight.



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And children love it too! Many children do not like the taste of milk, but they like to have the same drink as the "grown-ups". It is good for them to have a hot drink. Try making Instant Postum for them, using hot milk (not boiled) instead of boiling water. They'll like the taste immediately!

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33

in black with a very beautiful diamond brooch that I had not noticed before. Robin himself drew attention to it. "See that? Marian's been lucky on the stock market. Did you know that she had a darned good business head?" And I thought that Marian's lashes flickered as she smiled across the table at us.

I had little opportunity of studying her and George together that evening. Then, after the guests had gone, one of those illuminating trifles happened. Edith had just said, "What about bed?" and Robin, stretching his great body, had yawned, "That's a good idea if I'm going to play decent golf tomorrow." Marian called lazily:

"Give me some barley water, George."

He brought it.

She smiled up at him. He bent over her, glass in hand. A queer trick of shadow made his face look rather bloated, but those curiously womanish red lips were parted in a self-satisfied smile. And as though a bit of magnesium wire had gone, flash; and there was the situation in sharp, merciless black and white—I knew he was her lover.

I said nothing to Edith. She told me that she thought George's affair was "dying down." About a month later I had to go to a hen lunch party for my sins, and my neighbor's opening remark to me was:

"I saw a friend of yours the other day at Monte Carlo."

"Who was that?"

"That beautiful thing, Mrs. Robin Cross."

I looked up suddenly from my grapefruit cocktail. For Marian had told me over the telephone that she was going to Paris to see the new collections.

Well, there was no reason at all why she should not change her plans and go to Monte Carlo... But the next time I saw Edith I asked casually:

"How is George?"

"Oh, he's away for a few weeks. The children started this wretched whooping cough, so I couldn't go with him, but some friends of his were going to Monte—"

"Edith," I said, and my voice must have sounded queer, for she stared at me with her mouth open, "listen to me. George is at Monte Carlo with Marian."

"Anne!" Her face went a dull red.

I knew that it was probably good-by to our friendship, but I told her everything. It was my last effort to open her stupid, innocent eyes. I told her that Marian had piled treachery on treachery from the very beginning; that she was a mean little thief who had robbed Edith right and left under cover of her creeping, insidious charm.

"I don't believe a word of it. What evidence have you got to go on, anyway?"

I had nothing. Just my own unshakable conviction; a diamond brooch; a chance word at a lunch party. Edith said, slowly, triumphantly:

"The whole thing's a malicious fabrication. I shall warn Marian. People have no right to go about saying such terrible, terrible things—"

Her eyes filled and I felt my temper snap, abruptly.

"All right, that settles it. I wash my hands of you, Edith Seymour!"

She said with an obvious effort, "I know you mean well, Anne, but I won't hear anything against Marian," and I walked out of the house.

I DID not see her again for months. It was no particular triumph for me to hear in a roundabout way that my instinct had been right. No matter how cleverly these things are managed, servants will talk, and my maid had heard from Lady Steen's maid who had been told by Mrs. Cross's chauffeur.

Then one day I came face to face with Edith in the street.

"Anne, my dear!"

"How are you, Edith?"

I was going to pass on, but she caught hold of my arm.

"Surely we're not still quarrelling?"

Her nice eyes were so honest; her heated face beamed earnestly under a terrible lace hat that broke out in cherries at unexpected places.

"Of course not, Edith. How are you? And the children?"

Somehow I could not bring myself to ask after George. But she did not seem to notice the omission and clutched my arm with painful affection.

"Oh, they're splendid! There are so many things I want to ask you, Anne. Are you doing anything? I'm going along to Pierre's for a shampoo, and if you could wait we might have lunch afterward."

"All right. I want a manicure anyway."

Pierre's was in Dover Street. Marian had sent me to him first. He had cut my hair for years and Edith was a regular customer, too. In the last few months the only news I had heard of them had been through Pierre. "Mrs. Cross came in for a shampoo last Friday," he would say, or "Mrs. Seymour came in yesterday—I think 'er children 'ave been ill with the measles."

As we climbed the stairs Edith sighed, "I didn't book an appointment, so Pierre can't do it. It may be imagination, but my hair never seems to look the same." We went into the little green and silver cubicle. From next door came the rattle of waving irons and Pierre's voice. Edith sighed again, and took off the hat with the cherries; for which I was grateful. I had ordered my manicure, and the girl came in with her glittering little table of coral liquids and white pastes.

"Mr. Eugene won't be a minute, madam," she said to Edith.

"Thank you."

I stretched out my hands.

"Do you like them pointed, madam?"

I was just going to answer when I heard a familiar voice above the rattle of irons next door. Marian had a very individual voice, soft and sweet, the least bit husky. Edith stopped dead in the middle of unclasping her pearl necklace and turned to me a pleased face.

"Why, it's—"

And then for some reason she was silent, listening. I was frozen, listening, my hands on the little cushion in front of me. For Marian was asking lazily:

"Has Mrs. Seymour been in lately?"

"Let me see. Not since last Thursday."

"Tell me, she does have something done to her hair, doesn't she? When we were at school together it usen't to have that funny bleached look." I sensed rather than heard the light, malicious laugh. "People who knew one at school are always the give-away, aren't they?"

Pierre's answer was lost. For I had been watching Edith's face. I had seen the smile fade from it and a dull flush spread from her neck to the roots of her pretty fair hair. Her mouth worked curiously for a minute, and I had an instant conviction that she was terribly shocked. Edith, who had never used a lipstick in her life, was shocked to the depths of her being at the idle insinuation that she dyed her hair. She got up so clumsily that a bottle of lotion went spinning. The manicure girl and I, staring at each other dumbly, my hand still clasped grotesquely in hers, heard the curtain rings of the next cubicle rattle and Edith's voice, strained and shaking.

"You're a wicked, lying woman, Marian Cross!"

And then we saw her dashing blindly past with her head down like a goaded animal, forgetting her parcels and the limp cherry hat. We heard her pounding downstairs and out into the sunshine of Dover Street.

The manicure girl came to herself with a start and looked at me with a bright professional smile.

"Your cuticle is in very good condition, madam."

I did not answer. My dazed brain was trying to adjust itself to the fact that the miracle had happened. In the last twenty years I had watched Marian pick Edith's brains, steal her lover, use her unmercifully, and end by stealing her husband. Five minutes in a hairdresser's shop had achieved what that whole burden of accumulated treachery could not do. I surprised the manicure girl by leaning back and laughing long and wildly.

As far as I know, those seven words were the last that Edith ever spoke to Marian.

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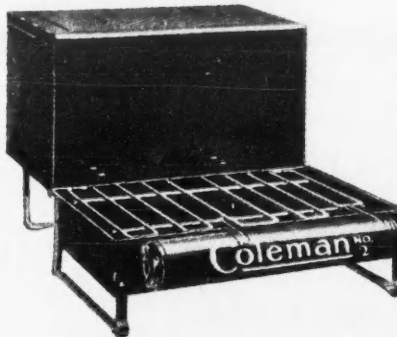
IDEAL SILVER CREAM

ONE OF CAPO WAYS TO BRIGHTEN DAYS

A Department Which Seeks Out and Investigates What is New and Good in Housekeeping Helps

Conducted by VERA E. WELCH

THERE's no resisting the call of the out-of-doors. When we hear it, we might just as well leave our houses to care for themselves, and take to gypsy trails for the precious week-ends of summer. The four walls of a home, somehow or other, no matter what comfort they enclose, are all wrong when warm sunshine floods the world



This camp stove boasts an oven which will bake and roast.

outside and green leaves rustle gently in the woods.

Of course, the ideal way to "go wild" is with a motor, for then you can take along every camping convenience—including that very necessary thing in an uncertain climate, a stove for camp cooking. The Coleman Lamp and Stove Company carry a complete line of camp stoves at varying prices and sizes. They are compact, quick to heat, and dependable, with no loose parts to get misplaced or damaged.

The stove illustrated even features an oven which will bake and roast. (How tired one gets of fries when on an extended camping trip!) Special built-in features include a pump, oven, drum heater, wind baffle, warming cabinet, filling funnel, and hot-blast starter. When you are ready to break camp, the whole thing folds up like a suitcase with everything inside, and is easily carried or packed in with other outing equipment.

Dish washing is a woman's least loved chore, but most of us have become more or less resigned to its dreary routine after every meal. Yet there's really no reason why we shouldn't let electricity take over the job, as it has done every other phase of housework. When equipment is in constant use, as this is, it soon pays for itself in the daily comfort it gives.

In the large family dishwasher often assumes the aspect of a drudgery. Imagine the joy of simply piling the soiled crockery, glasses and silverware into the dishwasher after each meal, and doing them when-

ever a convenient time presents itself. The dirty dishes won't be a perpetual reproach, for they will be tucked away out of sight and the kitchen will be as tidy as ever. Many women who own dishwashers do their dishes only once a day—a wonderful saving of time and energy. It is particularly appreciated when you are entertaining. Usually the problem confronts you of either breaking in on the entertainment of your guests with a session spent in the kitchen, or else leaving the dirty dishes piled high to greet you first thing in the morning, when you must tackle them single-handed.

There are several models of the Conover Electric Dishwasher. There is the model for the average home which handles forty to sixty dishes plus silver at one time. Families of three or four can do all the dishes for two or three meals in one washing with this model. It requires five and a half quarts of water for each washing and each rinsing. And, of course, it dries the dishes too. It fills from any kitchen faucet and empties electrically into the sink without changing the plumbing equipment in any way. Then for apartments and small home kitchens, there is a smaller model which can be rolled



Sturdy construction and attractive finish characterize this new electric washer.

under an average kitchen sink when not in use. It handles thirty-one dishes and twenty-four pieces of silver at one time. For large families and boarding houses there is an extra large model which handles seventy to ninety dishes, plus silver. All

the models work upon the same principle—washing, rinsing, drying the dishes and automatically cleansing itself.

WHILE on the subject of washers, there is a new "Miss Simplicity" electric clothes washer just placed on the market which is thoroughly up to date in its construction and service. It is a particularly attractive machine, with a color scheme of Cambridge blue and pale coral. The tub is of baked enamel on a base of heavy steel.



The dishes for two or three meals can be washed, rinsed and dried by the turn of a switch.

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Makes Perfect Toast

No Scorched Fingers

Chromium Finish

Westinghouse

TURN-OVER TOASTER



ELECTRIC RANGES

CLEAN - SPEEDY

BEAUTIFUL - STURDY

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Chatelaine Patterns

may be purchased at these stores

Chatelaine Patterns may now be purchased in the stores listed below. If there is as yet no dealer in your neighborhood, we would be glad to have you give us the name and address of your favourite store, and, in the meantime, you may order Chatelaine Patterns direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. In ordering by mail, be careful to write the pattern number plainly and be sure to state the size required.

List of Chatelaine Pattern Dealers

ONTARIO		QUEBEC	
Amherstburg	Walker's Stores, Limited	Montreal	The T. Eaton Co., Ltd., St. Catherine St. West The T. Eaton Co., Ltd., 2289 Mount Royal W. The Teco Store, St. Catherine St. East P. Bancel & Fils
Argenteuil	Walker's Stores, Limited	Montebello	R. O. Quesnel
Aylmer	Walker's Stores, Limited	Quebec	Jules Gauvin, Ltd.
Barnes	Walker's Stores, Limited	St. Andre	A. Vellin
Bellefleur	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Sherbrooke	Canadian Department Stores, Limited
Bowmanville	Walker's Stores, Limited		
Brantford	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	NEW BRUNSWICK	
Brockville	Leverette's Store Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Cambridge	Canadian Department Stores, Limited
Carleton Place	Walker's Stores, Limited	Moncton	The T. Eaton Co., Limited
Chatham	Spencer Stone, Limited Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Saint John	P. A. Dykeman Department Store
Collingwood	Walker's Stores, Limited	Fredericton	R. L. Black
Cornwall	Walker's Stores, Limited	NOVA SCOTIA	
Durham	A. Graham	Gloucester	Canadian Department Stores, Limited
East Windsor	M. H. Nessel	Halifax	The T. Eaton Co., Limited
Englehart	M. S. Ireland	Sydney Mines	Canadian Department Stores, Limited
Forest	Forest Farmer's Trading Co.	Sydney	Canadian Department Stores, Limited
Galt	Walker's Stores, Limited	MANITOBA	
Guelph	G. B. Ryan & Co., Ltd.	Brandon	West of England Dress Goods Co.
Hamilton	The T. Eaton Co., Limited MacFarlane's Dry Goods London Dry Goods, Ltd. N. Westwig	Winnipeg	The T. Eaton Co., Limited
Hanover	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	SASKATCHEWAN	
Huntsville	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Regina	West of England Dress Goods Co.
Kitchener	Gouldie's, Limited, Depart- ment Store Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Saskatoon	The T. Eaton Co., Limited
London	R. J. Young & Co., Ltd.	Whitewood	The Whitewood Trading Co., Ltd.
Lindsay	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Lloydminster	H. C. Messum
Midland	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Moose Jaw	Binning's (Moose Jaw) Ltd. The T. Eaton Co., Limited
Napanee	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	ALBERTA	
Niagara Falls	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Calgary	West of England Dress Goods Co.
		Edmonton	The T. Eaton Co., Limited
		Blackfoot	J. A. Macdonald
		BRITISH COLUMBIA	
		New Westminster	W. S. Collier, Ltd.
		Vernon	Jerry Eaton Store
		Salmon Arm	G. De Scott

Slip Covers in New Guises

Continued from page 32

patterned hangings, accessories and smaller pieces.

Slip-coverings themselves may frequently be combinations of figured and plain fabric, as is demonstrated in the photograph of a plain metal bed, one of a pair of twin beds, most artistically treated.

The beds themselves are of the simplest iron variety, having no decorative interest whatever without slip-covers. With this treatment, however, they become something most unique and charming, and the material and making was not costly or difficult.

The end-slips are boxed and bound over the top, and the iron beneath them, though only a thick round rod, much like that of a "hospital bed" is given a trim square appearance by this treatment. The covers for these ends might have been simply plain hoods, or merely bound at top, but this gives them a considerably trimmer and more finished appearance. The frills of the end-slips are pleated, while the cover-ruffles are drawn on three cords. Shirring is difficult with a heavy material, and so the cording method is the one usually employed by experienced upholsterers.

The end of the coverlet, to be tucked in at bottom, is left unattached to the side ruffle, and plain. The arrangement is clearly seen in the picture. The ruffle is continued, however, to the top, where it folds over the pillow.

The end-covers for this bed are an example of the "straight fit" slip cover—that is, one which is cut exactly to fit without any consideration for tucking in and fitting by hand after it is finished. For this reason, such covers have to be exceedingly accurate and snug or there is the inevitable problem of slipping, and untidy appearance. In this same class are the covers for all unpadded chairs, wicker or wood. These may be so covered, and, if they require it (as most big unpadded chairs do), be finished with a slip-covered cushion for the seat. The weight and bulk of the cushion will do much toward keeping the cover in place. The types of unpadded chair which suggest themselves for slip-covering are what might best be described as "strictly occasional." A little desk or dressing-table chair may be quaintly garmented with a pleated ruffle, giving a note of color and piquancy to a simple room.

SO MUCH for the strictly form-fitting slip-cover. Of a different genre from the covers for plain pieces are the slips for overstuffed furniture. These, because of the tuck-away surpluses which they allow, are even simpler for the home seamstress, but they require careful fitting by hand when they are finally adjusted. The proper application of a slip-cover to an upholstered piece amounts almost to an operation in plastic surgery. The slack must be pushed into the depths of the chair, and the whole cover smoothed and pushed on like a kid glove. To keep covers looking at their best, some attention should be given them every day; brushing away crumbs and dust under the cushions, running the hands into the chair's declivities to push in the slack, should be a regular routine.

And now for the measuring and cutting of any slip-cover, having in mind the type you require. First, if you have selected a large-patterned material, be certain that in measuring and cutting, you make allowances for the balancing in all cases of the large medallion or figure. The width of the material must be compared with the widest part of the chair, or in the case of a sofa, with the largest symmetrical section of the back to be covered. If the width of the material is not sufficient, then allowance must be made for extra strips or gores to fill in the lack. For either sofa or chair, measure from the back (above the legs, where upholstery begins) up over the top to the seat. If the top of the chair is curved or otherwise outlined in special shape, this piece will have to be cut at top to fit. In any case, the top is always cut and bound across in order to

follow the outline of the chair accurately. In measuring, allow three-quarters of an inch for seams, and in the case of overstuffed furniture, six inches on every measurement for "tuck away" slack. Having measured to the seat, take your second measurement from the back of seat over the edge at front to where the upholstery ends. Next measure from the sides, beginning with the upholstery, over each arm to seat. Pieces for the fronts of arms must be cut exactly to shape, allowing for seams, and wings must be measured from the side over the top, filling in the space left by arm and back measurements.

In cutting, fold the material lengthwise and pin the folded edge securely to the centre of that part of chair being measured. Cut while still pinned, remembering to allow for seams and slack where necessary.

Pin all pieces together securely, pleating, darting or folding to a smooth appearance. Gores may be necessary to fill up little gaps caused by bulges in overstuffing, and should be carefully matched and fitted. It is always best, however, to have as few seams and openings as possible.

A good plan is to make guiding notches before unpinning, otherwise when the material is separated and reversed for sewing, you may be puzzled in matching the pieces. Remember in stitching that one side of the back is left open, faced with flaps, and joined with hooks and eyes.

Upholstered cushions usually require "boxing"—and the back bottom seam should be left open, provided with a flap and hooks and eyes. The corners of cushions are best slightly rounded, unless the form is purposely designed for a sharp effect.

Cording the seams of slip-covers either with self material, or a contrasting or predominating color, is very smart and gives a "professional" air to their appearance. The cording material is cut in long bias inch-wide strips and a quarter-inch cord basted into this casing. It is now roughly held in the casing, with a raw edge beneath. This "wrong" edge is simply fed into the main seam of the cover as it is basted together, the casing between the two pieces of material. It makes very little difference in the business of the final sewing.

For slip-cover frills, pleated, corded or shirred, measure the length around the base of the piece, tripling it for a pleated ruffle, doubling it for a gathered ruffle.

There is one more type of cover, which I always designate as "tie on." These may be used very successfully for dining room or other small chairs with interesting wood backs and padded and covered seats. Perhaps these seats have passed their first youth or for some reason you wish to change, protect or brighten them. This type of cover is also a veritable saving grace for those old-fashioned dark oak leather-backed chairs which seem to have no place in the modern scheme, but which nevertheless live on. Almost every established household has one or two, and they present a problem if they are to be utilized. The tie-on cover often makes them fit companions for other furniture and makes it possible to use them in other rooms than the study or "den" for which they were originally designed. The seat-covers and back covers as well are mere bibs, measured without slack, either in straight squares or shaped according to the conformation of the seat to be fitted. Their edges may be bound in contrasting color, or picoted (hemstitched and cut). Two tapes at each corner anchor them firmly to seat or back, if this is also required. The illustration shows a chair of the leather-back variety with plain linen tie-on covers, on which have been stencilled a motif or two from the design of the prevailing chintz of the room. This might as well have been cross-stitched.

It is my firm belief that slip-covers are this world's best gift to decorators, amateur and professional—and it has never yet been shaken!

Beware Mosquito Infection!

Protect your home and your children! Spray Flit. Flit kills flies, mosquitoes, moths, bed bugs, ants, roaches. Harmless to people. Easy to use in the handy Flit sprayer. Does not stain. Do not confuse Flit with other insect sprays. Flit is guaranteed to kill, or money back. Get the famous yellow can with the black band and the soldier—today!

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FOR KIDDIES AND
GROWN-UPS TOO

There's a Chatelaine Pattern
For Every Age

No. 700—The little gingham girl is dressed in a frock which ties in quite the modern manner behind her back in a bow. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 35-inch contrasting material.

Price 15 cents.

No. 610—A dainty wee frock that pleats each side of a plain yolk. It can be sleeveless, if desired. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material.

Price 15 cents.



Price 15 cents

No. 778—Polka dots for her near teens. The Bertha collar should be plain and transparent. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 35-inch material with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting material.

Price 15 cents.

No. 640—Nothing can make you feel quite so luxurious and sun-lazy as beach pyjamas. And these are designed for both comfort and beauty. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material with $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch contrasting, if desired.

Price 15 cents.

N · E · W · S

*F*ROM North, East, West, South comes news . . . news pulsed to the rush of progress . . . new ideas, new services, new products, new health, new styles, new comforts, new pleasures . . . news brought to us by advertising.

*W*E LIVE in the most scientific and luxurious age the world has ever known.

*T*HE swift progress in science and invention, the steady rise in our standard of living, our wider appreciation of health, knowledge, beauty, comfort, has been paralleled by the tremendous increase in advertising.

*A*DVERTISING, through printed word and picture, has educated us to know and to use the marvels of

science. It has brought to us a degree of luxury unknown and almost undreamed of thirty years ago. It has immeasurably broadened our scope of living.

*B*Y STIMULATING keen competition for business leadership, advertising is day by day encouraging further advances in science and in those products which feed, clothe, serve and entertain us. Such competition, with its attendant economies of large scale production, brings us,

as well, ever greater value for our money.

*T*HE next twenty, or even ten, years will see almost incredible advances in our mode of living and in the services, comforts and pleasures at our command. Advertising and advertised products will march proudly side by side with progress . . . aiding it, justifying it, pointing the way.

*K*EEP abreast of the news of our dynamic times . . . read the advertisements.

This Advertisement was written by

The F. H. Hayhurst Co., Limited
ADVERTISING AGENCY
200 BAY STREET, TORONTO

IN THE FRONT RANK OF FASHION

Frocks That Are Smart Are Wearable For Any Occasion

Price 15 cents

No. 380—Frills, flares and fichus are the clothes-expression of feminine charm. This exquisite design employs all of them, and might be worn both for afternoon or informal evening wear. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 34 requires 5½ yards of 39-inch material. Price 15 cents



No. 336—The jacket frock is the favorite this season. This little short-sleeved jacket stops at the fashionable waist length. Linen, piqué or rajah silk are ideal materials. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 39-inch material for the dress and jacket, with ¼ yard of 35-inch contrasting, if desired. Price 15 cents

No. 314—The longer jacket is equally smart. This ensemble offers an excellent opportunity for good color contrast. Here again, linen, piqué or rajah silk might be used in figured or plain materials. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards of 39-inch material with, if desired, 1¾ yards of binding. Price 15 cents

COURTING SUMMER BREEZES

Three Chatelaine Styles Demonstrate
the Chic of Frills and Boleros

Price 15 cents each



No. 318—A dainty, low-set frill gives a charmingly sophisticated air to this frock, which might be of plain or figured voile or georgette, or crêpe de Chine. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material with $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of binding.
Price 15 cents

No. 502—For afternoon wear—this gracefully tiered frock, caught in at the natural waist line. It would be charming in voile or georgette. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 35-inch contrasting material.
Price 15 cents

No. 379—The Empire trend of style was the inspiration for this smart bolero suit. The contrasting material of the blouse is accented again at the cuffs and between the centre pleats. Two shades of linen, rajah silk, or black satin and white crêpe de Chine would be very good. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 34 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material with $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch contrasting material.
Price 15 cents

Chatelaine Patterns are the only magazine patterns selling in stores
throughout Canada for the low price of 15 cents

Quickly Made Summer Desserts

Continued from page 19

caramel pudding made by boiling for three hours a can of condensed milk. When this cools, it may be removed from the can, cut in even slices, served alone or garnished with chopped nuts, cocoanut or whipped cream. For just such occasions as we have mentioned, it will be most convenient to have a can or two in your refrigerator ready to serve at a moment's notice.

Ice cream may be made in your electric refrigerator, but it requires three or four hours to freeze. If you have made no preparation beforehand, ice cream may be purchased at a nearby store and served in various ways—with sauces, additions of fruit, nuts, cocoanut or other accompaniments.

The following recipes give timely suggestions for quick desserts. From them one may select a dish to complement the hearty meal, the vegetable plate dinner, the salad luncheon or other light menu. All may be prepared in a few minutes and their delicious flavor assures them an enthusiastic reception at the table.

Stuffed Peaches

- 12 Halves of canned peaches
- 8 or 10 Dates
- ¼ Cupful of chopped walnuts
- Peach syrup

Place six peach halves in individual serving dishes with the cut side up. Chop the dates, mix with the nuts and add enough peach syrup to make a paste. Fill the cavities in the peach halves with the mixture. Place the other peach halves on top to make a whole peach for each serving. Pour the peach syrup around, top with whipped cream and sprinkle with nuts. Six servings.

Pear Meringues

- 6 Large pear halves (canned)
- ½ Cupful of orange juice
- 2 Egg whites
- ¼ Cupful of granulated sugar
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of chopped orange peel

Dip the pears in the orange juice, place in a flat baking dish, cut side up. Fill the centres with the chopped orange peel and cover with meringue made by adding the sugar to the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Brown lightly in a moderate oven and serve with syrup from the canned pears. Serves six.

Orange Cream

- 1 Cupful of whipping cream
- ¼ Cupful of granulated sugar
- 1 Cupful of marshmallows (cut in pieces)
- 1 Cupful of orange juice and pulp

Add the marshmallows to the orange juice and pulp. Whip the cream until stiff. Fold in the sugar and lastly the marshmallows and orange mixture. Serve cold. Serves six to eight.

Lightning Cake

- 1 Cupful of granulated sugar
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of soft shortening
- ½ Cupful of milk
- ¼ Teaspoonful of vanilla
- 2 Eggs
- 2 Cupfuls of sifted pastry flour
- 1 Tablespoonful of baking powder
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt

Place the above ingredients in the order given in a mixing bowl and beat vigorously for two minutes. Pour into a large greased pan and bake at 375 degrees Fahr. Remove from the oven, cut in squares and serve with sauce, chocolate or caramel or cover with crushed sweetened fruit.

Chocolate Junket

- 3 Tablespoonfuls of cocoa
- 1½ Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- ¼ Cupful of boiling water
- 3 Cupfuls of milk
- 1½ Junket tablets
- 1 Tablespoonful of cold water

Mix the cocoa, sugar and boiling water and cook slowly for three or four minutes. Add the milk gradually and heat only until lukewarm. Dissolve the junket in the cold water and add to the lukewarm mixture. Pour immediately into serving glasses and leave until set. Then place in the refrigerator to chill. Serves six. Quartered marshmallows or chopped nuts may be added if desired.

Banana Whip

- 3 Ripe bananas
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of orange juice
- 3 Egg whites

Beat the egg whites until stiff. Mash the bananas and add the orange juice. Fold into the whipped egg whites and top with sweetened whipped cream. Garnish with slices of banana. Six servings.

Other fruits, as crushed berries, peaches, sieved prunes or apricots, may be substituted for banana, using one cupful of the fruit and adding sugar to taste. A richer dessert is obtained by using only two egg whites and half a cupful of whipping cream.

Economy Pudding

- Left-over plain cake
- 2 Cupfuls of stewed or canned fruit
- Sugar if desired
- Whipped cream

Cut the cake into rounds with a biscuit cutter and soak it in the juice of the canned fruit. Place on individual serving plates. Cover with the fruit to which sugar has been added if necessary and top with whipped cream. Serves six.

Ice Cream Charlotte

- Left-over sponge or plain cake
- 1 Cupful of fruit juice (sweetened)
- Grated cocoanut
- 1 Pint of ice cream

The fruit juice may be any fresh or canned fruit juice, as orange, pineapple, strawberry, peach, etc. Then buy ice cream to blend with that flavor—plain vanilla for the red juices, strawberry or cherry ice cream for the pineapple juice, orange ice cream with peach juice, pineapple ice cream with orange juice.

Cut the cake into small strips. Soak in the fruit juice and place around the sides of individual sherbet glasses. In the centre place a serving of ice cream and sprinkle with grated cocoanut. Whole fruit may be used for a garnish if desired. Serves six.

Mixed Fruit Sundae

- 1 Can of fruit salad
- 1 Pint of ice cream
- ¼ Cupful of chopped nuts
- Whipped cream

Into each of six individual serving glasses, divide the fruit salad. Place the ice cream on top, dot with whipped cream and sprinkle with nuts. Any mixture of canned or fresh sweetened fruits may be used for this dessert. Serves six.

Fruit Sandwich

- 3 Cupfuls of flour
- 5 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 5 Tablespoonfuls of butter or other shortening
- 1 Cupful of milk or more
- Blueberries, blackberries, raspberries, cherries

Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Add the sugar and blend in the shortening. Add milk to make a soft dough. Roll lightly in two pieces. Place one piece on a floured pan and spread liberally with any of the above fruits sweetened to taste. Cover with the other piece of dough, press the edges together and bake in a hot oven—425 degrees Fahr.—for ten to twelve minutes. Cut in slices and serve hot with cream and sugar. Serves six to eight.

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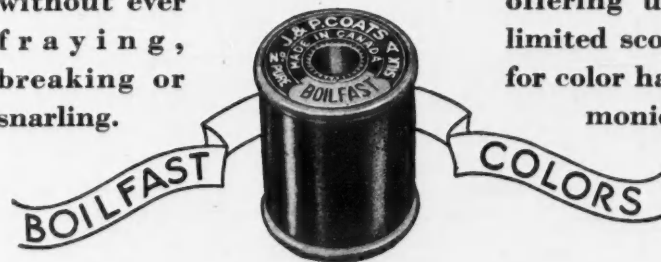


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Use it for sewing on all material having a high lustre—silks, satins and velvets.

You will find this new silk thread wonderfully smooth to work with, delighting you with the way it passes through your needle without ever fraying, breaking or snarling.

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J. & P. Coats' SPOOL SILK

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THE CANADIAN SPOOL COTTON CO., MONTREAL.
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CHATELAINE PATTERNS ARE CUT TO FIT



215

No. 215—An all-occasion frock with simple, well cut lines. The pointed hip yolk fits snugly over the hips. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 35-inch contrasting for collar, vestee and belt, if desired.

Price 15 cents.

145

No. 145—The surplice closing of this smart frock is very becoming to the mature figure. The frock is fitted slightly at the natural waist line and buttons at the left side of the pointed hip yolk. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 35-inch material with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 39-inch contrasting.

Price 15 cents.

111

No. 111—The graceful drapery of the surplice collar on this attractive frock, softens the neck line. It is smartly belted at the natural waist line. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material.

Price 15 cents.

Smart Frocks With Slenderizing Lines Especially
Designed for the Not-so-Slim

Price 15 cents each

Recipes used in Meals of the Month

by M. FRANCES HUCKS

THREE times a day is there opportunity to use the fruits and vegetables of the summer season. The housewife whose garden or orchard supplies her with an abundance of any one product welcomes directions for using that product in a variety of ways, and she who depends on the offerings of the fruit and vegetable market is equally glad of suggestions for menu planning.

In the meals for this month fresh garden products are given a prominent place and recipes for a few of the vegetable and fruit dishes will help you to follow the daily menus. Included is a recipe for a more substantial pudding which rounds out the lighter vegetable dinner, and for a main course potato salad which is transported in cardboard cartons or sealed jars to the picnic ground and disappears with amazing rapidity when lunch is served.

Substantial Potato Salad

- 4 Cupfuls of diced cooked potatoes
- 3 Hard cooked eggs (diced)
- 1 Medium onion (chopped fine)
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of chopped celery
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of chopped green pepper
- Salt and pepper
- 1 Cupful of boiled dressing

Combine the ingredients in the order given, adding seasonings to taste and more or less dressing to make the salad as moist as desired. Chopped cucumber or pimento may be added if desired. This salad may be carried in a glass jar or in cardboard containers to the picnic ground. Serves eight.

Brown Sugar and Nut Pudding

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of brown sugar
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of warm water
- 1 Cupful of milk
- 1 Cupful of white sugar
- 1 Cupful of flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of baking powder
- Pinch of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of flavoring
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of chopped walnuts
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of chopped dates

Place the brown sugar in a baking dish, add the warm water and stir until dissolved. Mix and sift the flour, baking powder and salt, combine with the sugar and add the milk to form a soft dough. Add flavoring and the prepared nuts and dates. Pour over the sugar syrup in the baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty-five to forty-five minutes and serve with cream. Serves six.

Carrot Loaf

- 2 Cupfuls of grated carrots
 - 1 Cupful of bread crumbs
 - 2 Eggs
 - 1 Cupful of milk
 - $1\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonfuls of salt
 - Pepper
 - 3 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter
- Mix the carrots and the bread crumbs.

Beat the eggs slightly, add the milk and the seasonings and combine with the first mixture. Add the melted butter, turn into a lightly greased casserole and bake for one hour in a moderate oven. Serves six.

Cherry Tapioca

- 2 Cupfuls of cooked, sweetened cherries
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of tapioca
- 1 Cupful of cold water
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- Few drops of flavoring (almond)

Soak the tapioca in the water overnight. Drain the juice from the cooked cherries, and add water to make about one and one-quarter cupfuls. Bring to boiling, add to the tapioca and cook over hot water until the tapioca is transparent. Add the sugar, the cherries and the flavoring. Chill and serve with cream. Serves six.

Strawberry Ice Box Cake

- 1 Cupful of strawberries forced through a sieve
- $\frac{2}{3}$ Cupful of sugar
- 3 Teaspoonfuls of lemon juice
- 1 Tablespoonful of gelatine
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of cold water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of boiling water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of whipping cream
- Lady fingers or strips of sponge cake

Add the sugar and lemon juice to the strawberry purée. Soak the gelatine in the cold water, dissolve in the boiling water and add to the strawberry mixture. When it begins to thicken, fold in the cream which has been stiffly whipped. Line a mold with split lady fingers or strips of sponge cake, and fill with alternate layers of the strawberry mixture and lady fingers. Place in the refrigerator for twelve hours. Serve with additional whipped cream and whole strawberries. Serves eight.

Baked Stuffed Cucumbers

- 3 Cucumbers
- 1 Cupful of bread crumbs
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped onion
- 1 Teaspoonful of chopped parsley
- Salt and pepper and paprika
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of celery salt
- 1 Tablespoonful of melted butter
- 2 Cupfuls of thin tomato soup or stock

Peel the cucumbers, cut in halves lengthwise; remove the centres and fill with a stuffing made by combining all the remaining ingredients except the soup. Place the cucumber halves close together in a baking pan. Pour the soup around and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven (350 degrees). Baste occasionally with the liquid. Serve hot. Serves six.

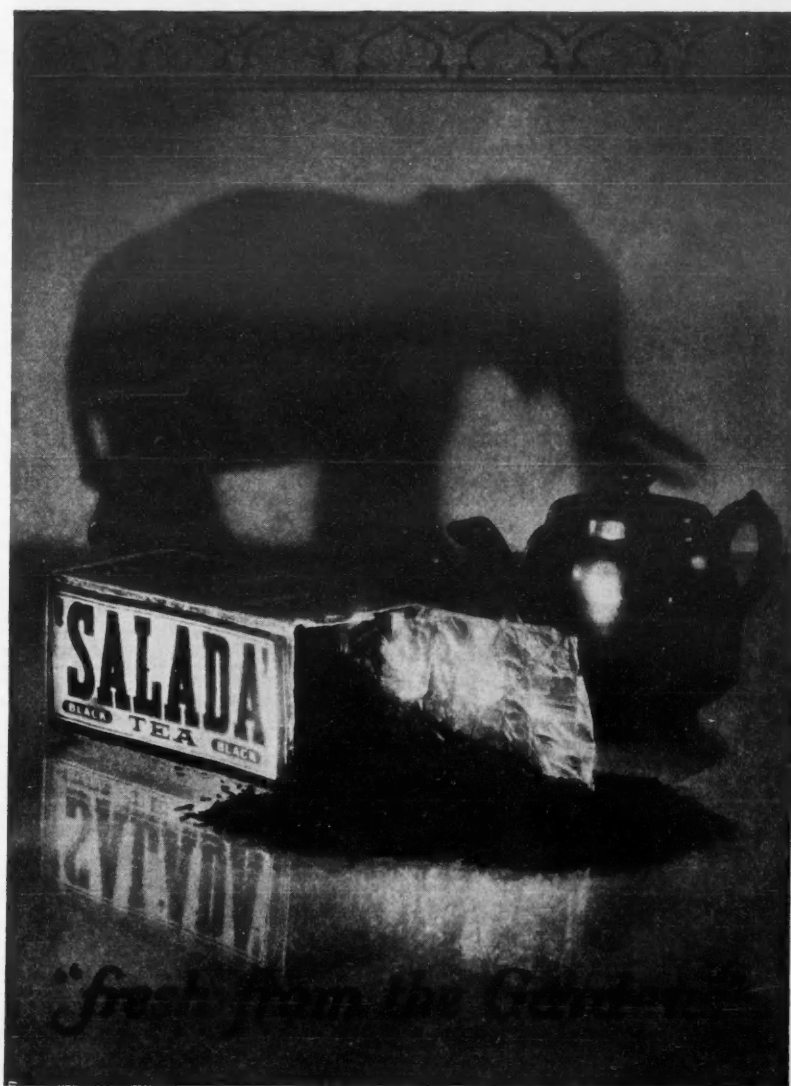


What of His Dependents?

Continued from page 7

that were the State to accept responsibility for the support of such unfortunate families there would be wholesale abuse of the regulation. But investigation of applications for assistance in these cases would be no more difficult than under the Mothers' Allowance Act or the old age pensions enactment. In any event, common sense and common

justice demand that something be done. The Mothers' Allowance boards would seem to be the logical administrators of any relief plan. Such women and children should not be obliged to seek charity, and Mrs. Metro Kuszak has gone a long way in drawing sharply to the attention of the public a wrong that should have been rectified long ago.



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Meals of the Month

Thirty-one Menus for July

Compiled by M. Frances Hucks of The Chatelaine Institute staff.

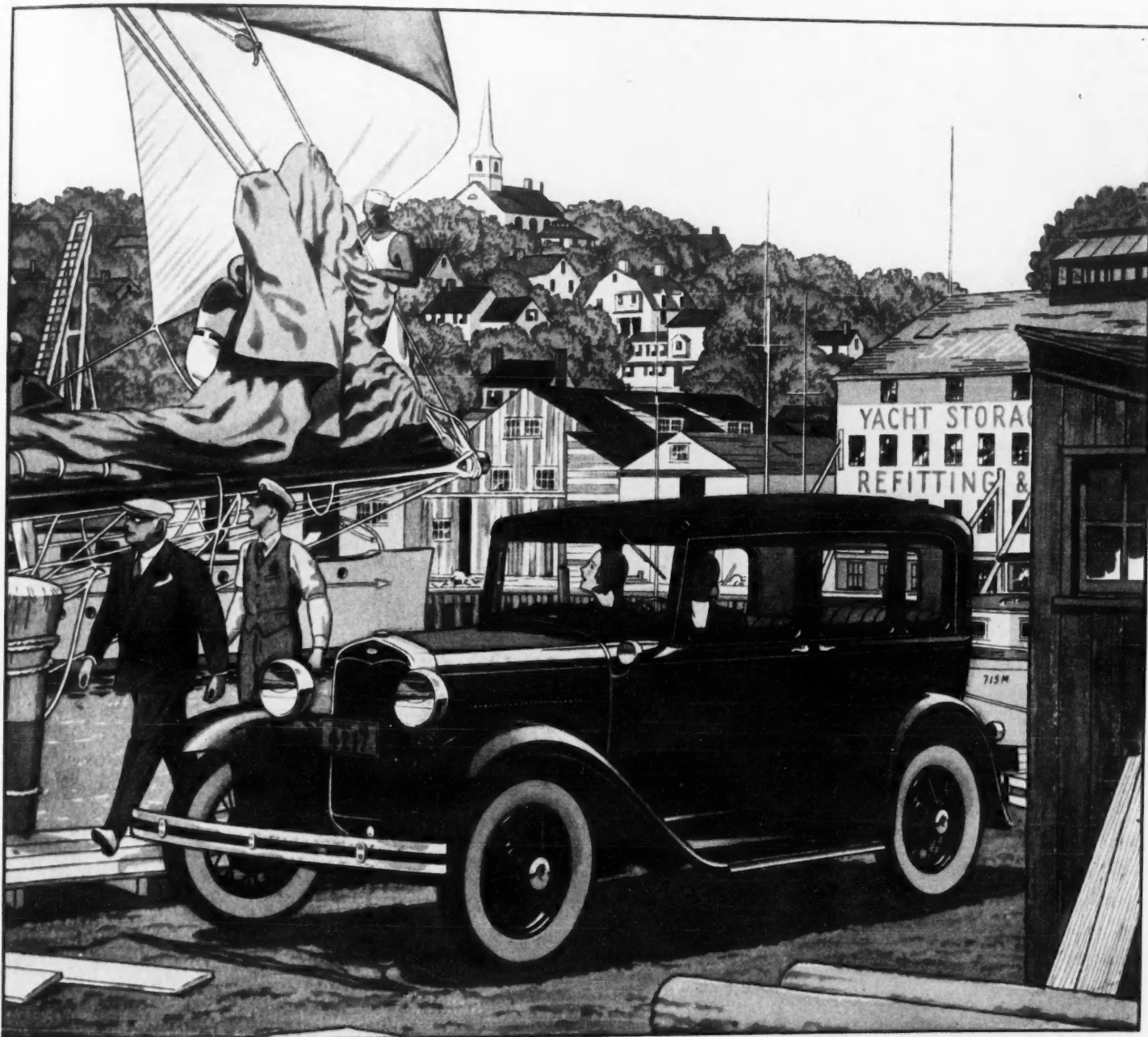
	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER (Picnic meal in the evening)		BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
1	Orange Juice Grapenuts Toast Coffee	Jam Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Lamb Chops Mashed Potatoes Stewed Rhubarb Tea	New Carrots Cocoa	Watermelon Boiled Egg Toast Coffee	Sardine Salad Individual Strawberry Shortcakes Tea	Broiled Halibut Steaks Au Gratin Potatoes Lemon Snow Custard Sauce Coffee
2	Strawberries Cornflakes Toast Coffee	Honey Cocoa	Poached Eggs on Spinach Molded Rice Pudding Tea	Cocoa	Orange Juice Roman Meal Toast Coffee	Welsh Rarebit Raspberries and Cream Cookies Tea	Pork Chops Hashed Brown Potatoes Broiled Tomatoes Melon Coffee
3	Tomato Juice Cream of Wheat Toast Coffee	Jam Cocoa	Cheese and Pineapple Salad Gingerbread Hard Sauce Tea	Cocoa	Bacon Blackberries Toast Coffee	Fruit Salad Rolls White Layer Cake Iced Tea or Fruit Drinks	Consomme Jellied Tongue Potato Cakes Creamed Cauliflower Strawberry Ice Box Cake Coffee
4	Stewed Prunes Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee	Cocoa	Asparagus on Toast Radishes Gooseberry Tarts Tea	Cocoa	Grapefruit Shredded Wheat Muffins Coffee	Creamed Peas on Toast Almond Trifle (use left-over cake) Tea	Pot Roast of Beef Boiled Potatoes Buttered Beets Gooseberry Pie Coffee
5	Melon Puffed Rice Rolls Coffee	Maple Syrup Cocoa	Assorted Cold Meats Potato Salad Fresh Strawberries Angel Cake Iced Tea or Lemonade		21. Cornmeal with Chopped Dates Fresh Applesauce Toasted Left-over Muffins Coffee	Bacon Baked Tomatoes Blackberries Drop Cookies Tea	Cold Sliced Beef Scalloped Potatoes with Onion Wax Beans Cottage Pudding Fruit Sauce Coffee
6	Grapefruit Bacon Toast Coffee	Marmalade Cocoa	Salmon Salad Brown Rolls Fresh Pineapple Tea	Cocoa	22. Tomato Juice Milk Toast Rolls Coffee	Vegetable Salad Fruit Trifle (use left-over cottage pudding) Tea	Baked Ham Mashed Potatoes Beet Greens Strawberries and Cream Pecan Roll Coffee
7	Stewed Rhubarb Bran Flakes Toast Coffee	Jelly Cocoa	Cabbage with Cheese Sauce Banana Sherbet Tea	Cocoa	23. Sliced Oranges Grapenuts Toast Coffee	Scrambled Eggs Water Cress Chocolate Cake Tea	Cold Sliced Ham Duchess Potatoes Creamed Cabbage Apple Betty Lemon Sauce Coffee
8	Apricots Shredded Wheat Toast Coffee	Jam Cocoa	Stuffed Green Peppers Rhubarb Whip Ice Box Cookies Tea	Cocoa	24. Cantaloupe Bran Flakes Toast Coffee	Tuna Fish Salad Crackers Cheese Tea	(Vegetable Plate) Spinach with Egg Mashed Potatoes Diced Carrots Sliced Tomatoes Fresh Strawberry Ice Cream Coffee
9	Pineapple Fried Ham Toast Coffee	Cocoa	Mixed Vegetable Salad Hot Biscuits Apricot Cream Tea	Cocoa	25. Stewed Gooseberries Oatmeal Graham Gems Coffee	Sliced Canned Meat Warm Potatoes Green Onions Watermelon Tea	Grilled Kidneys Curried Rice Brussels Sprouts Blueberry Pudding Coffee
10	Oranges Cornflakes Muffins Coffee	Conserve Cocoa	Carrot Loaf Lettuce with Mayonnaise Lemon Jelly Tea	Cocoa	26. Prunes and Lemon Puffy Omelet Toast Coffee	Lettuce and Cucumber Sandwiches Pimento Cheese Sandwiches Celery Lemon Tarts Iced Tea	Tomato Cocktail Steak Riced Potatoes Green Peas Iced Cantaloupe Coffee
11	Strawberries Cracked Wheat Toast Coffee	Honey Cocoa	Fish Salad Rolls Cocoanut Custard Tea	Cocoa	27. Raspberries Cornflakes Toast Coffee	Tomato Rarebit Fruit Salad Cookies Tea	Lamb Chops Creamed Potatoes Black Currant Cup Cakes Coffee
12	Grapefruit Walries and Fresh Raspberries Coffee	Cocoa	Stuffed Tomatoes with Cheese Watercress Sandwiches Frosted Angel Cake Iced Tea or Ginger Ale		28. Watermelon Puffed Rice Toast Coffee	Chicken Salad Brown Rolls Apple Sauce Tea	Boiled Codfish Egg Sauce Potato Balls Cole Slaw Sliced Oranges and Bananas Coffee
13	Tomato Juice Grapenuts Toast Coffee	Jam Cocoa	Creamed Chipped Beef on Toast Green Onions Cantaloupe Tea	Cocoa	29. Grapefruit Bread and Milk Bacon Coffee	Creamed Codfish on Toast Sliced Tomatoes Fruit Jelly Tea	Mock Duck Boiled Potatoes Spiced Gooseberries Plain Cake Coffee
14	Bananas Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee	Cocoa	Perfection Salad Bran Muffins Cheese Tea	Cocoa	30. Bananas Shredded Wheat Muffins Coffee	Baked Stuffed Cucumbers Head Lettuce Russian Dressing Blanc Mange with Jam Tea	Broiled Liver Parsley Potatoes Baked Tomatoes Plum Pie Coffee
15	Prunes Puffed Wheat Biscuits Coffee	Maple Syrup Cocoa	Scalloped Corn Brown Bread Fruit Salad Tea	Cocoa	31. Blueberries and Cream Red River Cereal Toast Coffee	Fried Egg Plant Apples Cooked in Syrup Tea	Salmon Loaf Mashed Potatoes Ice Cream with Raspberries Coffee
16	Strawberries All-bran Toast Coffee	Jam Cocoa	Cold Veal Loaf Warm Potatoes Red Currants with Cream and Sugar Tea	Cocoa	Beef Stew with Dumplings Baby Beets Cabbage Chocolate Junket Coffee		

The Meals of the Month, as compiled by M. Frances Hucks, are a regular feature of The Chatelaine each month

Two Beautiful Ford Body Types

★ **NEW TOWN SEDAN**

★ **NEW STANDARD SEDAN**



THE NEW FORD TOWN SEDAN

Longer, wider bodies ★ **De Luxe appointments** ★ **Slanting windshield**

FROM all over the Dominion come enthusiastic comments about the new Ford Town Sedan and Standard Sedan, recently introduced. Motorists everywhere have been quick to note a new degree of style and luxury in a low-priced automobile.

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finish, de luxe appointments, and the many provisions for your riding comfort.

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See and inspect the new Ford Town Sedan and Standard Sedan and arrange for a demonstration. Ford dealers everywhere will give you a fair, generous allowance on your used car.



"The Canadian Car"

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

EDITORIAL

H. NAPIER MOORE, *Editorial Director.*BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, *Editor*GEORGE H. TYNDALL, *Business Manager*

THIS will have to be very much of a family confabulation this month, for, on scanning the contents of this July issue of ours and the schedules for those that are coming, I find so much to tell you about our artists and writers that there will be very little room left for anything but magazine gossip.

So let's begin right away by telling you about our new Paris correspondent, Mary Wyndham. Mrs. Wyndham's first letter from Paris appears in this issue, and we're all hoping you like it. Eustella Burke who, you remember, has been writing from London and Paris for us, recently returned to Canada to be married. She is making her home in Montreal, and, she assures me, *The Chatelaine* is helping her do it.

Our new correspondent is also a Canadian, for Mary Wyndham was born in Guelph, Ontario, and had an interesting newspaper career in Canada before she married and left to live in Paris. She has spent the past sixteen years in France, with frequent trips home. You can see that she is in an unusual position to give you news of the Paris styles that will be unique and very valuable guides. Her letters will appear regularly in *The Chatelaine* with photographs sent from Paris. If there is anything you would like to know about coming styles, about adapting Paris ideas to Canadian settings, why not drop Mary Wyndham a line? I know she will gladly cover your questions in her next letter.

WESTERN CANADA has, as usual, contributed notably to this issue. Winnipeg has two writers in the table of contents, Jean Hinds and Margaret Laine. Miss Hinds is a young writer who is working at fiction as a hobby after her day's work in an advertising agency. In her story "Aunt Lavinia's Crowning Glory," she shows that she is very familiar with life in a small Canadian village and that she knows how to write about it with humor. Margaret Laine, a trained nurse, will be a frequent contributor as she has prepared a series of articles all about babies—and what more important subject could there be?

Mrs. Ethel Webster, whose articles on gardening are being widely read, lives in Seven Persons, Alberta. Through her real and sincere love of flowers she has built up a Flower Club with many hundreds of members, all inspired with the one ambition—"to make Canada blossom like the rose."

BY THE WAY, what do you think? Should husbands and wives holiday apart? We want to have your opinion—and we want it quickly. I am sorry to give you such a short time in which to write your letters, but if the date were any later they could not possibly make the August issue. So after you have read Elizabeth Hope's outline of the situation, write the short letter as explained in the announcement, and post it as soon as you possibly can. The sooner the better!

Are your kiddies glad to see another cut-out? If they belong to the camp which likes the cut-outs best, tell them that more are coming—notably an Indian encampment which the boys

will like particularly. And if they are of the camp which thinks the story books are nicer, tell them that more are coming, too. Next month will give you one of the prettiest tales we have published, telling "Why The Lark Flies Up at Dawn."



I WISH you could see the ingenuity and fascination of the caravan designed by two Canadian women and described by Mary Agnes Pease. This ordinary truck was converted, a great deal more easily than appears possible, into a glamorous caravan that has travelled all through the Dominion. Mrs. Pease is known to I. O. D. E. members everywhere through her work in editing "Echoes." She

has been a contributor to *The Chatelaine* from the first issue.

We have another old friend in our pages this month—Ruth Davison Reid, of Montreal, who wrote the famous series of household articles "Bride's Progress." Mrs. Reid covers the whole field of planning and preparing for summer guests. Read this article—and smile the next time an unexpected carload of relatives surges into your home on a lazy summer's morning.

The havoc caused by ignorance is still one of the most appalling menaces in modern life. I realized this again recently when I met a woman who had made a complete wreck of herself through her dieting mania. I remember her last year as a jolly, rollicking, good-hearted woman who, through her very stoutness, seemed to radiate a feeling of geniality and pleasantness. I was shocked when I saw her again, haggard, yellow, shrivelled—hideous.

She had been dieting too strenuously, had taken ill, and was apparently never going to regain her old health. It is to combat such hysterical crazes for reducing that we present Dr. McCullough's article "Too Fat—Too Thin?" Here is the medical attitude toward the question and, after all, no other kind of service can be of any greater service in a question of this nature.



HAVE you noticed how often it happens when a woman takes an injustice into her hands and makes a definite protest, the world stops and takes notice? A few weeks ago, a drama was staged on the steps of the jail at Dauphin, Manitoba, that made front-page news everywhere. Mrs. Kuszac brought nine of her twelve children and camped on the jail steps, explaining quietly that the State had taken her husband away for seven months and that she was utterly destitute.

She accented a condition which has caused a great deal of hardship in Canada, and one for which there ought to be a remedy. H. V. Ferguson who tells you of the situation throughout Canada in "What of His Dependents?" is one of our best known journalists with a thorough grasp of just what is happening. I recommend this article for your own thought and that of your clubs. What can we do about it?



NEXT month Nova Scotia will have a feature writer in the magazine, for Martha Banning Thomas, of Victoria Beach, will begin a zestful two-part story that will surely help to make your holiday gayer than ever. Watch for "Ginger Ale and Pop"—not two summer drinks, but two of the most modern and amusing young people you have met for a long time.

Dorothy Black, the noted British writer who has spent so much of her life in India, has written *The Chatelaine's* new serial novel, "The Women Men Forget," which will begin in September and keep you on your tiptoes for several issues afterward. This powerful novel will appear in book form, following its publication in *The Chatelaine*.

Byrne Hope Sanders.

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Toronto, JULY, 1931

Number 7

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by J. G. SCOTT

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Ice Tray . . . the crisper vegetables you take from the Frigidaire Hydrator. You will recognize at once the advantage of the seamless, acid-resisting porcelain interior . . . the elevated food shelves . . . the surplus-powered, concealed unit that operates so quietly and at such low cost. • Here is *Advanced Refrigeration* . . . advanced in all that the term implies. And because of these advanced features and the savings they make possible, Frigidaire is the truly economical refrigerator to own and to use. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Toronto, Ontario.

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